Encounter

April 1976 50p

PHILOSOPHERS

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Alan Ryan: Realists?

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SOLZHENITSYN IN ZURICH

Samuel Brittan — **Can Democracy Cope?**

Thomas Mann: **An Occult Séance**

Aubrey Jones/ Rudolf Klein: **The Ideal of Equality**

John Weightman: **Peter Brook's "Ik"**

A. S. Byatt: **Short Story**

Edited by Melvin J Lasky & Anthony Thwaite

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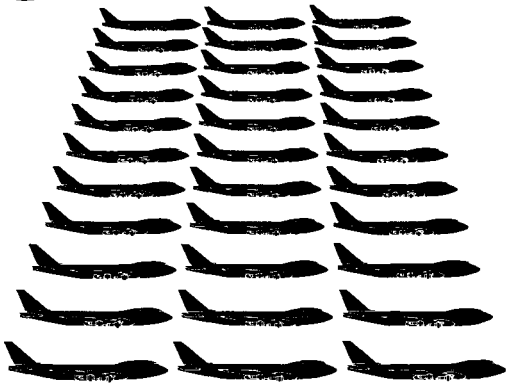

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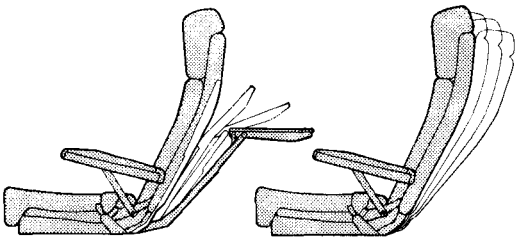

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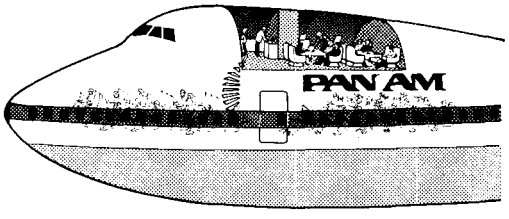

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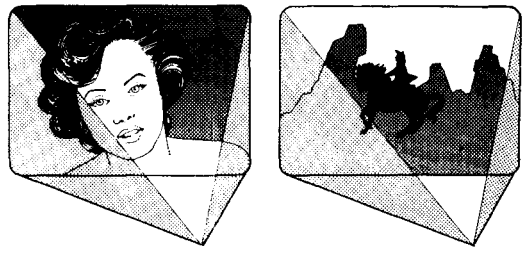

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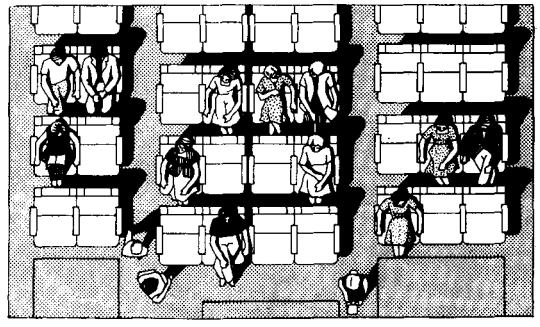

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APRIL 1976

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Dent

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A. S. Byatt

Daniel

WHEN DANIEL LET HIMSELF into the Vicarage, it was dark outside, and there were no lights in the body of the house. It was not late, but the Vicar's wife was sparing with heat and light, and the square Victorian stairwell was a mounting column of chill and thickening shadow. Daniel, who knew where he was, silently padded between the hazards of the coat-stand and the black oak chest, avoided the uncertainties of threadbare and fraying islands of Turkish runners, and made for the Vicar's study.

Here were the ghosts of riches. A very heavy leather-topped desk, a pair of cut-glass, silver-lidded inkwells, a dark leather wing chair, walls of hide-bound books, behind glass. The Afghan carpet was threadbare in places, its black and gold shimmer worn away, where people trod, to an unreflecting sackcloth. The room was passionately cleaned, but there was a pervasive smell of narcissi, the lightly rich scent of freesia. In a shallow black china dish, with a faint silver sheen on the glaze, floated palely an artistic arrangement of cropped flower heads: cups of crimson and purple anemones, green-tipped snowdrops, as well as the papery narcissi and pale gold freesia, shadows of colour mirrored on the water.

They were put there daily by Miss Wells, the Vicar's devoted lodger, Stephanie's senior colleague. Daniel disturbed her offering, reaching for the desk-light. He remembered that his mother had said it was dangerous to have flowers in a room at night. When his father had been lying dead she had shifted all the flower vases nightly into the scullery, packed them into the chipped, blood-red earthenware sink. They breathed out some poisonous gas, she said, the nurses in the hospital had told her. Daniel dismissed this memory. He reached for the Vicar's library ladder and surveyed the bookshelves.

The complete Shakespeare, tooled in black and gold, was on the top shelf. The glass door was locked. Daniel surveyed the other doors. No key. Heavily he descended the ladder, searched the surface of the desk in the feeble circle of light, opened a silver box, tobacco-scented, a wooden coffer full of paperclips and economy labels. He began, like a thief in the night, to rifle through the desk drawers, turning over little caches of coins, rubber bands, old woven Palm Sunday crosses. In a drawer within a drawer, worked by a secret spring in an upper pigeonhole, he found what he was looking for: the collection of keys on a gilt key-ring which operated various household arcana, from the safe to the sewing-machine. He mounted his small ladder again, breathing heavily, swung back the door, and, after some peering at gilded letters in the gloom, reached down *King Lear*. The concave trough of pages was deep with dust: Daniel blew out a fine cloud of it, watched it disperse and fall, spoiled a handkerchief with black smudges. He closed case, drawer, desk, study softly behind him, and went on upwards.

His room was on the first floor. It was vast and cavernous, with a high moulded ceiling, bulging with swags of dust-darkened roses and white plaster apples stained onion-skin gold by creeping damp; there were two high windows still hung with the Ellenbys' wartime blackout curtains, black and gold cotton-rayon twist, with a raised pattern of large gold links. This room, inhabited by all Mr Ellenby's curates, was described as a bed-sitting room: it had a hard little divan in one corner and a curtained alcove in which was a wash-basin and a Baby Belling stove on which Daniel was expected to make himself cups of

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Nescafé and cook his own evening meal. (Breakfast and lunch he was expected to eat with the Ellenbys.) It was at once over- and under-furnished, both cluttered and bleak, like a furniture store. There was a real sense in which it was a furniture store: Mrs Ellenby's natural course was to relegate to the bed-sitting room pieces of furniture which had no present function but were too good to throw out. Daniel was surrounded by two wardrobes, three chests of drawers, an ottoman, a washstand, two coffee tables, three armchairs, a writing table, a roll-topped bureau, three standard lamps, a bookcase with glass doors, a pouffe, and three tiny whatnots. There was also a pile of stacking chairs in tubular steel and mock leather. Some of these pieces were oak, some walnut, some mahogany, some whitewood. The upholstery was dark blood red or an indeterminate dun. On the walls were Dürer's Praying Hands, Van Gogh's sunflowers, and a large photograph of two lacy altar boys and a brass vase of lilies in a very long shaft of sunlight. The floor was covered with mottled smoke-grey linoleum, islanded with carpet pieces: a crimson Jacobean patch, a peg rug with a white ship on ultramarine waves, a florid Wilton with a splashy impressionistic pattern of splayed marguerites and tumbling ears of corn.

Daniel pushed a shilling into the gas meter, and lit his fire, an old Sunbeam which roared and spat in uneasy bursts; two of the radiants were damaged. He pushed behind his little curtain and washed, quickly, to the waist, frowning. He folded his black clothes, put on pyjamas and a shapeless speckled sweater and got into bed.

The bedside light had a shade made of woven ribbons of crimson plastic; its bulb was economically dim; the effect was grim and hectic. Daniel leaned out sideways to let the red light spread on the pages and began, awkwardly, to read *King Lear*.

He read slowly and carefully, concentrating. He did not like his room, but he had made no attempt to change it, or mitigate its gloom. That would have been a waste of energy, and he was increasingly controlled and automatically subtle about the disposition of energy, his own or anyone else's. If he had not had good eyes and a capacity to ignore physical discomfort he would have changed the lamp, or its position. Since he had decided without thinking that it required no attention he gave it none.

He was not a great reader. He was slow, and had always been slow. He had been a pale, heavy little boy, who had felt his fat as something he was under, weighing on him. Just before his conversion, when he was fifteen, he had read that fat was fuel, to be burned into energy; this had moved him; had shifted his sense of the relation of the inner Daniel to the outer; had indeed made it seem for almost the first time possible that the two were intimately related. He now frequently used the idea of fuel, humorously, against himself, in the pulpit. Being fat entailed, at some level, acting fat. Acting fat, both for the child and the man, had been a question of bearing. One could carry oneself with the assumption of placid good temper; the Billy Bunter alternative, playing the fool, was sometimes thrust upon one, and was now a professional hazard.

WHEN HIS FATHER was alive he had known there was power under the fat. His father was an engine-driver. Daniel grew up in Sheffield, in a little row of blackened smoky houses with closed yards and slate-roofed bogs. Engine-drivers were respected, a cut above the other workers in the street. The Ortons' curtains were crisper, their door-sill whiter, their brass shinier than other men's. Ted Orton was huge and noisy. When he came in through the front door he brought the clatter and heat and thrust of his engine with him. He irritated his fussocky wife by falling over things, displacing ornaments, eating loudly. He liked crude jokes—would suddenly whip a hot teaspoon out of a scalding cup of tea and sting Daniel's hand with it, would discover, grossly, half-crowns and florins in his helpings of Spotted Dick, perform a lengthy and excruciating mime of the shattering of his teeth, and give the coin to Daniel. At home, he glared and shouted, bidding Daniel to jump to it, get a move on, stir himself. Daniel opposed his flickering wrath by moving with unnaturally stately deliberation; he thought he was afraid of his father; he cast his eyes down and his fat face was heavy and neutral; but secretly the eddying violence, the constant requirements excited him.

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Away from home, Ted's clumsy vitality became a smoother power, an engine which had left the station and exchanged its choked preliminary puffing for the voracious smooth flow of a long run. He liked to take Daniel round the engine sheds, up the track, in his cab. He scrutinised Daniel's work, suddenly firing at him strings of words to spell, or a long mental arithmetic problem. He promised him a stamp album and a trip to the seaside if he passed the Eleven-plus.

Daniel did pass, not spectacularly. He still had the stamp album. The trip to the seaside never materialised. Ted was knocked down by an errant string of crude-ore trucks on a gradient only a week later. There was a further week when he lay, monumentally broken, in the hospital. Then he died. Daniel was not taken to see him. First he was told that when Dad recovered consciousness he could visit, then that it was all over. He was curiously angry with his father, he now saw, for going in this untidy and evasive way, seeming to promise, as he had never done before, something that he could not perform. Daniel was not taken to the funeral, but left to "play" with another boy in the street. His mother did not speak to him of what had happened.

Later, he used to tell people that he could not remember the time of his father's death. This was a deliberate half-truth. He closed his large face, he behaved, as he understood it, "normally." He survived. There were days when, falling asleep, sitting inactive in a chair, some mechanism took him back to the moment of the first telephone call, as though he were perpetually trapped in that moment, as though time brought him now only back and back to that point. He felt that he was being required to know, in some unimaginable way, what had really happened, and that he could not, really, know, and so was forever open to being made to try again. He never spoke of this.

He still had the stamp album, empty pages of minute squares, translucent, unopened envelopes of gummed hinges. He had neither thrown it out, nor looked at it again.

HE HAD SUPPOSED that he and his mother must be drawn closer to each other: sentimentally, he had seen himself as the little man of the house, as an orphan, offering and requiring comfort. In fact his mother soured, rapidly and ungracefully, and spent much of her time complaining over the back gate about the inadequacy of her pension, scratching and scraping, sore bones. Daniel was mentioned as a burden. Mrs Orton was a little woman who had been sharp and fragile; she was now padded with spare fat, on shoulders, ribs, hips, cheeks, in which her nose and chin, her delicate fingers and small eyes were sketched reminiscences of a narrower state. Her only intense pleasure in life had been flirtation, her ripe days the days of teasing and vacillation and power before marriage. Ted had subdued her; she had proliferated placatory objects, little cakes, doilies, antimacassars, polished spoons and brass bells, with which she would fidget, adjusting, polishing, while he talked, looking modestly away from him. In her widowhood, many of these objects vanished; although the curtains were still spotless, Daniel came insensibly to think of his home as dingy. Mrs Orton substituted the pleasures of gossip for the pleasures of flirtation: as she had once giggled with other girls over the discomfiture of suitors and rivals, so she now helped to weave an endless web of speculation, criticism, rumour about the doings of the neighbours. She changed shoes for slippers and fed Daniel out of tins.

Daniel was lonely—so lonely that he dared not think of it. At school he became silent and unremarkable. He made efforts with his homework and never had any grasped understanding of what he was doing, of any underlying rational structure of geometry, or grammar. Because he always just passed his tests nobody enquired whether he knew what he was doing. He did not expect to know. If he had been better, some teacher might have tried to inspire him. If he had been worse he might have attracted some remedial attention. As it was, he went on. He was good enough, just, to go unremarked.

WHEN HE WAS FIFTEEN, imprisoned in coiled, rounding tyres of flesh, he was sent with a motley crew of schoolboy delegates to a Sheffield Civics Week, an inexorable festival of speeches and shows, ranging from rock strata to the steam-sterilising of milk bottles, from the record of

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Earl Waltheof's Hall in the Domesday book to the smelting of steel, from the procedural forms of the Corporation to a rhythmic performance by the Isis Players of the Skinners' Play from the York Mystery Cycle.

Among the speakers, for no ascertainable reason, was a Father from a local Anglican community, St Michael and All Angels. The Community was High, and adhered strictly to vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. It had experimented with worker priests, had sent men to work in mills and cohabit in hostels with groups of released prisoners. The Father was billed to speak on Openings for the Ambitious.

He spoke late on a heavy afternoon to a huge, captive, sluggish and aimlessly irritable audience in the cavernous and pillared gloom of the Sheffield City Hall. He rose neatly, as it were from underground, and stood, precisely, gaunt in his pillar of black skirts, flanked by the formally inanimate bronze fascist sphinxes couched on either side of the stage.

What he then said was, and had remained, Daniel's only experience of communal passion.

THE FATHER was an orator, communicating, without obvious tricks or flourishes, some imperative biological urgency. He stood still for a moment, sounding their shifting listlessness, and then, with dry, slicing speech, set about the destruction of the grey coils of torpor and withdrawal in the Hall. In the beginning, he told them only of what he did, his work in the world; drily he created for them meanness, narrowness, pain, mental confusion, horror. He was decorous, not harrowing, sharp, not pleading. He fixed no one's eye, imposed no obligation to respond and yet held the attention with a nervously controlled authority. He seemed single, spoke to himself in what was clearly his own voice, making no concessions to the supposed youth or tenderness or stupidity of his audience. And yet he had an extraordinary multiple presence. As he spoke, he inhabited other bodies. From moment to moment his body shifted slightly with what he contemplated while the dry voice informed. A lip drooped in paralysis, set stony with fear and horror, pain held his hands momentarily, vacancy peered uncertainly out of his eye at a shapeless world though the harsh voice never faltered.

He said that it seemed odd that when so much was clear, was admitted, so few answered. That when Christ had said how men should live, so few even considered living so. He said bleakly, his face somehow stripped and blown by a wind, that what was required was that people should use their lives. Very few people, he said, knew what they were really capable of. Most were afraid to find out. And afraid that circumstances might nevertheless force them to know. Better—he spread his hand, flickering, straining fingers—better to walk out and face it, purposefully, for a good reason. It was hard for a man to know he had only one life, could do only so much and no more. But such knowledge, like all knowledge, was really power. To know one's limitations and then to act, and act again, was power, and engendered more power. A man must *use* his life, must think how to use it. Must be as wise as a serpent as well as as innocent as a dove. The raised, spread hands were somehow taking in, receiving at the fingertips the electric silence of a listening charged with energy. He turned his hands over and down, a Magian gesture, told them that there were two or three in the room, maybe, who would settle for not less than everything, would turn all their power one way, work for God, with God. He did not want half-crowns, he wanted lives. Christ came that they might have life more abundantly. Not happiness, life.

It was not what he said, though he was by now eloquent, enfolding them in a mesmeric incantation of common sense and pure reason. He was alive, certainly, and not only Daniel but all the others stirred and reached out for the knowledge he proffered at the ends of his branching fingers. He looked out over their heads at the pale suspended electric globes on their bronze chains in the dusk, and they, like one creature, followed and were held by his bright eye: if he had walked down, they would have reached and strained for him to lay his hands on them.

Take, he told them, take what is there, what is real, the chance to do one thing well. There is one Way, one Truth, one Life. The rest is a dream.

He quoted:

The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

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He said: we can change that. Any one of us, all of us, can change that.

DANIEL WAS NO JUDGE of phrases. Many he could not later remember, and what he did remember had lost their grace and thrust; seemed even banal or flamboyant. But he remembered forever, after the man had drawn in, from a final gesture of threat, incitation or embrace, the voluble arms and circling energy—he remembered the eddying passion in the hall, the sense that it was possible to speak the unspoken, the loosed power. Boys stood in knots, disputing and urgent. There was a kind of glee abroad that all had been moved, that the strangeness could be shared and perpetuated. Daniel stood too and talked excitedly too, enfranchised from the solitude of his fat and silence. The next day he went to see his local Vicar, and his Headmaster, in order to find out what qualifications he would need to enter the Church. He was even pleased to find that he would need to spend an extra year at school, picking up School Certificate Latin—resistance and difficulty sharpened his sense of power. He had a purpose and his eyes were bright with it.

Theological College taught him a lot about what it was that he had seen on that dim afternoon. He had remained doggedly faithful to the requirement that he had then known was being made of him. But as his training proceeded he defined it more clearly to himself. What was needed, he came to see, was someone practical, someone completely committed to *practical* solutions. He used this word to himself in a sense perhaps uniquely his own. As it became clear to him that he was neither a reflective man nor a scholarly man, that he was interested neither in his own nor anyone else's motivation, nor in early heresies and liturgical forms, he reiterated to himself that there was need for someone wholly committed to being practical. To be practical was to deal directly with pain, poverty, horror, quite directly. To drag back to a place where they were measured by human standards those forced out of human proportions of body, or understanding, or social relations, by the forces of evil. He needed the proper qualifications to be employed to do this. The rest was simply impedimenta, to be dealt with.

He had enough practical cunning to conceal from those in authority his lack of interest in prayer-meetings, or communal self-examinations. He believed, but did not bother to say, that the state of his and his fellow-students' souls should properly receive less attention than the work they had to do. He was both innocent and subversive, but he looked fat and respectful, and was put down by those above him as willing, but slow. The Blesford curacy, when it came, was as good a place as any for an apprentice practical man. He was looking, not for a cause, but for a job, and no one therefore noticed that he was a fanatic. If Mr Ellenby was beginning to have an idea of this, Daniel himself still had none—he was working out what his work was, and how best to do it.

He usually spent solitary evenings writing up his work, correlating information about work to be done, people to be seen in the parish, in long columns of square black handwriting in coloured folders. He believed in records, in case he missed, or forgot, anything important. He believed in making a network of help—using the lonely to visit the housebound, the bereaved to visit the very ill. People were moved, amazingly, to be practical by his own solid assumption that it was possible for them, required of them. He just had to be clever about who should be asked to do what. Once or twice he had made errors. Mrs Oakeshott had offered to mind Mrs Haydock's autistic son and had run from the house in terror and complained to Mr Ellenby about spiritual blackmail. He had, despising her slightly, been asked to apologise. He had apologised. It occurred to him, now, that Stephanie Potter showed most of the qualities required for dealing with Malcolm Haydock. She had been admirably calm, practical, imperturbable and reasoning over the death of the cat. If she was not Christian, she was conscientious. He could only ask, and he should ask.

HE SHIFTED in his hard little bed and addressed himself to *King Lear*. It seemed important to have read it. He was not quite sure why. He had been driven to it by a kind of wrath and a more obscure desire to deal with the Potters, particularly Stephanie. He did not know, as he read, exactly what he was reading for, and so read for the story, to see what happened to Edgar and Cordelia,

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whom he took to be hero and heroine, admiring, without awe, Shakespeare's cleverness in creating so hugely real an old man, so maddening, so injured, so inevitably broken and cracked. He did not see what Bill Potter, *anima naturaliter theologica*, automatically saw, the black and violent anti-theology of the play, not because he supposed it to be about redemption, but because he knew, at a point where he asked no questions, that the world was like that. *King Lear* was true. He noted down various phrases for sermons. Age is unnecessary. These are unsightly tricks. Return you to my sister. It was plainer to read, much plainer and more forceful than he remembered from School Certificate Shakespeare. He wished he could achieve such plainness. There was a kind of clerical slurring to what he said which he disliked, knowing that it set him wrongly apart, without knowing how to deal with it.

As he came to the end, he realised he had learned something about pain. His body was strained and stiff. He felt stirred and apprehensive—something to do with the reading, more with Stephanie Potter. He remembered how she had cleared away, after the death of the cat, so fastidious and practical with her blood-stained hands, how she had rubbed and wrapped the kittens, had held the weeping child lightly against her own body, to comfort her. A ferociously sentimental old lady had said to him, that week, of her daughter's new baby, "Oh, I could *squeeze* 'im, I could just *squeeze* 'im." He recognised in himself the desire to squeeze Stephanie. While her father preached to him, he had imagined, with extraordinary clarity, that he might lean forward and take hold of her round, lazy ankle and grip, grip till the bones shifted. All through his reading, and after he turned out the red light and composed himself, bulky under the blankets, to sleep, this curiously precise image persisted in his mind.

A Windblown Hat

Always time, there is enough of it:
Running down the street after a bus
A man loses his windblown hat.
In the gardens that he passes the lawns sprout
Insistent waves; weeds and nettles press.
Always time, there is enough of it.

Across the road the library has shut
But books are nagging in the crowded house:
A man loses his windblown hat.

A printed form is found behind the pot;
It hints at something vague but hazardous.
Always time, there is enough of it.
So many beginnings, cancel out the lot:
The bin drinks down old papers, dead ideas
And a man loses his windblown hat.

But in the end, you say, well I can wait;
Something will replace the thing I miss.
A man loses his windblown hat:
Always time, there is enough of it.

George Szirtes

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Solzhenitsyn in Zurich

An Interview

THROUGH THE WINDOW I can see two children's swings, one yellow, the other red. They hang 15 inches above the ground in the minuscule parsonage garden that surrounds the house where Solzhenitsyn and his family live. Beyond the derisory barrier enclosing this refuge, an indifferent Zurich twinkles, red, orange and green in its blend of chill mist and dirty snow.

—Would you like some coffee?

On a low table, the author's wife marshals an array of Chekhovian snacks. We all pick up our little spoons and begin to stir. Solzhenitsyn, ensconced in a schoolroom chair of plain varnished wood, gently repels an assault by his three children.

"Go on", he tells the children, "leave us alone now . . . ."

The interview is about to start. I try to recall some of the thousands of people whom Solzhenitsyn has wrested from the anonymity of the camps. All by himself he has rent the veil of secrecy and focused the spotlight of history on a vast universe, a continent from which no Columbus has ever returned till now.

The Soviet authorities can do no more to him. The four KGB agents who live only a few hundred yards from the house, where they can keep watch on the writer's comings and goings, have no power to dispel the incorporeal beings whom Solzhenitsyn has now invested with a kind of immortality. They all exist in 25 languages. Solzhenitsyn's work has so far been translated into German, English, French, Italian, Polish, Czech, Romanian, Slovene, Serbo-Croat, Hungarian, Hindu, Urdu and Bengali. A Chinese edition has just been published in Formosa, an Arabic edition is in preparation at Beirut, and so on. The first volume of *Gulag* has passed the million-and-a-half mark. Over ten million copies of the author's works have been sold within a dozen years, an unprecedented achievement in so short a time.

To its astonishment, the West discovered his genius, and, at one and the same time, the European dimension. Communists everywhere

ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN'S *new book, "Lenin in Zurich", his sequel to "August 1914", is a novel with annotations and careful bibliography. It is an attempt to present a new and perhaps truer Lenin. Here is not the Vladimir Ilyich of the "Little Lenin Library" and the Soviet hagiographers, or even the two-dimensional portraits of Western historical biographies. It is intended to be a psycho-portrait, adding imaginatively a third dimension of motivation, stream of consciousness, interior dialogue; and if some, in reading its centrepiece on the Lenin-Parvus relationship, will be reminded of incidents in other recent experiments in "historical fiction"—say, the grand meeting of J. P. Morgan and Henry Ford in E. L. Doctorow's "Ragtime" or the Lenin-Joyce-Tzara rendezvous in Tom Stoppard's play, "Travesties"—others may well find that Solzhenitsyn has succeeded in recreating a Lenin-in-the-round.*

The scholars have accumulated the bare, hard facts about that most improbable of modern European revolutionaries, "Parvus" (Alexander Helphand, 1867–1923), and his mysterious and possibly decisive influence on the Bolshevik rising of October 1917. ENCOUNTER *readers will recall the article by Joel Carmichael (March 1974), "German Money and Bolshevik Honour", which offered a documentary account and analysis.*

Solzhenitsyn's novel, translated by H. T. Willetts, will shortly be published by The Bodley Head (London) and Farrar, Straus & Giroux (New York).

This interview was conducted by Georges Suffert, an editor of "Le Point" (Paris), with Solzhenitsyn in Zurich.

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kept quiet: they are members of a race that knows how to lie low when a storm breaks because storms blow over. All they have to do afterwards is dry their clothes and carry on.

This is precisely the stage we have reached now. Today, Solzhenitsyn's work is steadily extending its mass appeal just when he seems to be going slightly out of fashion with the liberal intelligentsia. This is not fortuitous. The huge propaganda machine at the disposal of the various "ideological parties" has imperceptibly begun its task of erosion. If Solzhenitsyn cannot be silenced and the sale of his books stopped, he can always be slandered.

Anything goes, even the circulation of a (false) report that he is off to Chile to meet Pinochet. His enemies clearly intend to label him a "partisan of the Cold War" by garbling his statements and exploiting them. So there he is: first cousin to John Foster Dulles and—naturally, why not?—an accessory to the judicial murder of that manifestly innocent couple, the Rosenbergs.

Besides, say his detractors, Solzhenitsyn is a man of "another age" . . . older than Gogol. He doesn't belong to the new world which, every night in Paris recently at the Palais des Sports, Porte de Versailles, drew acclamation from *Potemkin* fans who rose to their feet at the end of each performance, stirred to the heart yet again by the putative heroes of the October Revolution. The author of *Gulag* obviously has no place in this new dreamland. He is being eclipsed, but progressively.

Except that the thorn in the side persists: the labour camps and prisons are still there. It only needs one brave man armed with a camera to get his reel of film to the BBC, and, in a trice, Solzhenitsyn's appeal to the consciences of us all regains its trenchancy.

The origin of this huge crack in the Communist armour isn't Solzhenitsyn himself, merely the truth which, now that he has disclosed it, roams the world day after day.

WHEN YOU DELVE *back into your memories, what is the first picture your mind conjures up?*

SOLZHENITSYN: What a question! Let me see.... Yes, now I remember. I was in church. There were lots of people, candles, vestments. I was with my mother, then something happened; the service was brusquely interrupted. I wanted a better view, so my mother held me up at arm's length and I looked over the heads of the crowd. I saw, filing arrogantly down the centre of the aisles in the nave, the sugar-loaf hats of Budenny's cavalry, one of the Revolutionary army's crack units. It was the period when the government was confiscating Church property all over Russia.

—Where was this?

SOLZHENITSYN: At the church of St Pantaleon of Kislovodsk, where I was baptised. I must have been three years old.

—People who don't like you will claim you suffered a trauma that day . . . .

SOLZHENITSYN: Because they don't realise that fate winks at mortals throughout their lives. It hasn't been sparing with its winks in my direction. Would you like to hear about the second one?

—Of course.

SOLZHENITSYN: I was six. My family had moved. From now on we lived in Rostov on the Don, at the end of an almost deserted street. There was a wall behind the house, a huge wall. I lived there for ten years. Every evening when I came home from school I passed long queues of women who had been standing in the cold for hours on end. I knew perfectly well what lay beyond the wall. I knew it at the age of six. My family knew, the whole district knew—everyone knew. It was the headquarters of the GPU. The women were prisoners' wives queuing up in the hope of delivering parcels.

—Did you see this over a long period?

SOLZHENITSYN: Every day of the ten years I lived down there.

—When you say people knew, is that an indictment of the people's surrender to intimidation?

SOLZHENITSYN: Not at all. I simply want you to grasp the psychological difference between the 1920s and the '30s. The old world wasn't remote between 1920 and 1925. Everyone remembered how it was. No one dared to pass judgment but everyone was still making comparisons, and almost everyone realised that the truly totalitarian régime was the one that had just been set up.

—What about the '30s?

SOLZHENITSYN: Things had changed a good deal by then. A new generation had grown up. Its members had no personal memories of the preceding period, so they accepted the interpretation placed upon it by their *Komsomol* instructors: "The men who were arrested and deported were counter-revolutionaries.... The germs of the old world had to be eradicated.... The Revolution is still threatened by traitors.... It is the sole wealth of the poor and their only hope.... You must therefore have no hesitation in denouncing traitors.... The informer is a hero...." Note the series of propositions I have just enumerated.

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Each one appears to fit logically into the next, culminating in a defence of denunciation. During those years, Russia underwent a kind of retrogressive development. It was a stupendous phenomenon.

—And the older generation?

SOLZHENITSYN: Many of them remained silent, and the rest died in one camp or another. The Party had become our father, and we—the children—obeyed. So, when I was leaving school and embarking on my time at university, I made a choice: I banished all my memories, all my childhood misgivings. I was a Communist. The world would be what we made of it.

—How did you contrive at that time to blot out your recollections of the queues outside the GPU prison?

SOLZHENITSYN: Man is the most complex creature on earth. I had forgotten nothing, in fact, but I was borne along on the tide.

—What attracted you to Marxism? Its rationalism, its aspirations to justice?

SOLZHENITSYN: Justice, undoubtedly. I thought it might be born of this marriage between the tragedy of our age and our own desires.

—What sensations are rekindled in your mind when you think of your childhood?

SOLZHENITSYN: Hardships. I'm afraid the word won't mean much to you for all your experience of the War and the Nazis, especially as it doesn't apply to my childhood alone. Things were no better when I became an adult. Up to the age of 40, I knew nothing but a kind of dignified destitution. From the end of 1918, the year I was born, until 1941, I didn't know what a house was. We lived in huts which were constantly assailed by the cold. Never enough fuel to keep us warm. No water in the room where we lived—we had to go out and fetch it from some distance away. A pair of shoes or a suit of clothes had to last for several years. As for the food, don't talk about it. After the starvation of the 1930s, ordinary shortages were a minor evil. In some mysterious way, all these things struck me as more or less normal.

—When you rallied to the régime and joined the Party, was it because the idea of patriotism played a conscious role in your mind? Wasn't it, quite simply, a reunion with eternal Russia?

SOLZHENITSYN: Careful, now, I'm incapable of describing the role of my unconscious during the '30s or thereabouts, but I'd remind you that until 1934 even the term "patriot" had a criminal connotation in Russia. The idea of Russian nationhood was for ever being held up to ridicule in speeches and the press. Although this official hatred of Russia seems almost inconceivable now, it existed. The corner was turned in 1934, brutally and for tactical reasons. Of course, it took the authorities a good deal further than they wanted. Embers of patriotism still glowed beneath the ashes. The intention was to warm people's hearts briefly by kindling a few flames; after that, the fire went on burning.

WHAT HAD YOU READ *by the time you approached the age of 20?*

SOLZHENITSYN: All the Russian writers, or almost all, and most of the French 19th-century writers in translation. The libraries were crammed with classical authors.

—Had you any idea what you were going to do?

SOLZHENITSYN: Of course, I'd known that from about the age of nine: I was going to write. I planned my grand epic on the Revolution [*August 1914* and the works scheduled to follow it] when I was 18. I never had to modify my plan. I started to put it into effect round about 1938–9. Then came the War, the Camps, and so on. When I came back I re-read the chapters I had almost forgotten. I made no changes, they all fell at once into place.

—But was everything in the right place from your own point of view at the age of 20? You were going to be a writer, you planned to write an epic about the new Russia, you believed in Communism. To put it bluntly, how did such a man find faith in God?

SOLZHENITSYN: That's a simple question and a difficult one. First you must understand the general situation. Collectively speaking, faith in God had receded: there wasn't a single church open in Rostov on the eve of the war. It was all over. The régime had liquidated God—or so it thought. But now I'm going to tell you something you may find monstrous. When Hitler's troops entered Rostov, it was they who reopened the cathedral and three or four churches, just to have a look. Everyone had a look. Crowds of people literally poured into the churches. The Germans were our enemies and Russia was at war, but the reopening of the churches created an almost paschal atmosphere. Something had revived.... On that level, Communism had failed. Stalin wasn't deluded, by the way—he knew. That's why he started making nationalistic noises while Soviet troops were trying to check the German advance. Almost at the same time, he rehabilitated religion. It was a diabolical scheme: the murderer donned his victims' clothes: he put on their trappings and tried to appropriate their

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language. Do you remember? The West applauded this transformation. Stalin was turning respectable—the West asked for no more. It often contents itself with outward forms and feigns ignorance of what lies beneath. Perhaps still more surprising than this hat-doffing on the part of the great Western democracies was something else: Stalin was caught in his own snare. The devil often hides beneath the robes of a saint, but sometimes the robes modify what they conceal. The Russian people had remained deeply religious, just as they had remained Russian. All at once, Christianity restarted of its own accord. Religious faith has continued to gain ground in spite of persecution. Are you aware that in the district of Riazan, which I used to know well, 70% of children are baptised? So even if this act points you out to the authorities, even if you risk the consequences at work and in your daily life, it doesn't matter .... You Westerners have a false idea of Russia. You think we're a handful of dissidents in an ocean of resigned or purblind people, but I tell you that 80% of Russians have a pretty fair idea of the nature and merits of the Soviet régime. They think as I do. They've chosen to obey, that's all, but they live like émigrés of the heart.

—Won't you tell us about your own encounter with religious faith?

SOLZHENITSYN: I now know that I would have discovered it anyway, outside the camps or in. You could say that experience of the camps opened my eyes more quickly. Camp life strips Communism bare in a drastic way. Their ideology disappears completely. First comes the fight for survival, then the discovery of life, then God.

—Isn't there a contradiction in what you say? You assert that, under the steam-roller of the régime, the Russian people are losing some of their most fundamental virtues as the years go by—that they are retrogressing, generation after generation. And yet, at the same time, you claim that it's all still there ....

SOLZHENITSYN: There's no real contradiction in that. The existence of man and the unfolding of history are one immense jumble of contradictions. One has to know how to live in a contradictory world. In the West religion is allowed and seems to be dying; at home it's hounded but reviving. Neither Stalin nor you nor I are masters of this mystery. I should like to add something more—an almost universal statement. The confrontation between a man—any man—and Communism is always over in two rounds. Communism nearly always wins the first round, like a wild beast that leaps at its adversary and bowls him over. But, if there *is* a second round, Communism nearly always loses. The man's eyes open and he sees that he admired a bundle of cast-offs, a semblance, an optical illusion. Then he's immunised, and for ever.

—The camps and your rediscovery of religious faith—none of these things were planned for in your original epic ....

SOLZHENITSYN: Yes they were, almost without my knowing it. I wanted to be a memory: the memory of a people doomed to tragedy. It all fitted into the collective epic which I carried in my head.

WHAT DOES ONE DO *to become a memory?*

SOLZHENITSYN: Recollect and classify. Here in Zurich I'm sent masses of documents. My head is full of personal accounts and facts. My greatest problem consists less in not forgetting them than in knowing how to classify them. I have to dismantle each stone in an account, then label it and be capable of finding it again so as to put it where it belongs. I'm far more of a mason than anything else—I was one, you know, and I realise that it's not enough to lay one stone on another to build straight walls, there must be something else.

—You say you're sent a lot of documents. How do you manage to separate the true from the false, classify them and so on? Shouldn't you have an Institute?

SOLZHENITSYN: We've estimated that we should need, with my wife, eleven or twelve people. But there are only the two of us, so I'm the writer and she's the Institute. We will not succeed in telling the full story of this unique world drama, but we shall at least have indicated its main outlines.

—Why do you choose to focus all your spotlights on the exceptional moments you term "nodes"?

SOLZHENITSYN: Because the immense advantage of all these key-moments is that everything mysteriously coalesces: the things that are brewing in darkness or broad daylight, and those that are to flow from them. Central figures suddenly materialise, act, dominate an event or are dominated by it. Take Lenin: he's my principal protagonist, really. I'm following him—I was going to say tracking him—because here I am in Zurich. Unfortunately, I can't escort him to Petrograd ....

—Are you spellbound by your characters?

SOLZHENITSYN: No. A novelist can't let that happen ....

—Reading you, though, one often gets the feeling that you're inside them.

SOLZHENITSYN: Yes and no. I can penetrate their interior from outside. I have enough elements at my disposal to divine their hesitations, their

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obsessions—to locate the moments when they reach a decision. And it's true that I put a little or a lot of myself into each of them. . . . The only character that really holds me spellbound is Russia, and nobody embodies Russia completely. There are plenty of characters in my epic apart from Lenin. Khliapnikov, for example, who is the only truly working-class leader of the Bolshevik group. Lenin has no real understanding of him, incidentally, but he won't appear in the foreground until later in my work. For the moment, he's just a silhouette in the shadows.

—It's a pretty gigantic canvas. Will you manage to complete it?

SOLZHENITSYN: I don't know; I've lost a great deal of time. God will decide.

—Which do you find more difficult, writing or fighting the KGB?

SOLZHENITSYN: Not writing but reinstating the truth. It's harder to summon up the truth than to invent a lie. The Soviet régime is a master of the lie, whereas I'm not a master of the truth. As for fighting the KGB, it calls for certain qualities if you don't want to be crushed. I must have had them or I shouldn't be here.

—What qualities?

SOLZHENITSYN: Strangely enough, your question makes me laugh just a little. I've never had it put to me in that way. On reflection: military qualities. You have to foresee danger, gauge your opponent's intentions, decline battle at the moment he selects and launch your attack when he's not expecting it, proceed by a circuitous route which baffles the enemy's ponderous police machine—in a word, be stronger. It's quite simple to summarise.

DO YOU EVER FEEL *threatened, as Lenin did in his way?*

SOLZHENITSYN: Lenin was never threatened in exile—never for one moment, because the Tsarist government was only . . . the Tsarist government. The essential thing when confronted by an implacable régime, on the other hand, is to remain constantly on a higher moral plane. At present, they're using slander against me. Slander is a hummable tune and always catches on, as you know; but it's too late. I've said too many things, and they'll survive. They could use other methods —I'm ready for them. I've always been prepared to die. But there again they'd be caught in a trap. If they kill me they would authenticate all I've written. If they don't kill me, I will continue to tell the story of my country and millions of people will know the truth; and what I write will continue to penetrate Russia because no Iron Curtain can really hold back the storm. And truth *is* a storm. Let me tell you where my strength lies: I'm not a political person, I'm only a writer. Schemes can be thwarted and ambitions shattered, but words can't be muzzled.

—You say that what you write will penetrate the Soviet Union from now on. Strangely enough, though, many people in the West, which has given you a hero's welcome, are tacitly beginning to treat you as "a reactionary", a "man of the past", etcetera.

SOLZHENITSYN: The Russians know I'm right, the people of the West don't realise it yet. Without having meant to, I'm playing a dual role. I'm telling the story of Russia, but at the same time I'm telling the West what its own story could be. Well, the living have always detested harbingers of the future.

—That's what you're accused of, in fact—of believing that history repeats itself and that Western Europe may undergo the fate of Russia in the 1920s, '30s, '40s, and so on . . . .

SOLZHENITSYN: I'm not an expert on the West—I've only been observing it from the inside for two years. I can either hold my peace or speak out, but I've chosen, once and for all, to tell what I believe to be the truth. Here it is: the Western world is nearing a moment of decision. In the years to come, it will be gambling with the civilisation that created it. I don't think it quite realises this.

—On what do you base that statement?

SOLZHENITSYN: Not on the economic crisis you're going through—you're capable of emerging from that. Not even on the political crisis of which you have presentiments, and which I would summarise in the following question: what can become of nations that have no national purposes? No, I take my stand on what must be termed a spiritual crisis. You have a feeling that the democracies can survive, but you aren't certain. The democracies are islands lost in the immense river of history. The water never stops rising. Some of the simplest laws of history militate against democratic societies, but this evidence doesn't stare you in the face.

ASSUMING *you're right, what is there that can be done? The game is already lost.*

SOLZHENITSYN: It isn't. It may be, because you have forgotten the meaning of liberty. When Europe grasped it in the 18th century or thereabouts, it was a sacred concept stemming directly from the old religious world which it both denied and perpetuated. It could not be

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divorced from its ultimate effect, which was the exaltation of man. Its function was to render possible the emergence of values. Liberty pointed the way to virtue and heroism. That is what you have forgotten. Time has eroded your conception of liberty. You have retained the word and manufactured a new conception: the petty liberty that is only a caricature of the great, a liberty devoid of obligation and responsibility which leads, at best, to the enjoyment of material possessions. Nobody is prepared to die for that. The liberty which, to us, remains the little flame that lightens our darkness has to you become a stunted and sometimes specious reality because it is full of tinsel, affluence, and emptiness.

So you have entered the era of calculation. You are no longer capable of making sacrifices for this shadow of the liberty that once existed, only compromises. Let that territory over there be abandoned, you say, as long as prosperity persists for a while on the soil where we set our feet.

—Are you implying that the West ought to risk a world war for the sake of other people's freedom?

SOLZHENITSYN: I talk of spiritual purpose and you respond with strategy. My friends and I have no atomic bomb, no tanks, no guns—nothing. But at the very instant when our resignation gave way to determination, at the very moment when we risked death, the huge Soviet machine was held in check. No political or military combination will save you. Inner purpose is more important than politics. If the rulers of the East sense in you the smallest flame, the smallest vital impulse towards the preservation and practical extension of the various freedoms, if they realise that you are prepared to lay down your lives at some moment, it will be they who lower their arms. Whenever you have genuinely shown your determination—in Berlin, Korea, Cuba—the Soviet authorities have beaten a retreat. The battle is not between them and you, but between you and yourselves.

—What seems essential to you, liberty in the sense ascribed to it by Montesquieu, or simply faith?

SOLZHENITSYN: I already told you they were linked. You're unaware of that because you interpret your history in a rather cock-eyed way. Actually, my own conception of liberty in the 18th-century sense is a Jacob's ladder. It enables its servants to climb higher than itself.

—In other words, the democracies are flabby—still, they do sometimes wake up, and those who miscalculate the extent of their determination pay for it with their lives. They finally got the better of Hitler, after all.

SOLZHENITSYN: I hope you're right—I pray you're right. But I'm haunted, when I look at the West, by a strange sense of *déjà vu*. All that you are going through, we went through. There were terrorists in late 19th-century Russia, don't forget, and the intelligentsia mobilised itself to save them when they were caught by the police. There's that for a start. Wasn't this initial weakness paid for by the tens of millions of victims of the Revolution? You say that the world of today is tough, but you don't believe it. At heart, you think that liberty is a once-and-for-all acquisition—that's why you indulge in the luxury of scorning it.

DOES THE *West's ambivalent attitude have repercussions inside Russia?*

SOLZHENITSYN: Of course. I've described the extent to which the Russian people, in their heart of hearts, resisted this foreign body called Communism. But peoples change, like men. Generation after generation, the system over there leaves its mark. Every time Soviet citizens note that the balance of power has shifted in their rulers' favour, they become a little more resigned. To them, the history of the world is assuming an air of destiny. If the régime they dislike can impose its will from one end of the earth to the other, it must express a kind of truth.

—Hasn't Russian man been effaced by Soviet man?

SOLZHENITSYN: Like everyone else, you're ignorant of the resistance offered by the Russian and Ukrainian peoples. I shall be writing about it because the West has never known and still doesn't. Whole horizons of peasants armed with pitchforks, advancing in their thousands against machine-guns—piles of dead—it happened everywhere. We were literally decimated, but you only have a watered-down impression of the fact. You're right, we should already have been subdued. The mystery lies not in our submission but in our resistance. The Russian people is like a plant: it bends before the wind but refuses to be uprooted: we are still there.

But not for ever. Moral debasement exists—why deny it? Who can locate the border-line between a people's spiritual resistance and their surrender to fate? In fact, I know it all depends on you: a little Western Europe frightened of going without oil, and a huge America permanently addicted to introspective self-criticism. I don't feel very reassured, either. Communism isn't a Russian phenomenon. It implanted itself in Russia and made use of her—tomorrow, it may just as easily implant itself here and make use of you—and the human species will, quite simply, have retreated.

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WHAT'S *to be done?*

SOLZHENITSYN: Mysteriously enough, everything depends on the individual determination of each one of you. Never has the future of this planet depended upon such a handful of men. I think the first universal rule, with you as with us, is not to accept lies. To speak the truth is to ensure the rebirth of liberty—regardless of pressure, interests and fashions—to say what one knows, to be truthful, to keep repeating it. And if some people shrug their shoulders, repeat it again. Those who shrug their shoulders at the story of a tragedy on this scale are wittingly, or unwittingly, abetting the executioners.

This rule of truthfulness applies to the West, but even more so to those who live in the Soviet universe.

There is a second rule which applies more to you. You must put resolution and intelligence at the service of freedom. You are engaged in an awesome battle and you behave as if it were a game of ping-pong. Well, the cards you hold are probably still trumps, but only if your determination to play them—if need be—cuts across your ingrained attitudes: only if no one doubts your resolve. If not, you'll know that I was right: but only when it's too late.

On Birkett Marshall's *Rare Poems of the Seventeenth Century*

Coppinger, Pordage, Collop, Fayne,
Fettiplace, Farley, Chamberlain—

They could be the darling poets of my youth:
I almost search among the names for mine.

All have remunerative occupations—
Physician, milliner, playwright, baronet!

Some are locked in a single year—"alive"
In '62 or "floruit" '39.

Nothing is known of Pick or Prestwich. Still,
What wonder life behind the poetry fades?

Three hundred years ago they were consoled
For lack of genius and fame by some

Astonishing trope or stanza's tailoring.
Strange that the consolation still should work

—Prujean, "Ephelia", Cutts, Cockayne,
Cameron, Allott, Fuller, Raine.

Roy Fuller

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Samuel Brittan

Between Leviathan & the Jungle

Can Democracy Cope?

THE DEPRESSING FEATURE of current discussion of electoral reform is the way that it concentrates exclusively on the evils of minority government. If only a parliamentary majority represented a majority of the electorate all would be well. Or so the argument would seem to go.

There are powerful arguments for electoral reform, as I hope to show. But to discuss the defects of our governmental system in terms of the proportion of electors who have voted for a particular government is to miss the most important points. To begin with, the "majority view" is an inherently ambiguous concept if there are more than two candidates or more than two issues, as has been known since the time of Lewis Carroll, if not of the Marquis de Condorcet.[1]

But let us pass over this difficulty and assume that the meaning of majority preference is entirely clear and uncontroversial. The objection to an elected government having the unfettered right to impose its will on the population—or fettered only by fear of physical resistance or a collapse of business confidence—is nearly as great if that government has been elected by 51% of all voters as if it has been elected by 39%.

The need for restraints on the use of power is one of the themes of a well known Court of Appeal Judge, Sir Leslie Scarman, in his recent book.[2] Sir Leslie reminds us that all power, even that of a parliamentary majority, requires a check and that no group should ever be a judge in its own cause.

His proposals include a "Bill of Rights", which would require a two-thirds majority for amendment and a Supreme Court which would have the power to invalidate unconstitutional legislation. These would be supported by a system of public law to regulate the use of administrative power. It is particularly useful to have these proposals from a writer who is a strong (and perhaps an insufficiently critical) supporter of the full range of the Welfare State and an enthusiast for government intervention in the market place. Unlike many others of his political leanings, Sir Leslie realises that the more collectivist a nation becomes, the more vulnerable is the citizen to the discretionary acts of governmental agents (and, I would add, to mob power when the state is unable or unwilling to perform its protective function).

LIKE MANY OTHER advocates of such proposals, Sir Leslie refrains from spelling out precisely the "fundamental human rights" his Bill of Rights would cover and the contents of the new system of public law. But we can gain an idea of the kind of thing he has in mind from his "two hypothetical cases." One is that of a widow claiming a pension who would be given the benefit of the doubt in case of uncertainty over her late husband's contributions. Another is that the Home Secretary would be unable to ban a march of an unpopular group if it could establish its peaceful intentions, and Parliament would not have the power to prevent it from expressing its views.

Sir Leslie steers clear of the view that protection of property rights, or of an individual's monetary earnings, should form any part of the constitutional safeguard of individual liberty. Quite apart from his own apparent lack of sympathy with any such belief, the topic may seem too near the heart of current political argument to go into a "constitutional settlement."

Yet the very bitterness of disputes on it—with one side regarding "equality" as the norm from which departures have to be justified, and the other believing that a person has the right to the fruits of his talents and to legitimately acquired non-human capital—suggests the case for a constitutional approach. This does not mean guaranteeing existing property rights, but attempting to contain the conflict over rival claims between some limits which could command general acceptance. Indeed the strength of opposing feelings on distributive shares could engender the civil liberties which Sir Leslie

[1] I have discussed this matter briefly in an earlier ENCOUNTER article, "The Rebirth of Political Economy", May 1973.

[2] *English Law—The New Dimension.* By LESLIE SCARMAN. Stevens, £3.50, paper £1.50.

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rightly senses to be more vulnerable than we would like to think.[3]

THE QUESTION is whether such limits could be found to permissible changes without intensifying the conflict in the search. One intellectual development which does hold out some promise here is the revival of "social contract" theories by American political philosophers and economists. These writers do not, of course, mean by "social contract" the slogan of the British Labour Government of 1974–5, when it spent a year enacting TUC policy in return for unfulfilled hopes of wage restraint. Nor are they referring to the myth of some 17th- and 18th-century thinkers of a historic contract by which men agreed to join civil society. They refer to a hypothetical contract under which people now living could agree to work with certain rules. The key division is between the hypothetical "constitutional stage", during which principles are worked out by general agreement, and the post-constitutional one in which these principles—which may well provide for majority vote (or other decision rules on specific topics)—are put into operation.

There is an interesting link between this new contract approach and the "Pareto principle" long favoured by some economists (but consistently followed by very few) under which *a change* is unambiguously *an improvement* only if it makes some people better off without making any others worse off.

The difficulty facing Contract theorists is, of course, to conceive how agreement may be possible given the diversity of human interests and values. By far the best known attempt is that of the philosopher Professor John Rawls.[4] His method is to ask what "free and rational persons concerned to further their own interests" would decide if they did not know their own social or economic place, the market value of their talents and many other key features of their real situation: This is a state of affairs referred to as a "veil of ignorance." From it Rawls derived two principles: in descending order of importance they are (1) Equal rights to maximum feasible liberty; (2) Social and economic inequalities to be justified only (*a*) if they benefit the "least advantaged" and (*b*) if attached to positions freely open to all.

Most of the discussion has been on principle 2a—I deem it doubtful if the first principle is even coherent. Since Rawls's book has already been discussed in ENCOUNTER,[5] I shall just say that, apart from all other objections, neither these particular principles nor their order of priority can be derived from the "veil of ignorance" without the addition of some most implausible assumptions. But I still think that the "veil of ignorance" is a useful idea if one does not make the mistake of attempting to define it too rigorously. To the extent that we can make the imaginative leap, it is a way of removing obvious bias although not differences of preference. My guess is that if they were really ignorant of their own position most people would be concerned to "level up" at the bottom so that there was no longer a depressed minority to which they might be consigned; but that there would still be many different views about the upper ranges of the income and property distribution.

A contrasting approach to the problem of obtaining agreement on a modern Social Contract is contained in an important new book by the economist Professor James Buchanan.[6] This book should be comprehensible to anyone who has once turned over the pages of an elementary economic text, or picked up the elements of market economics from general reading and discussion. Its main aim is to provide a way of thinking about public affairs and the practical application is left to the reader. But unlike some other writers in this borderline area, Buchanan does not attempt to dazzle with pyrotechnics and his main concern is with the problems rather than to add to his own academic reputation (which is well enough established already).

In contrast both to Rawls and to some earlier work he himself did with Professor Gordon

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[3] A point scarcely realised in the discussion on this side of the Atlantic is that many of the well-known defects of modern society derive not from the presence, but the absence or insufficient development, of property rights. It is because no one owns pleasant mountain vistas, or the ocean bed, that there are few losses from despoiling them and few gains from enhancing them. Because an official of a state or a non-profit enterprise cannot capture the normal income produced by successful commercial effort, he will have an incentive to concentrate on the kinds of benefit he can capture (such as office perks, the enjoyment of power and authority, and the pleasures of a quiet life). Some of these forces also operate in large managerial private enterprise concerns; but there they are diluted by the competitive market in managers.

These and many other points are explained in *The Economics of Property Rights*, edited by E. G. Furubotn and S. Pejovich, (Ballinger 1974). But note that the contributors do not say how property rights shall be distributed. Nor have they (or anyone else) any ready answer about what to do when (as in the case of pleasant vistas) the transactions costs of a property rights system may be prohibitive; state intervention brings its own inefficiencies and injustices.

[4] *A Theory of Justice*. (Oxford University Press 1972).

[5] See Professor Antony Flew's critique, "Social Virtue and Blind Justice", ENCOUNTER, November 1973.

[6] *The Limits of Liberty: Between Anarchy and Leviathan*. By JAMES BUCHANAN. University of Chicago Press, $12.70, £6.25.

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Tullock,[7] Buchanan does not ask people to imagine that they are ignorant of their own capacities or status in life. His starting point is the Hobbesian state of nature, the "war of each against all." Even in such a state there tends to be a natural (if shifting) equilibrium distribution of resources, in which the costs of any further efforts by any individual in securing possessions, attacking his neighbours or defending himself against them, outweigh the benefits. This is the "anarchistic equilibrium." There is nothing in such an equilibrium to prevent the strong from expressing an altruistic concern for the weak by protecting them, or providing them with resources. But they do not have to, and in that sense the equilibrium is explicitly devoid of ethical content. Thus it forms the only realistic basis on which a structure of property rights can be agreed, which will immeasurably improve *everyone's* welfare (*a*) by establishing security of person and property (the mutual disarmament treaty that puts an end to the Hobbesian situation) and (*b*) by the gains from trade which become possible when ownership is established.

The implications are far less conservative than they seem on the surface. If the structure of property rights is to continue to be respected, it needs to be redefined and renegotiated periodically to reflect the changing balance between individuals in "anarchistic equilibrium." The lack of correspondence between, say, the possessions of the owners of hereditary wealth and what these same individuals could acquire or defend in a state of nature needs to be remedied by periodic changes in the written or unwritten constitution.

"ANARCHISTIC EQUILIBRIUM" is, of course, a metaphor. An advanced technological society without any rules, or laws, or property rights, is so difficult to imagine that one cannot realistically ask what the distribution of power and wealth would be within it. Buchanan's main point, as I see it, is that reform must start with existing power realities. If periodic changes were made in our constitutional arrangements which required general rather than mere majority support, they would at least not fly in the face of these realities. (The word "general" is used because strict unanimity would encourage people to conceal their true preferences for tactical reasons.)

There is, of course, an inherent strain in the idea of a constitutional settlement liable to be renegotiated when underlying power relations change. If the settlement is revised too frequently it does not give the required predictability; if too rarely, it results in just that fossilisation of an historical *status quo* which Buchanan wishes to avoid. But I think it is best to accept the inevitable lack of precision as a price for avoiding both unlimited government and attempted social ossification.

Buchanan's obvious aim is to establish that individuals have rights, including property rights, which cannot be arbitrarily redefined by the state—even by a "government with a mandate."[8] He is also concerned to reduce the role of the state as the Modern Leviathan which, owing to the mechanism of interest-group politics, disposes of far more of our resources than can be justified by the need to fill the gaps which the market mechanism cannot provide.

The bargain implicit throughout Buchanan's book is a trade-off in which the affluent agree to a reduction in their property rights (in both their non-human capital and the earnings from their own talents) in return for a limit on state redistribution. The better-off make a sacrifice in previously-held wealth in return for more certain enjoyment of the remainder. What would the worse-off gain from such a bargain? In return for a limit on the amount of redistribution which they could obtain via the ballot box, they would be secure of the redistribution they have already against a Right-wing victory in the polls or against backsliding by a government of the Left. The argument is enormously strengthened by the fact that the direction of current redistribution from the Welfare State is far from obvious. Much of it is wasteful, or self-cancelling, or diverted away from the poor to the middle-income groups or even the moderately well-off; and no one can be sure whether he will win or lose over the run of the next few Parliaments.

THE LOSSES AND TENSIONS from unnecessary uncertainty are particularly apparent in an inflationary age. The middle-range professional man could be subject to 83% taxation, as well as confiscatory levies on modest bequests, because of the automatic effects of progressive taxes when money is rapidly losing its value. This is unlikely to happen. But he is entirely

[7] *The Calculus of Consent* (1962; Ann Arbor Paperback, 1965).

[8] This is also the aim of another book by the philosopher Professor Robert Nozick, *Anarchy, State and Utopia* (Blackwell, 1974). The book is a brilliant and entertaining (if unnecessarily tortuous) *tour de force*. It demonstrates that equality (or any other prescribed ideal distributional *pattern*) would be upset by the voluntary action of individuals in any tolerably free society. The flaw in Nozick's approach is that all non-voluntary redistribution is ruled out in the case of property (justly transferred or justly acquired in the past, however dim and distant). It deserves a full article to itself, but it does not fall within this review as it is not basically a contract theory.

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dependent for protection on discretionary government action, and not knowing how much indulgence to expect, he naturally fears the worst. The "incentives" argument may have been overworked in the past or applied at the wrong levels. But the supposed beneficiaries of state redistribution surely suffer when those who ought to be taking the decisions and risks have no idea of how much, if anything, they will be able to keep of the fruits of their actions; and when they have every inducement to concentrate on the comforts of office and power (which present less obvious targets for the tax collector or the demagogue).

Nor is this all. If there are no constraints on state action individuals have a much stronger incentive to invest resources in political activity and to try to use the state machine to supply them with goods (or contracts) on favoured terms. People work to obtain a government which will favour state-subsidised council tenants relative to private home owners (or *vice versa*); enterprising firms divert their efforts into keeping on good terms with ministers and officials, sitting on time-wasting committees and keeping *au fait* with the latest governmental fads and fashions; and, at a local level, it is wise to keep in with the authorities who dispose of the more desirable school places, hospital beds, or subsidised homes. Indeed, if there is really no limit to state action and no possibility of predicting how it will affect us in future, we have taken a step back towards the anarchistic jungle which government has been set up to avoid. The theory of government as "implicit contract" does explain how the seemingly opposed dangers of rampant collectivism and breakdown of order can both result from the erosion of the contractual basis.[9]

Professor Buchanan deliberately avoids spelling out a specific disarmament treaty which would reduce this waste and tension. The idea of imposing limits on what the "Queen in Parliament" may enact is still so novel that it may be best to confine (for the present) a Bill of Rights to the well-canvassed areas of civil rights and individual protection against bureaucracy stressed by Leslie Scarman, and to proceed more tentatively in other areas.

A GOOD PLACE to begin would be *the indexation of all personal taxes and social service benefits*, including the starting point of the means-tested ones. This would ensure that neither redistribution nor the error of existing welfare benefits could go further than governments were openly prepared to propose to Parliament. Once these limits were established, the way might be open for some restraint on the extent to which Parliament itself seeks to change the rules of the game.

While a self-denying approach of this kind might have seemed "Right-wing" in 1900 or even in 1964, a brake of this kind is today at least as much a protection for the supporters of redistribution and state activity (*i.e.* against too violent a reaction the other way) as it is for those who fear further interventionist inroads. Electoral reform is important not because different voting arrangements will better reflect the "Will of the People", but because there will be fewer unpredictable lurches if government is formed by the political groups least disliked by the majority —which is the most probable effect of such reform.

The underlying balance by which Buchanan would regulate constitutional change depends on the economic power (and perhaps also the physical power) of individuals. He is not explicit on what he would do about the power exercised by coercive interest-groups or economic lobbies which provide their members with much greater power than they could hope to obtain individually. But the logic of his approach is to "buy out" entrenched restrictive practices and legislative support and subsidies for particular producer interests. He specifically mentions a proposal of this kind made by Professor W. H. Hutt during the last War and suggested again by Professor Milton Friedman.

Is such an approach possible for union monopoly power which, in the case of the UK at least, is far and away the most important example of group coercive action? The present policy is to try to buy off not union members, but union leaders, and to do so by strengthening their legal privileges and giving them a dominant role in public policy and in industrial affairs which far exceeds that of Parliament itself. I believe this to be both undesirable and unworkable (unworkable because the union which does not play the game will always gain the benefit which accrues to the free rider).[10]

What, then, are the prospects of a direct offer to union members as distinct from leaders? Is there something in return for which the organised worker might agree to have the Strike Threat

[9] The view that "unlimited democracy", under which the wishes of a temporary majority automatically become the law of the land, "is riding for a fall" is one of the main themes of F. A. Hayek's *Law, Legislation and Liberty* (Routledge, 1973). Buchanan's main difference with Hayek is that he is (rightly) unwilling to depend on the spontaneous evolution of social rules. Such evolution may itself lead to results entirely out of keeping with Hayek's own concept of a free society.

[10] I have discussed the delusion and dangers of an an incomes policy compact in a recent issue of ENCOUNTER ("Towards a Corporate State", June 1975).

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Weapon treated as a restrictive practice, to be allowed (as in business restrictive practices) only in exceptional cases (e.g. the "company town")?

I HAVE A SUGGESTION to put forward with great hesitation and misgivings. There is one prize in return for which the British worker *might be prepared* to accept a limitation on his sacred right to strike. This is job security. It implies an understanding that an employee once taken on will not normally be dismissed, if he wishes to stay, throughout his working life. It means a system on the "Japanese model."

I will not elaborate on the institutions which might be required to back this up (*e.g.* compulsory insurance by employers against redundancy risks). It is more important to emphasise that Guaranteed Employment is costly for the employer (and the community) because it reduces flexibility and will make him consider very carefully the engagement of extra labour. If the change is not to mean greater unemployment among new entrants to the labour force, and those who leave existing jobs, it must mean lower take-home pay (in exchange for greater security) than would otherwise be possible.

It is, thus, a change on which I am far from keen. But if union power is, in some countries at least, a threat both to political and economic stability as well as to employment and to living standards—even if it does not cause inflation except indirectly through influencing monetary policy—then it may be worth paying quite a heavy price to curtail it. Leslie Scarman speaks of the danger "of forces of great power in our society escaping from the rule of law altogether." This is the case since the unions killed the 1971 Industrial Relations Act (although I doubt if Sir Leslie would share my approach to unions as intrinsically anti-social monopolies).

But of one thing I am confident. This is that the whole line of actions, starting with the Conservative promise in the last months of the Edward Heath régime not to bring back the Industrial Relations Act and going on to the succession of Labour Acts to grant unions more and more special privileges available to no other bodies—in return for nothing—has been a tragic error. Many of those involved now know that. Even if we believe that the unions would not have accepted the £6 pay norm without these acts, and that such a norm was desirable—both suppositions which I believe to be false—it can surely not be correct to change the fundamental law of the land in exchange for a one-shot action and mere pious hopes of similar social cooperation in the future.

WHAT I WANT BASICALLY to argue is that majority rule is not a sufficient guarantee of a free, or tolerably stable or efficient society. In that sense democracy is not enough. The new versions of the Social Contract theory suggest that *general*, as distinct from merely *majority*, agreement should be possible on the "constitutional rules" of society because such agreement is in nearly everyone's interest, if sufficient imagination is exercised in formulating its terms. Electoral reform is valuable mainly because it should make it more difficult for temporarily dominant administrations to bring about hasty and frequently reversed changes in the basic rules.

"Contract theories" provide no more than a way of thinking about problems: they do not provide mechanical solutions. Although it may be difficult to apply them in some fields, such as that of trade union power, they still provide the most promising approach to holding both the anarchic jungle and the Modern Leviathan at bay. Starting from where we are now, a constitutional approach based on contract theories can no longer be presented as merely a charter for private property or private enterprise. People of all schools of thought—except, it must be conceded, exponents of revolutionary change—can gain something from it. The main obstacle, as I see it, is the insularity of the British intellectual establishment. It is still wedded to a simple-minded utilitarianism which has served its day.

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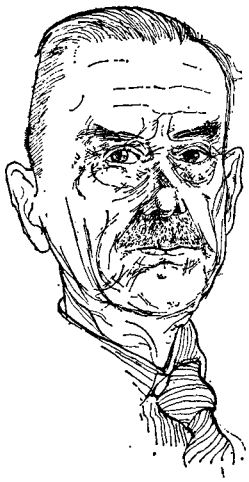
Thomas Mann and the Occult

An Unpublished Letter



Munich,
21 *December* 1922

DEAR BARON SCHRENCK,

At your request I shall make a brief note of what I saw yesterday at our séance with the medium Willi Sch.

On arriving in your reception room I was introduced to the other participants. I made a point of greeting young Willi and exchanging a few words with him, partly in order to show him that I was not an enemy or malicious snooper, partly to form an impression of his personality. I found him to be a young man of about twenty, evidently of rather humble origin, speaking a South German-Austrian dialect. He was pleasantly friendly, but showed no inclination to predispose one in his favour by an excess of affability or garrulousness. He kept aloof from the company and replied rather tersely to questions. He seemed to be in a state of tension and repressed excitement, as though suffering from a kind of stage fright, which seemed to reach its height while he was dressing for the séance. Before that you gave me an opportunity to look around in the séance room and to examine the cabinet which was separated from this room by a curtain. Then, along with the others, I watched the medium dress and convinced myself that the black tights Willi put on and the black silk-quilted dressing gown with luminous stripes that he put on over the tights contained no device that might have served to delude the onlookers. Willi's oral cavity was also examined. Then the company went into the séance room.

WE SAT DOWN OUTSIDE the closed cabinet in approximately a three-quarter circle, at one end of which the medium sat facing the two gentlemen who were to serve as watchers (*Kontrollherren*). Two of those present occupied back seats outside the circle.

My place was directly next to the medium and the watchers, whose method you, Baron Schrenck, had previously explained to me. One of the two gentlemen held the medium's joined feet and knees between his own and held the medium's wrists in his hands, while the other held the balls of the medium's thumbs. Because of the luminous stripes on his head and dressing gown I was able to see the medium's figure throughout the séance. Luminous pins were inserted in the lower part of his dressing gown at Willi's special request.

THE WHITE LIGHT was then turned off and we observers formed a chain by making contact with those on either side of us. A ceiling light with a red and black shade and a red table lamp diffused a dim reddish light. A music box was turned on. We chatted.

A few minutes later the watchers announced that the medium was in a state of trance. According to my observation, this state began with a sudden short and violent contraction, followed by repeated forward thrusts of the torso. When the medium wished to answer a question in the affirmative, this movement was sharply intensified; when he wished to answer in the negative, it became a swaying from side to side. In addition, the somnambulist spoke to the watchers in quick, loud, passionate-sounding whispers.

In speaking, he became one of the two symbolic persons into which in his dream state his personality split; he called them Erwin and Mina. The male personality component was first to manifest itself; its presence was characterised by the vigour and intensity of the compulsive thrusts. "Erwin" promised to produce striking phenomena. He did not keep his word, however, but withdrew after a time, making place for "Mina", whose gestures were gentler.

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The situation owed its mystical character—and by mystical I do not mean ghost-like, but something at once primitive and shatteringly organic—solely to the medium with his struggling, thrusting, jerking, whispering, panting, and moaning, and it was on him that I concentrated my attention. His state and movements distinctly suggested the act of child-bearing. The sexual note was so unmistakable that I was not surprised to hear later on that the young man's activity is often accompanied by erections and ejaculations, sometimes actively induced.

AFTER AN HOUR or perhaps an hour-and-a-quarter, during which the results were negative, a pause was ordered with the medium's consent. "Mina" fixed its length by counting to fifteen and ending with a violent thrust, then pedantically adding (in a whisper, I believe) another half minute—a caprice which, it seems, connoisseurs do not take very literally. I was struck by the gliding movements Willi made with his hands before waking, which apparently, at least in his imagination, served to recuperate the organic forces which he had emanated but which had not yet been manifested. His return from his trance, which had culminated in a state of perfect repose and inaccessibility (deep trance) was accompanied by the same sudden contraction as its inception.

WE SPENT THE PAUSE in the adjoining room, which we had entered on arriving. When the session was resumed, there were no results at

On Occult Revivals

ON 20 DECEMBER 1922 *Thomas Mann took part in the séance which his letter describes; and on 6 and 24 January the next year, he repeated the experiment. Out of his experiences grew the essay "Okkultische Erlebnisse", which was published in the* Neue Rundschau *in March 1924. These were not Mann's only encounters with the Occult; and his interest in the subject can be explained by the pressures of his time. For a variety of reasons, the occult was both fashionable and consoling, and Mann's acute perception of the mystical yearnings which beset his contemporaries is perhaps nowhere better reflected than in the hallucinatory atmosphere of* The Magic Mountain.

When Mann wrote his letter, the Occult revival in Germany had reached its height after two main tidal surges. The first took place in the last quarter of the 19th century. Munich—where the séance at Baron Schrenck-Notzing's took place—had its share of the Spiritualists, magicians, Theosophists, and devotees of occultism who populated all European capitals. The influence of the Occult was particularly notable in the artistic and literary worlds, and especially in groups associated with the Symbolists. Munich's most famous group of literary occultists was the so-called "Cosmic Circle" composed of four former disciples of Stefan George: Alfred Schuler, Ludwig Klages, Karl Wolfskehl, and Ludwig Derleth. They cultivated the theories of the Swiss anthropologist J. J. Bachhofen, attempted to make Munich the centre of a new "cosmic consciousness" and indulged their private eccentricities. Klages founded the German Graphological Society; Wolfskehl made researches into hermaphroditism; and Schuler projected a "dance of healing" (to help cure the sick Nietzsche) in which the dancers would wear copper armour. In 1904 the Cosmics broke up; and Derleth thereafter issued a series of invitations to readings of his Proclamations, *which caused a sensation in the artists' quarter of Schwabing. Thomas Mann was one of the audience, and his memories of the event formed the basis of his* novella, "Beim Propheten", *which appeared in 1914 in the collection* Das Wunderkind. *"Calumnies and hosannahs", he wrote, "incense and the reek of blood mingled. In thunderous battles the world was conquered and set free . . . ."*

The First World War intensified the anxieties which had been responsible for the original Occult revival. Spiritualist societies sprang up in every large town, as bereaved mothers, wives and lovers tried to contact their dead beyond the grave. In Germany, the shock of defeat combined with the appalling economic and political crisis to create an epidemic of Occultism such as the country had never known before. Curious sects made their appearance—some improbably linked to political objectives—gurus of every sort commanded a wide following. The market in Occult literature boomed. Some scientists turned their attention to psychical research, and in Germany the best known was probably Albert, Freiherr von Schrenck-Notzing.

SCHRENCK *(as he was known) was born in 1862 and qualified as a doctor with a thesis on hypnotism. Afterwards he married "the richest heiress in Württemberg" and (in the words of one of his friends) "kept a large house and a small practice." He published several works on psychopathology, but soon became associated with Baron Carl du Prel, author of* The Philosophy of Mysticism, *and became determined to study Spiritualism by scientific means. In 1914 appeared his main work, the* Phenomena of Materialisation, *containing records of sittings with several mediums said to produce materialised apparitions, notably one known as "Eva C."*

Six weeks after the book's publication, Dr Mathilde von Kemnitz (who became General Ludendorff's second wife) attacked Schrenck's magnum opus in her pamphlet "Moderne Medium-forschung." *She published the record of a séance held by Schrenck the previous summer in which the*

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first, none at least that I could discern. I felt no "cool breath"—the cold draught which is supposed characteristically to precede manifestations, nor was I aware of the smell, suggesting hydrogen sulphide, remarked on by others. The faint beam of light, which according to the director of the séance shone from behind the curtain of the cabinet, also escaped me. Almost three hours had elasped since the beginning of the séance. When asked what the obstacles were, "Mina" refused to give any information but persisted in her efforts to overcome them.

AT ABOUT 11.30 the director declared his intention of closing the séance. This last attempt to stimulate the medium proved effective. Before the eyes of all present, a handkerchief that had been lying on the floor beside the little table was lifted, rose with a quick, sure movement into the relatively bright beam of the lamp light, remained there for two or three seconds, during which time it changed shape as though being squeezed and shaken, and fell back on the floor. This elevation was not "spontaneous"; the handkerchief did not rise, empty and fluttering, of its own accord, but was lifted by a support inside it. It hung down in folds from the support and was violently manipulated from within. In the second elevation, which quickly followed the first, the support was clearly marked by two knuckle-shaped protuberances. The excitement of the onlookers was extraordinary. We leaned forward, cried out, and

Freiherr's amazing credulity and total neglect of scientific procedure was exposed. Mathilde von Kemnitz had been deputed to search the medium—who had immediately claimed not to understand what was required of her and so escaped thorough checking. And those present had been friends of Schrenck-Notzing. To the pamphlet was attached a letter from Dr Walter Gulat-Wellenberg, revealing that "Eva C." was well-known under several aliases, that she was accompanied everywhere by an obvious confederate, and that Charles Richet had exposed her in Algeria several years before. Gulat-Wellenberg adminstered the coup de grâce *by demonstrating that "Eva C.'s" vaunted materialisations were retouched photographs from the Paris newspaper* Le Miroir. *From this moment on, Schrenck-Notzing was ranked with the Occultists of the most believing sort, and his self-justifications grew ever more implausible. In 1920 he was still upholding his belief that "Eva C." had produced materialisations by arguing that the two-dimensional appearance of Eva's cut-out photographs was explained by "a general law" about the "continuation of the materialisation of organic parts, beyond the field of vision of the observers . . . ."*

JUDGING BY THOMAS MANN'S LETTER, *the Freiherr had learned much from his experience with Mathilde von Kemnitz, and his precautions were more acceptable than they had been in 1914. He also had better luck with his mediums than he had with "Eva C." "Willi Sch." was Willi Schneider, one of the two mediumistic Schneider brothers whom Schrenk-Notzing had discovered in Braunau (am Inn). Both brothers were subjected at the time to a battery of tests by psychical researchers throughout Europe; and English readers are most likely to have heard of them through the publications of Harry Price. A large number of witnesses have agreed with Mann that "there can be no question of deception in any mechanical sense."*

Yet we do not know how effective Schrenck-Notzing's controls really were, and Thomas Mann was not experienced in psychical research. Schrenck's experiments with the Schneider brothers came under heavy fire. In 1927 Count Carl von Klinckowstroem published a pamphlet in which he used the case of Schrenck-Notzing to diagnose something he called "the Occultist Complex." This "manifests itself in the occultist" becoming used to the miracle of mediumship and getting entangled in its dogmas and absurd hypotheses so that they become completely unreliable for level-headed interpretation and sober reporting of the evidence. In 1928 the Freiherr was reduced to suing one of his opponents in the courts, and after his death the following year a flurry of pamphlets appeared which objected to the way in which he had carried out his researches. His former colleague Albert Moll (a leading authority on hypnosis) condemned Schrenck as "an example of being led astray through ambition and sensationalism."

For all this, Thomas Mann was in good company when he found himself so convinced by Willi Schneider that he had to fall back on Einstein for explanations. Some eighteen months earlier Sigmund Freud had delivered a paper on "Psychoanalysis and Telepathy" to a small circle of his closest associates in the Harz Mountains. Freud thought the paper important enough to be delivered again at a later date—but he had to be restrained from so doing. For although he clearly understood the reasons behind the outburst of Occultism, he had also begun to feel that it was imperative to come to terms with the occultists' claims. "It no longer seems possible to keep away from the study of what are known as 'occult' phenomena", he reluctantly admitted. "The impulse towards such an investigation seems irresistibly strong . . . ." As we know from the case of Yuri Geller, it remains so today.

James Webb

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called each other's attention to what was happening. The third elevation was to my mind the most remarkable because at three different times the surface of the handkerchief clearly disclosed the working of an apparently claw-like organ considerably smaller than a human hand.

Further phenomena then followed in quick succession. The medium asked for the handkerchief to be removed. When this had been done, an indefinable something, which had not been among the objects on the floor, arose from the same place as the handkerchief. More or less shapeless, it seemed to be some twenty inches long and might have been taken for part of a forearm with the prehensile organ belonging to it (the suggestion of a closed hand). I could not help identifying this something as the support, the motor instrument, which had previously lifted the handkerchief and was now revealing itself uncovered. I am struck by the fact that although I looked at it intensely for several seconds I cannot remember its shape. My explanation is that it had a certain fluorescence of its own, which though faint sufficed to blur its outlines. Whereas the lifted handkerchief reflected the reddish glow of the lamp, this object did not seem to take on the colour of the light falling on it, but rather, as I recall, glowed greenish-white. In falling, it disappeared just as the handkerchief had done.

In the fifth manifestation, a table bell, which had been standing on the floor, began to ring violently and was flung under the chair of one of the participants. In the sixth, a luminous ring with a luminous cord attached rose up to the table, moved back and forth along the edge of the table with a scratching sound, and was then laid down on the table top. After that the phenomena fell off. It seemed as though the forces were wandering about the room but were no longer able to take shape or to produce any perceptible manifestation. Several times, bright round spots or nebulae, tinged red by the lamp light, appeared on or near the wall in the vicinity of the medium, then vanished. The medium seemed exhausted and expressed a desire to end the séance by wishing us all a "Merry Christmas" through the watchers. The contractions of awakening followed. The white light was turned on. For a while Willi lay drugged with sleep, bent sideways over the arm of one of the watchers. I went up to him, tapped him on the shoulder and expressed my satisfaction, whereupon he looked at me with sleepy eyes and a good-natured melancholy smile. It was hardly the physiognomy of a swindler.

AND INDEED ANY THOUGHT OF A SWINDLE in the sense of a conjuring trick is absurd. There was simply no one there who could have rung and thrown the bell. Willi could not have done it, because his extremities were being held, and besides, he was five feet away, sunk in magnetic sleep. Who or what lifted the handkerchief and squeezed it from inside? I don't know, but like all the others I saw it with my unprejudiced eyes, which were quite prepared to see nothing if there was nothing to be seen. I repeat: There can be no question of a swindle in any mechanical sense. Here we are dealing with the occult jugglery of organic life, with processes whose abnormal reality strikes me as unquestionable, with intricate constellations deep down in man. At once primitive and complex, these manifestations may repel our proud aesthetic sense with their undignified character and triviality, but the unquestionable reality must needs arouse the passionate curiosity of the scientist. Today, when matter has been understood to be a form or, one might say, another aggregate state of energy, there would seem to be nothing very fantastic about an ephemeral materialisation of energy outside the medium's organism, about psycho-physical telepathy.

I am sincerely grateful to you, my dear Baron Schrenck, for enabling me to attend one of your séances, and hope you will give me the opportunity to continue my observations. I trust that this detailed report, amateurish and inadequate as it may be, will convince you of my sincere interest.

Yours, etc.,
THOMAS MANN

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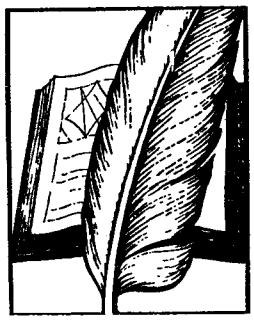

Column

"WHAT DOES *détente* mean?" said my wife one night. "A relaxation of tension", I said, and we went happily to sleep. Yet she was right to be puzzled. By now *détente* has acquired such subtle shades of meaning, and covers such a variety, if not of sins, at least of ambiguities, that it has become a concept of almost metaphysical refinement and complexity. All we can say with certainty, perhaps, is that in contemporary diplomatic usage it is concerned primarily with the relations between the United States and the Soviet Union, though at times it is very hard to see how it can apply to them except in a Pickwickian sense.

Is *détente*, for instance, compatible with the Soviet Union's long-term ambition to destroy the capitalist system, or is it a way of saying that though we know perfectly well what the Soviet Union's intentions are, it is much more comfortable at the moment to pretend that they do not exist? Or again: how does Soviet intervention in Angola, as a step towards what has been called "the recolonisation of Africa", contribute towards a relaxation of tension; or is *détente* simply a way of ensuring that such plainly belligerent actions should not disturb the good relations which obtain between the Soviet Union and the United States? And how can there not be deep and enduring tension between two states, of which one believes it a self-evident truth that men have the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, while the other treats its own citizens, and those of its satellite nations, with the kind of barbarity of which Mr Leonid Plyushchev (free, at last in Paris) has recently shown us the marks both on his body and in his mind? In short, how can there be a relaxation of tension, or any other relationship except one of mutual contempt and hatred, between two powers whose beliefs and purposes are so totally contradictory as those of the United States and the Soviet Union? To describe the realities of such a state of affairs as *détente* seems such a flagrant misuse of words that many people feel forced to conclude that, on the one side or the other, or on both, it only serves to conceal or disguise the real objectives of policy.

No wonder my wife was puzzled, and I'm afraid my answer to her question could only have helped to increase her confusion. In this she is no different from thousands of others throughout the world who contemplate the development of the policy of *détente* with growing bewilderment and apprehension. And perhaps in the end this may prove to be a fundamental weakness in that policy, in the sense that ordinary people, not least in the United States, find it so difficult to understand that, with the best will in the world, they cannot bring themselves to go along with it. Quite apart from their political feelings, there is a kind of moral revulsion against sitting around a table and concerting policy with men capable of approving, and defending, the treatment imposed on Mr Plyushchev in his psychiatric ward; and even in an immoral world democratic statesmen cannot afford to affront their constituents' moral feelings too flagrantly.

This does not, of course, preclude the possibility that, in the interests of world peace, people may have to conquer their revulsion; just as, in the interests of our health, we may sometimes be forced to swallow some nauseous draught. Yet, even as we drink it, the stomach rebels.

IT IS IRONIC that we should be urged to accept the disagreeable consequences of *détente* in the name of political realism. It is said that in a world in which a showdown between hostile superpowers involves the unacceptable risk of nuclear war there is no alternative to the "peaceful coexistence" which it is the object of *détente* to achieve. We must take our medicine like men; otherwise, a far worse fate is in store for us.

Yet in fact many of the arguments urged in favour of *détente* seem the reverse of realistic. There is, for instance, the argument that the economic weakness of the Soviet Union, her need of Western credits, Western technology, Western grain, is such that, in the last resort, she cannot afford a break in her relations with the West. It has been the hope of Dr Kissinger that, in return for giving the Soviet Union what she needs, she may be drawn into a series of agreements, so complicated, so comprehensive, so subtle in their interdependence, that, try as she may, she cannot extricate herself from them. Like some giant, she is to be bound by silken cords, each in itself easily broken, but together composing a network from which the giant struggles in vain to be free. It is fair to say that, in pursuit of this objective, Dr Kissinger has (in the Middle East, for instance) achieved some notable successes. At the same time, it is hard to rid oneself of the feeling that Dr Kissinger sometimes thinks that sophistication alone is enough to contain the Soviet Union.

There is again the argument that, given time and patience and economic progress, the Soviet Union will undergo a process of "liberalisation" of her political ideas and institutions, will come to understand the material advantages of those

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democratic rights which are taken for granted in the West. Blessed by affluence, her legitimacy recognised, her security assured, the Soviet Union will lose both what is left of her revolutionary dynamism and the imperialist ambitions which she has inherited from the Czars, and will come to see in the West, not a Big Bad Wolf, but a Fairy Godmother, who is the guarantor of her own progress and prosperity. At the same time, intellectual and cultural exchanges will show how much East and West have in common and create, if not agreement, at least a mutual understanding which will provide the basis for continuous cooperation, not only in the cultural but in the political field.

These are certainly attractive perspectives. But though they are put forward in support of what is claimed to be a politically realistic policy, they do not themselves correspond very closely to reality, as revealed either in Soviet policy in the past or in the Soviet Union's actual behaviour today, either in the international or in the domestic sphere. In particular, they in no way correspond to the expectations which *détente* has inspired in the leaders of the Soviet Union; or at least to those by which they recommend that policy to their own citizens. These expectations are quite simply that *détente* offers them valuable concessions which, properly exploited, can only help them in their appointed task of hanging the West from its own lamp-posts.

IN THIS RESPECT the expectations of the Soviet leaders have changed not at all since, at some time between 1920 and 1921 (the precise date has not been established), Lenin dictated a memorandum on the relations which should obtain between the Soviet Union and capitalist states from which it was in need of toleration and assistance.

> As the result of my own direct observation during the years I spent in emigration I must confess that the so-called cultured strata of Western Europe and America are incapable of understanding either the present position of things or the real state of relative power. These strata should be regarded as deaf-mutes, and our behaviour towards them should be based on this assumption. Revolution never develops along a straight line or by uninterrupted growth, but forms a series of spurts and retreats, attacks and lulls, during which the power of revolution grows stronger and prepares for the final victory . . . taking into account the long process which the growth of the world socialist revolution involves, it is necessary to resort to special manoeuvres which can speed up our victory over the capitalist countries: (*a*) To announce, in order to pacify the deaf-mutes, the separation (fictitious!) of our government and government organs (the council of people's commissars etc.) from the Party and the Politburo, and especially the Comintern. The latter must be declared to be independent political groupings tolerated on the territory of the Soviet Socialist Republics. The deaf-mutes will believe this. (*b*) To express our wish to establish immediately diplomatic relations with the capitalist countries, on the basis of complete non-interference in their internal affairs. The deaf-mutes will believe us again. They will even be delighted and will open their doors wide to us, and through these doors will speedily enter the emissaries of the Comintern and of our Party investigation organs in the guise of diplomatic, cultural and trade representatives. Speaking the truth is a petty, bourgeois prejudice. A lie, on the other hand, is often justified by the ends. The capitalists of the whole world and their governments will shut their eyes to the kind of activities on our side that I have referred to, and will in this manner become not only deaf-mutes but blind as well. They will open up credits for us, which will serve us for the purpose of supporting communist parties in their countries. They will supply us with the materials and technology which we lack and will restore our military industry, which we need for our future victorious attacks upon our suppliers. In other words, they will work hard in order to prepare their own suicide.

The deaf-mutes! What sovereign contempt for the capitalist enemy the phrase reveals. Lenin was writing at a time when the position of the Soviet Union relative to the West was almost infinitely weaker than it is today. The progress which the Soviet Union has made in the interim has done nothing to impair its confidence in the strategy which Lenin recommended, or its leaders' belief in the gullibility of "the so-called cultured strata" which, Lenin thought, "are incapable of understanding either the present position of things or the real state of relative power."

I TAKE LENIN'S WORDS from *Détente*,[1] a symposium edited by G. R. Urban from the text of a series of discussions which were broadcast between December 1973 and August 1975. The contributors to the series included some of the most distinguished of contemporary commentators on Soviet and international affairs; and one cannot help admiring the skill with which Mr Urban organised and directed the discussions in such a way as to illustrate and emphasise the extraordinarily wide range of implications which the policy of *détente* involves.

But in doing so he also emphasises, unwillingly or not, the equally wide range of doubts, hesitations, confusions, which the policy provokes in the minds of thoughtful observers. They are so many, and involve so many qualifications of any positive point of view, that by now *détente* has almost ceased to have any definite meaning. It has become a kind of portmanteau expression which covers the whole complex of problems created by the present predicaments of the West, far removed, indeed, from the kind of self-verifying simplicity with which the policy first

[1] *Détente*. Edited by G. R. URBAN. Temple Smith, £8.

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presented itself to our attention. Politics, economics, sociology, geography, history, anthropology, culture, are all in turn summoned to throw what light they can on the complications of Dr Kissinger's policy. But far from providing any answers to the problems involved they seem merely to emphasise the difficulties we have in meeting them. Their witness, one might say, describes, not so much a policy, more a way of simulating one.

When one has finished this book, which is in many ways an admirable one, and having tried to follow all its highly sophisticated arguments for and against *détente*, one is finally driven to two relatively simple conclusions. The first is that the policy of *détente* has a fundamental weakness in that it requires the West to pretend that the Soviet Union is a different kind of state from what it actually is. In this sense it is the reverse of *Realpolitik*, and is a policy of illusions. The second conclusion, which is really a consequence of the first, is that *détente* must finally fail because of the fundamentally conflicting expectations of the two parties which are primarily concerned. For the United States, *détente* is an attempt to contain the Soviet Union within the limits which should normally govern the relations between states; for the Soviet Union it is a way of continuing to wage war by diplomatic means.

★

So Mr Daniel Moynihan has at length resigned as United States permanent representative to the United Nations; and the announcement has provoked in me a sense of loss which I find difficult to explain. It is not merely that I greatly like and admire Mr Moynihan personally, though this sometimes did give one the unusual feeling that somewhere up there, in the echoing halls of the United Nations, there was actually someone who spoke with a voice which was recognisably that of a friend, saying the kind of things he might say to one in private, and in words which were intelligible to all but the meanest intelligence. It is rather the feeling that in losing Mr Moynihan the United Nations is itself diminished, because now there is no one left to say in plain words the things that need to be said unless its debates are to lose whatever meaning or significance they still possess.

Of course, Mr Moynihan's outspokenness did not always recommend him to his fellow diplomats in the United Nations, or even in the State Department. It threatened to give the game away; or rather, to reveal that it was not a game at all, but a serious business in which vital interests were at stake, not least those of democracy itself, in face of the continuous and deafening barrage of hostile propaganda conducted by the bloc of Soviet, Arab and African states which now command a permanent majority in the United Nations.

Mr Moynihan has a powerful and acute mind, an Irish temper, and a liking for plain speaking. This is an explosive combination in any circumstances, but most of all in the atmosphere of the United Nations, which by now depends on the observation of certain strict conventions of Double-Think and Double-Speak if it is to go about its business at all. Naturally those who, like our own British representative at the United Nations, Mr Ivor Richard, blossom and flourish in such an atmosphere, and take to it like ducks to water or goldfish to a bowl, feel personally affronted by Mr Moynihan's methods of diplomacy. Mr Richard is not much of a hand at the kind of intellectual free-for-all which Mr Moynihan likes to provoke. If men like Mr Moynihan were to flourish at the United Nations, Mr Richard's occupation, and his comfortable apartment in New York, would be gone and it would be necessary for the British Government to send someone of more nearly Mr Moynihan's own calibre to defend this country's interests at the United Nations. So it is not surprising that Mr Richard has done what he could to help Mr Moynihan on his way out; and, like the Soviet-Arab-African bloc, rejoices at his going.

Mr Moynihan has now retired to academe and the United Nations' loss is Harvard's gain. The reasons for his resignation are slightly obscure. Asked if he fell or if he was pushed, Mr Moynihan replied that he did not fall but might have been pushed. For once he was rather less outspoken than is his habit. But I feel, and indeed very much hope, that we have not heard the last of Mr Moynihan. In the first place, one hopes that at Harvard he will have the opportunity to develop, expand, and elaborate the theses he has defended so forcibly and eloquently at the United Nations; and it is certain that what he has to say will be listened to with the greatest possible attention by his friends and by his enemies. In the second place, Mr Moynihan is a highly political animal. He is said to nourish ambitions to represent his native New York in the US Senate; if he were to succeed in doing so, he would be on his way to becoming a formidable political figure.

There is perhaps a third and even more intriguing possibility. May it not be that one day, when the charm of *détente* may have begun to fade, and Presidential love has been withdrawn, Dr Kissinger may follow Mr Moynihan to Harvard? If that were to happen, every student of politics in the world would hasten to Cambridge (Mass.) to attend any seminar they might choose to conduct together.

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Peter Porter

The Easiest Room in Hell

At the top of the stairs is a room
one may speak of only in parable.

It is the childhood attic,
the place to go when love has worn away,
the origin of the smell of self.

We came here on a clandestine visit
and in the full fire of indifference.

We sorted out books and let the children
sleep here away from creatures.

From its windows, ruled by willows,
the flatlands of childhood stretched
to the watermeadows.

It was the site of a massacre,
of the running down of the body
to less even than the soul,
the tribe's revenge on everything.

It was the heart of England
where the ballerinas were on points
and locums laughed through every evening.

Once it held all the games,
Inconsequences, *Misalliance*, *Frustration*,
Even *Mendacity*, *Adultery* and *Manic Depression*.

But that was just its alibi,
all along it was home,
a home away from home.

Having such a sanctuary
we who parted here
will be reunited here.

You asked in an uncharacteristic note,
"Dwell I but in the suburbs
of your good pleasure?"

I replied: "To us has been allowed
the easiest room in hell."

Once it belonged to you,
now it is only mine.

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Paul Hyland

Riddles for Jack

1.

I am dark and copious
a place to be born

On my floor earth sifts
with the seasons' husks

Winds dry and pollen-thick
stir them, shake my doors

What the tillage crops
is pitched into my dark

Barred, braced against harvest
my storm-timbers groan

I am a hold, a hoard
a made pod ripe in winter

Plunder me then
but know that I exact

Strict tithes for rats, mice
all my familiars

2.

I am sun-bleached, rain-washed
My brick and stone breed lichen

My walls warm from within
My windows light on bounty

Inventories add and subtract
pots, emblems, beds, live cargo

My doors open and shut
I am a passage and a halt

My furniture, my linen
suffer private weathers

I am well and hardly used
My stone face does not shift

But what is born in me
is at length borne out

Blinded by boards I sink
Midden in a rife plot

3.

Unlived-in, not aloof
I am a place apart

My door's weight gives
into soft sainted light

Garnished with flowers
my crevice of worked stone

Rich seam, bronze chime
stones dwindle and plumb heaven

Be still, refined as gold
in the flame's stance

Plate that sustains sparse meals
the faithful's striving

Know that when they are gone
I am a sighing shell

And in my yard
nothing but standing stone

4.

Abandoned now I am
an ocean to myself

I am deep down, agape
solicit stones and coins

My mouth holds its reply
my bowels water

Full of rumour I return
no glib reflection

Come gather at my rim
glimpse my stare's spark

I'll not fall from my pit
nor overstep the eye's sill

I am all settling, seepage
Wishes silt in my loins

Fear them, follow them
My pure juice will scour you clean

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THEATRE

Ik & Ethnic

By John Weightman

THE ROUND HOUSE has presented many strange performances, but none more baffling to the hick from the sticks than *The Ik*. If it had been put on by a multiracial amateur dramatic society from Coventry or Sunderland, one would have said that it was a worthy effort and one would have wondered, benevolently, why the writers of the piece had not made their point more clear. But, of course, it is the great dramatic event of the year, the return of Peter Brook after a period of meditation in his International Centre of Theatrical Research in Paris; and it has been heralded and accompanied by at least four full-length television programmes about Peter Brook and the art of theatre, about Peter Brook in Africa and about *The Mountain People* (the book on the Ik by Peter Brook's friend, Colin Turnbull, which was used as the source of the "play"). However, supposing we did not know all this, what significance would the performance have in itself?

Half a dozen actors of mixed origins, clad in a variety of odds and ends, and speaking English for the most part with difficulty, as if they had learned the words by rote without fully understanding their meaning, present scenes in the life of an African village, where the inhabitants are dying of hunger and squabbling depressingly among themselves as they do so. An anthropologist looks on, makes notes and cinematographic records, and offers frequent small gifts of cigarettes and food. The scenes follow each other without a break, like little non-dramatic Brechtian tableaux. One or two characters curl up and die. Others tease a child by tempting it with food held too near a fire. There are some desultory references to the remnants of the native religion, and a brief interlude in the Sudan, where natives belonging to the same tribe are living in relative happiness. No plot or progression, just a general atmosphere of stagnation and death, with the anthropologist in slightly worried attendance. The "play" ends inconclusively, so that the audience is at a loss for a moment to know whether it is over or not.

ARE WE TO ACCEPT the oddness of the casting as an accidental result of the membership of the International Centre, or as a too sanguine attempt to show that the theatrical illusion can be created by any means? One of the Negro village women dying of starvation is white and quite plump; the main Negro is a Japanese with the characteristic facial expressions and jagged body movements we have become accustomed to through Japanese films. The effect is not so much a triumph of art over appearance, as an unfortunate reminder of some schoolboy performance of *Macbeth* in which Lady Macbeth's voice keeps breaking, or her breasts slipping, at odd moments.

And where is theatrical invention? The actors smear the ground with soil and sand to imitate the earth of Africa; they put up a skeleton structure made up of rough-hewn branches to represent the building of a hut; they use a tin trunk to mime the motion of a land-rover, at the same time as they make banging and scraping noises to imitate its sound (quite good team-work, this, like the things that are done on early evening children's television). They light a fire on the stage; the anthropologist boils a kettle on a spirit-stove and makes tea at some length, like a picnicker in a lay-by. And so what? Is this a form of "poor" theatre, in which the derisory nature of the theatrical effects is intended to reinforce the sense of the bareness of human existence? Two or three mouthfuls mark the dividing-line between death and survival, so that tea-and-biscuits in the wilderness, not "acted" at all, bears a load of human pathos?

If this is the explanation, the theatre is approaching minimal art, which means that the spectator himself has to supply most of the experience. Look at anything intently enough—it doesn't matter what: a bad actor or a non-descript stage prop, such as a spirit-stove—and you can make it glow with the undifferentiated Absurdity of Existence, like the chestnut-tree root in Sartre's *La Nausée* or any object in a Zen exercise. I am rather partial to such quiet

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fun myself, and find it useful while waiting for buses or sitting through the emptier stretches of committee meetings; but I don't expect to have to resort to it in the theatre. This cannot be what Artaud meant by the ritual truth that lies beyond words, or the total exploitation of theatrical space. In some perverse way, Mr Brook seems to have thrown the baby out with the bath-water.

IF THERE IS NOTHING HERE for our aesthetic appreciation, perhaps we can fall back on to the anthropological message, which is probably in any case what the Round House audience, in view of its predominantly ethnic garb, is most interested in. We are told in a short prologue that "this is a true story." The Ik are a small tribe of traditional hunters, now shut off from their old hunting-ground, and expected to turn themselves into farmers in a mountain area with poor soil and an unfavourable climate. The agricultural project has failed. They have become a beggar or a scavenging population, slowly dying out and dehumanised by want. It is a question of each individual for himself or herself: parents are indifferent to their children, married couples have no feelings of solidarity, old people are deliberately left to starve, brother robs from sister, and so on. But all the points one would like further information about are left unexplained. We are not told who the wicked authorities are who took the decision; or why; or if anyone has protested. If some Ik are happy in the Sudan, why have they not all gone there? The anthropologist films people collapsing from hunger, but this is not with the urgent intention of arousing opinion on their behalf, but for his academic records; he did not publish the book until some years later.

These mysteries are not solved by the theatre programme (incidentally not a "poor" object, but a rather gaudy affair costing 30 pence), in which there is an "imaginary dialogue" on the question of the Ik by Dennis Cannan who, with Colin Higgins, adapted Turnbull's book. This is an amazingly muddled and pretentious piece of writing, which quotes Lévi-Strauss, Teilhard de Chardin, Popper, Gusdorf, etc., although there is no proof that they have been read, except in snippets, and ends in a total Zen-like stupor of atomised non-knowing:

> ". . . is there any logical way of concluding anything about one society from another? Can we really conclude anything about one man from study of another man? . . .
>
> "Perhaps the reality of man's nature has now outrun all his theories of what he is . . . .
>
> "The Ik live almost entirely without what we call the virtues. If a people can survive without consideration for one another, without loyalty, love or affection, without faith or hope, then are these things so important? Moralists—and many sociologists—would say that a people who lived without virtues would perish. Have the Ik perished —yet?"

WELL, YOU TELL ME. I am surprised that you haven't taken the trouble to enquire, before putting on your piece. But my guess is that the "moralists and many sociologists" are quite right. A society with no internal solidarity must depend for survival on accident or charity from outside. In any case, the Ik, as portrayed, are not a society, but the pathetic remains of one, like so many decadent savage communities described in the last half-century by anthropologists. And it is only to be expected that, below a certain level, "human feelings" should break down. In some societies close to subsistence level, the inhumanity itself seems to have been institutionalised, *i.e.* half-humanised: among the Eskimo (according to Malaurie) in times of need female babies were killed off and old people spontaneously allowed themselves to freeze to death. One doesn't have to look far afield to see that *la bête humaine* has a constant struggle to keep himself above animal status. In northern working-class households, when I was a boy, the bread-winner was often served first and given most of the protein, while the children looked hungrily on. It takes a Sir Philip Sidney or a Captain Oates, that is, someone in whom the civilised pattern has been indelibly imprinted, to make the non-animal gesture in an extreme animal situation; and even highly civilised people —as Mr Dennis Cannan himself mentions incidentally—were often de-civilised in the Nazi concentration camps.

GIVEN THE HOPELESS CONFUSION of Mr Cannan's thought, it is not surprising that he should have produced an unintelligible adaptation; so we have to go back to the book itself. *The Mountain People*[1] is an interesting document, which makes much better sense than *The Ik* in performance, in spite of what I heard the author say on television. Mr Turnbull is quite frank about the fact that he simply stumbled on the Ik by accident. He was looking for a research-project and, through a series of hazards, he found himself involved with this decadent rump of a society, and applied the rule-of-thumb methods of anthropology to it, learning as much as he could of the language, working out the kinship relations, interrogating the last priest about his spiritual beliefs, and so on. Although

[1] *The Mountain People*. By COLIN TURNBULL. Jonathan Cape, £3.50, Picador, £1.

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the material is predominantly tragic, there is also a strong, half-conscious, comic element in the book, since Mr Turnbull is fairly honest about the uncertainties of such anthropological investigation, and candid enough to show himself getting cross with the natives when they deceive him or elude his grasp.

A European anthropologist in a primitive, non-European tribe is always to some extent like a duchess with a notebook in a slum, and so the account is full of funny touches that have not been included in the dreary adaptation. It is surprising, for instance, that defecation should figure so largely in the story when, in theory, the people have next to nothing to eat. It is also interesting, although Mr Turnbull does not comment on the fact, that the Ik should have had such a labyrinthine and separatist traditional village structure, with a closed-off compound for each hut, as if a certain kind of selfish individualism had been institutionalised even in the days of their relative prosperity as hunters.

Actually, *The Mountain People* is Mr Turnbull's second reaction to the tribe. After being with them a month or two, he wrote an initial account of them in *Tradition and Change in African Tribal Life* (1963), where they appear as . . .

> . . . a great family people . . . . People help each other and work together, not because help is needed, but because they like to . . . . Their planting time in the fields is one of the gayest and happiest times of the year, with people singing and laughing, and stopping work in their own fields only to wander around and see if they can help anyone else . . . .

This, he admits, is "significantly different" from the tone of *The Mountain People*; and the disparity is to be explained, he says, by the fact that famine thereupon set in and brutalised the natives. But it remains uncertain whether the Ik are starving through an act of God, the neglect of the government, the inevitable collapse of their agriculture or their own fecklessness in relation to their agriculture. If this were a doctorate thesis on the Ik, the examiners would have a number of questions to ask at the viva, or at least I hope they would. What interests Mr Turnbull is not the details of rational explanation but the contrast between the happy Ik before the Fall and the abominable Ik after the Fall . . . .

> The Ik, like the rest of us, are kind and generous and light-hearted and jolly when they can afford to be. I saw the last vestiges of that in the first month or two, and I saw those vestiges replaced almost overnight, it seemed, by the basic survival instincts that lie in all of us.

In the light of this, it is clear what happened. The Noble Savage who, a little while before, had been singing idyllically with his comrades in the fields, did a Jekyll-and-Hyde switch to Unregenerate Man or *la bête humaine*; and it shocked Mr Turnbull to the core. The opening and closing parts of the book, in which he records the horror he felt and tries to erect a theoretical superstructure upon it, make, almost hysterically, a point that is entirely missing from the "play." He speaks of "a tidal wave of disillusionment" and hopes that

> . . . we who have been civilised into such empty beliefs as the essential beauty and goodness of humanity may discover ourselves before it is too late . . . .
>
> We have already become individualised and desocialised . . . [we have] about as much sense of family devotion as one might expect from the Ik, and as little sense of social responsibility . . . .
>
> Even supposing we can avert the disaster of nuclear holocaust or that of the almost universal famine that may be expected by the middle of the next century if population keeps expanding and pollution remains unchecked, what will be the cost, if not the same already paid by the Ik? . . .
>
> The Ik teach us that our much vaunted human values are not inherent in humanity at all, but are associated only with a particular form of survival called society . . . .

OH, THE IRONY of it! Rousseau, one of the founding fathers of anthropology, thought the individual was fundamentally good, and placed the origin of evil in civilised society. *The Mountain People*, which could be sub-titled "A Naïve Anthropologist Suddenly Discovers Evil", shows an unconscious neo-Rousseauist being bowled over by the realisation that the individual is not necessarily entirely good, and can only develop his better qualities in certain social frameworks. Mr Turnbull may, of course, be right about the grimness of the future, when the globe is in danger of being overrun by myriads of blind, ravenous mouths. But, in the meantime, I suggest that our best hope is to eschew hysteria and the ethnic muddledom displayed in the performance, the programme, and the book, and to try to get some of our ideas straight about the inevitable interdependence of the individual and society.

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Hegel's Last Secrets

From Marx to Expressivism—By ERNEST GELLNER

THERE IS AN OLD Oxford chestnut about the don who gave a lecture on Hegel, Schlegel, and Begel. At the end of it, he advised the undergraduates to disregard what he had said about Begel, because Begel did not exist. But that was a pedantic point. It makes very little difference whether or not Begel existed: he obviously belonged to a generation which had changed the idiom in which men speak and think about human affairs. As Charles Taylor observes,

> Hegel along with many contemporaries believed that his age was the axial period. "It is surely not difficult to see that our time is a time of birth and transition to a new period." (Hegel's *Phenomenology of Spirit*.) And Hegel goes on to speak in this passage of a "qualitative leap". . . .

Precisely who belonged to this generation and who said what is less well known; and in so far as what is at issue is a vision and style of thought rather than a set of precise propositions, it does not matter too much. (Just how many Schlegels were there?) The way in which this generation spoke would have been unintelligible some decades earlier. Many would claim that it was just as unintelligible at the time when they did speak, and indeed ever since. But whether or not what they said makes sense, much of what men have *done* since they spoke cannot be understood without referring to what this generation said.

Sir Karl Popper, the most influential modern critic of Hegel, does sometimes give the impression of being spread-eagled between the view that Hegel's doctrines are devoid of meaning, and that they are nevertheless very false and wicked. The critic is in a certain dilemma; he has to interpret men's actions in terms of their beliefs which at the same time he holds beyond the reach of rational interpretation.

When modern man speaks nonsense, the chances are more than even that he borrows his idiom either from Hegel or from Freud. Each had invented a language, a set of concepts which are fairly easy to learn, which sometimes *click*, which seem profound and confer depth and status on the speaker (and make him feel good), which are difficult to falsify or check, and which exercise both fascination and revulsion. In the case of Hegel, this was achieved without Hegel himself becoming a household word: the real diffusion of his notions was done by his followers and successors, and one of them in particular.

THERE ARE FEW PHILOSOPHERS who provoke, as Hegel does, quite such an extreme span of reactions, ranging from the utmost admiration to the most total contempt. The admiration, when it is given, is of a different kind from that which is accorded to most other thinkers. There is often a total and religious quality about it. It is not so much that Hegel is seen as a champion performer in a game at which other people do a bit less well (at thinking up true statements about the universe, for instance); it is rather that he is seen as being in a different league altogether, offering some kind of liberation, revelation, completion—or, in Marx's view, as offering the next best thing to the real fulfilment. He is not an informant about the universe: he is its mouthpiece. Marx's remarks about philosophy and reality are liable to be misunderstood by English-speaking readers as some kind of positivist denigration of philosophy. What Marx really meant was that Hegel went as far as it is possible to go in philosophy, in thought—all that now remained was to do something similar in real life, to complement fulfilment in mere concepts by fulfilment in life itself. Kierkegaard, Hegel's second most important disciple, had a similar reaction, though he envisaged the contrasted reality in a different manner.

The capacity to generate such extremities of reaction seems to be of the very essence of his thought. The Hegelian doctrine about opposites generating or interpenetrating each other, or whatever it is that they do with or to each other, certainly applies in at least one case, namely to his own thought-system. Nothing could be more pointless than some kind of sober, moderate interpretation and assessment of Hegel. Some

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dullish commentators have indeed attempted it, and come out with a subject-by-subject school-report on Hegel, G.W.F.: very interesting ideas in history, perceptive on politics, unsound in natural science, will plough in maths, and is promising in divinity. . . . This will not do. Not for nothing is his system known as Absolute Idealism. He is everything, or he is nothing, or, following what he said, both at once.

DOES THIS MEAN THAT Hegel really succeeded, like Pascal's God, in placing each of us before a total wager, with no bet-hedging allowed? Are we compelled to say Yea or Nay to this conceptual bulk-purchase, and either join the Hegel-spurners like Schopenhauer, Hobhouse, or Popper, or those who see Hegel as pivotal in the history of human thought, like Marx, Kierkegaard, or Bradley? Dr J. O. Wisdom (of York University, Toronto) once observed to me that he knew people who thought there was no philosophy after Hegel, and others who thought there was none before Wittgenstein; and he saw no reason for excluding the possibility that both were right.

But no such *salto mortale* of faith, for or against Hegel, any longer imposes itself on us. An obligation which does however impose itself on any expositor of Hegel is to explain why Hegel did once secure such a total response. What was it about his ideas and their context which gave them this awe-inspiring power, which compelled men to embrace them or to repudiate them with such completeness? It is here that Professor Charles Taylor succeeds brilliantly.[1] He does explain how this came to be. Accounts of Hegelianism from the inside, in the terminology and within the assumptions of the system—and such exegeses are available—are not much use; and refutations totally from the outside are no better. For instance, there is Popper's erstwhile and useless refutation of the dialectic by invoking the weird principle of modern logic, that a contradiction entails any other proposition whatever, and hence a contradiction-recognising logic is unselective and thus unusable. What is required, here as so often, is real understanding which nevertheless does not forgive everything. *Taylor comprend tout, et il pardonne beaucoup; il en pardonne même trop*. Which is quite in order, because he does not forgive all and he does not oblige his readers to follow him on the path of forgiveness. An inward understanding which does not become hopelessly intoxicated, which re-emerges, sane and whole, at the end, to report on the journey—this is Taylor's achievement, and it is an impressive one.

It is interesting to note that there is a marked convergence between Taylor's and Popper's views of Hegel. This may seem paradoxical, but it only appears so because Taylor likes what he sees, and Popper detests it; but what they actually see is very similar. Popper's diagnosis of the appeal of both Plato and Hegel is that their adherents are lured by the appeal of belonging, of togetherness, of the "closed society." Taylor sternly tells us that we owe our identities to our culture, that we should not fear this social holism, that "only an exaggerated atomism could make the condition of alienated man seem the inescapable human norm"; and he sees Hegel's central merit in the fact that he forcefully reminded us of all this. The diagnosis of the appeal is thus quite identical; only the evaluation and idioms differ. It is perhaps a pity that Taylor tells us relatively little of the other transformations of Hegelianism in other climes; of the way in which, for instance, T. H. Green used it to teach the nonconformist conscience to speak through secular metaphysics and lay the bases of the Welfare State (a story well told by Melvin Richter in *The Politics of Conscience*); or of the way in which, in Cambridge, Michael Oakeshott developed a water-colour variant of Hegelianism designed mainly for the preservation of the amenities and privileges of rural England. But let us be grateful for the account of the use of Hegel by the romantic Left.

THE OPENING PASSAGES of the book, in which Taylor makes his basic approach to Hegel, are among its most interesting parts. Taylor rightly approaches Hegel through the overall problem to which Hegel responded: and the question is at least as important as the answer. His starting point is that there is a certain widely-held view of the contrast between us modern men, and our superstitious or anthropomorphically-minded predecessors:

> Understanding the world in categories of meaning, as existing to embody or express an order of Ideas or archetypes, as manifesting the rhythm of divine life, of the foundational acts of the gods, or the will of God; seeing the world as a text, or the universe as a book . . . this kind of interpretive vision of things which in one form or another played such an important role in many pre-modern societies may appear to us the paradigm of anthropomorphic projection on to the world, suitable to an age in which man was not fully adult.

Taylor does not altogether repudiate this view of the contrast between *us* and immature humanity, but he clearly holds it to be less than the full story. To swallow it whole is for Taylor a grave

[1] *Hegel*. By CHARLES TAYLOR. Cambridge University Press, £12.50, $36.00.

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impediment not merely to the understanding of Hegel and of his generation, but equally and above all to a proper understanding of our contemporary collective and individual predicaments. This gap between the old and the new visions is the keynote of the whole book. It is not merely a clue to Taylor's interpretations of Hegel, but equally to his substantive comments on the modern world. It is of course also the explanation of why Hegel attracts him. Taylor chides us for the incompleteness, complacency, or narrowness of our vision.

> This way of seeing things is not uncommon, but it very much misses the point of [the] reactions [of Goethe, Schelling, Hegel and their generation], as well as obscuring the way in which the issues then remain central today.
>
> The modern notion of the self, which is the locus of this struggle between indulgence and austerity, really only comes . . . in the seventeenth century. . . .
>
> The essential difference can perhaps be put this way; the modern subject is self-defining, where on previous views the subject is defined in relation to a cosmic order.
>
> The situation is now reversed: full self-possession now requires that we free ourselves from the projection of meanings onto things, that we be able to draw back from the world, and concentrate purely on our own processes of observation and thought about things. The old model now looks like a dream of self-dispersal; self-presence is now to be aware of what we are doing in abstraction from the world we observe and judge.
>
> . . . a transformation in philosophical outlook, which as such could only touch a minority in seventeenth-century Europe. But the modern notion of the subject has left no one untouched and unchanged in European society, or indeed the world.

This is the plot of the drama in terms of which Taylor interprets Hegel, and assesses his present relevance. Two notions of the self confront each other: the old, cosmically pervasive one, and the modern Neutral Visitor, so to speak. (These are my terms rather than Taylor's.) The latter vision is the one which is favoured by contemporary society and by its organisation, but that is not a decisive point in its favour, or perhaps not a point in its favour at all. On the contrary, those who have deep misgivings about the modern world, as Taylor has, will also have their misgivings about the associated conception of the self, at the very least. They will look to the rival view with a great deal of sympathy. And in it they will seek a clue to what has gone wrong with us, our world and its remedies, and the articulation of norms in terms of which the present could be judged. Hence this book is not merely an interpretation of Hegel but also a substantive contribution to social thought—though the two themes are inseparably intertwined.

Taylor sees Hegel as a very major event in this debate, and no doubt this is the correct way to see him. Hegelianism was an important move in the re-humanisation of the world. It opposed its disenchantment, in Max Weber's phrase; and it represented that anti-Copernican counter-revolution, to use Bertrand Russell's expression, which tries to put man back at the centre of things. Taylor's very way of putting the issue is, of course, just a little question-begging and perhaps too kind to Hegel. He presents the situation as follows. Conceptions of the universe and of the self go hand in hand. But there are two rival views of the self—so may we not fix ourselves up with a universe such as will, quite literally, suit our *selves*? This rather underplays one very major possible consideration on the other side, namely, that the universe is what it is, quite irrespective of our selves and of our concepts, and of our concepts of our selves; and if one particular vision of the self demands a certain corresponding universe, well then so much the worse for that vision of the self. The universe is not here to pander to our self-image—or is it? Taylor's presentation makes it all sound just a little too optional. But let it pass; it is a small price to pay for such an excellent exposition.

WHAT EXACTLY DID HEGEL ACHIEVE, and by what means? He rehumanised the world, and as if this weren't quite a big enough job on its own, he did a few further things on the side. He also and at the same time re-divinised the world. He made the world safe for the *Geisteswissenschaften*, and those who practise them, by attributing a certain role to ideas, and a further one to intellectual commentary. He welded the notions of political legitimacy and social change, in a manner relevant to modern Europe; he helped to start the debasement of intellectual currency known as modernist Christianity, with a God who can switch from merely being his own creation to being the old independently existing deity; he made Europeans more aware of cultural and historical diversity, and the fact that it is located inside us as much as or more than in externals; and no doubt a few further things into the bargain.

Despite this variety of achievements, the manner of attaining them was not eclectic; Hegel's philosophy is no hotchpotch. There is a unity, or at any rate a coherence, about its grandeur. The strands which go into it fuse and blend. But what are these individual strands?

FIRST, THERE IS the idea of progress. Taylor admittedly concentrates on the contrast between two rival visions of world and self: roughly, the world-as-meaningful and the world-as-external. But this opposition cuts across another

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one, which is at least as important: the world as static, and the world as developing, as growing. The old religious worlds were generally static: radical events occurred mainly at the beginning and the end, with possibly some crucial divine interventions along the way. The vision of perpetual progress as the key, as the central plot of history, is new. The historical perspective of the late 18th century encouraged such a view, and the then contemporary experience of radical political, social, and intellectual change made it seem natural.

The idea of progress contains some further important elements: change is not merely perpetual and directed, it is also self-generating and self-sufficient. It has an inner logic, and does not require external intervention or manipulation.

It could be put like this: about the same time as Europeans were losing their faith in God, they also discovered progress. What better solution to this predicament than to say: but God is progress, or progress is God?

Hegel found a portentous, and suitably obscure, idiom for saying just this. In an interesting survey of recent Hegel literature,[2] Mr. Anthony Quinton complains that it is not clear whether Hegel's Absolute Spirit is or is not to be identified with the old-fashioned straightforward transcendent God. It is not fully clear whether the naivety of the question is deliberate or genuine. The highly successful marketing of Hegelianism depended, of course, precisely on no one ever knowing the answer to this question. Hegel lets you have your old God back if that is what you want, and by a method which seemed, at least at the time, modern and invulnerable. (It was the very facility of the procedure which offended Kierkegaard.) But he also gives you a new kind of God, inseparable from his creation or its development, if you find the old one no longer acceptable. Moreover, you can switch between the two interpretations according to whether you are young or old, under critical pressure or not (and from which angle), according to mood, and so on. The language in which the position is articulated certainly will not impede any such metamorphoses.

On the point which continues to puzzle Quinton, Taylor is rather kind and tolerant of Hegel:

> . . . it is clear that Hegel is neither a theist in the ordinary sense, nor an atheist. Whatever the sincerity of his claims to be an orthodox Lutheran, it is clear that Hegel only accepted a Christianity which had been systematically reinterpreted to be a vehicle of his own philosophy . . . some of his followers could reinterpret him in the direction of

[2] "Spreading Hegel's Wings", *The New York Review of Books*, 29 May and 12 June 1975.

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> orthodox theism. Hegel's position was in a sense on a narrow crest between theism and some form of naturalism or pantheism. The atmosphere was so rarified on top that it was easy to fall off, and remain so.

Quite. But this doesn't really tell us just what the position is, up there on the *arrête*. It looks to me like one of those Alpine ridges which has to be climbed on one side or the other, according to which way the wind is blowing.

Taylor does tell us that

> what distinguishes Hegel's position fron pantheism in his mind was the rational necessity which, it is true, could not exist without the world as the ensemble of finite things, but which was in this sense superior to the world, that it determined its structure. . . .

This was pantheism, it seems, with a differential density of the divine. All things are divine but some less so than others. Apart from its convenient knife-edge ambiguity between theism, atheism, and pantheism, the doctrine also has the important merit of offering a truly splendid theodicy, a justification of the ways of god/universe/history to man.

> Hegel . . . speaks of his philosophy of history as a "theodicy" . . . . more than for the death of men, Hegel in his philosophy of history accounts for the death of civilisations. What seems senseless . . . the destruction and decay . . . is shown to be a necessary stage on the road to realisation of *Geist* in the law-state and reason. That is, not only death itself, but the particular incidence of fate in history is shown to be part of the meaningful plan, with which man as reason can be fully reconciled.
>
> One may stop well short of conviction before Hegel's theodicy.

One may indeed. But in an evolving universe, tribulations can indeed plausibly be justified as the price and the spur of development. The Hegelo-Marxist tradition of course provides an easy do-it-yourself legitimation of either the *status quo* or of revolution; it only depends on which edition of the *Geist*'s edicts you care to read, today's or tomorrow's (assuming that you credit yourself with access to the future version).

Hegel appealed to a bourgeois age. But middle-class life is, above all, a *career*: we strive and suffer, and it is all well worth it if the career is successfully accomplished. And so it is with things-at-large and the grand totality. Hegel told us that the universe does it too. The *Geist* is the driving and guiding spirit of a careerist cosmos . . . .

THERE IS ALSO AN OLD JOKE about the Edwardian lieutenant, asked at his military examination—what is the role of cavalry in modern warfare? He replied: Sir, it is, I suppose, to give a bit of class to what would otherwise be a mere vulgar brawl. Similarly, Hegelianism confers metaphysical depths on European history which might otherwise be a mere sordid scramble for power. It thereby, incidentally, makes intellectual depth-commentary (*ex post* only, in the interests of safety) indispensable; and hence the intellectuals, who purvey it, acquire great self-importance.

Note that, though the *Geist* used most mundane instruments—passion and violence—for the accomplishment of Its aims, It remained Itself rational, cerebral, abstract, and decent. The ends which men unwittingly served were still edifying ones. One might say that as the 19th century moved on from Hegel to Freud, it advanced from the Cunning of Reason to the Cunning of Unreason. So Hegel's romanticism is in a way rather limited. The *Geist* uses violence and passion in its manipulation of men for its own higher ends, but those higher ends seem impeccably cerebral and orderly. It is a most *bürgerlich* spirit. The *Geist* seems almost to be a Prussian civil servant concerned with the proper management of universal historical development.

The Cunning of Reason was Hegel's term for what contemporary sociologists call Latent Function: the unwitting satisfaction of ends of which the agent suspects little. Hegel was of course a great functionalist, much given to seeing society and the world as unwittingly interlocking and purposive. The *Sein/Sollen* rapprochement which preoccupies Taylor is an early version of Functionalism. But Hegel was also *the* philosopher of historical change, of social transformations. There is a certain irony about this conjunction. The commonest criticism heard of functionalism nowadays is that "it cannot account for change." Hegel found no such difficulty.

THE SECOND STRAND is the logician's way to the sense of Unity of all things. This is an old theme in philosophy, both in the West and in India. In the West it dates back at least to Parmenides, but was powerfully revived by Spinoza, to whom Hegel owed so much. Spinoza taught

> . . . I have explained the nature and properties of God: that he necessarily exists: that he is one alone: that he exists and acts merely from the necessity of his nature: that he is the free cause of all things . . . that all things are in God, and so depend upon him that without him they could neither exist nor be conceived . . . that all things were predetermined by God, not through his free or good will, but through his absolute nature or infinite power.

What mattered about Spinoza's pantheism was not merely its content, but above all the manner of its exposition or putative demonstration. He claimed it was "proved in geometric order." In effect, the demonstration consisted of extracting the alleged implications of some basic concepts we use, or did use, when speaking of the world (in the case of the Cartesian Spinoza:

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substance, attribute, mode, and so forth). It is then held that the conclusions somehow constrain, must apply to, reality. The reality established by Spinoza was monistic, and the complex plurality of the real world was somehow its emanation.

Hegel took over this logician's way to reality. His world was, like Spinoza's, monistic. But it was also very much a world *on the move*. He was a philosopher of change and progress. But his views on the development of the world and his logician's way of establishing the world's unity complemented each other. The world knew tension; so do concepts. In concepts as in historical situations, the *status quo* provokes its own opposition. In the world and amongst concepts, harmony is sometimes re-established. Thus the Hegelian-style "dialectic" arrived in Western thought.

THIRDLY, THERE IS the "overcoming" of the Kantian heritage.

Kant is perhaps the greatest and shrewdest commentator of that cold, disenchanted vision which, as Taylor stresses so much, provided Hegel with his problem. The self as conceived by Kant is totally alienated from the natural world (though Kant does not use this terminology). Kant believed himself to be describing not modern man, but man as such. Kantian man owes nothing, but nothing, to nature or the cosmos: his morality, his key conceptions, even his belief in God emanate in the end from the structure of his own mind. Kant made a virtue of this necessity. If our morals, our concepts, were not "autonomous" in this way, if they were indebted to something outside which gave them authority, then they would be worthless. Their glory lay in the fact that we and we alone made them: we were alone and self-sufficient, Robinson Crusoes in a world in which we forged our own cognitive and ethical tools.

Kant's philosophy was a kind of individualistic protestantism driven to an extreme of self-sufficiency. Hence that sharp dualism between man the cognising and moral subject and the external world (which as Taylor stresses, constitutes Hegel's problem situation). The dualisms appear so sharply in Kant that generally it is most difficult to see, how on Kant's own terms, the two separated partners can ever meet.

Hegelianism solves this problem, at least to its own satisfaction. (Whether the solution is more than verbal is another matter.) The iron curtain between the real and the rational, between subject and object, is suspended, eroded, dissolved, overcome. In the Hegelian world, a blissful *détente* reigns. The barriers go down, or are only allowed a temporary role, as functional spurs to competition which in the end is beneficial to all.

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Each of the previous themes contributes to this solution. The unity of everything, derived by means borrowed from the Parmenidean-Spinozistic tradition, melds with the idea of growth or progress. This is now a totality which is growing; or conversely, growth is of the very essence of the totality, not just an attribute of some part of it, or of some segment of its history.

As Taylor puts it,

> The aim of Kant was to cut loose altogether from . . . reliance on nature, and to draw the content of obligation purely from the will.
>
> . . . Kantian morality remains one of division. . . . The Kantian self is ultimately identified with the faculty which gives laws to ourselves, reason: man is thus free even against inclination. But Hegel holds fundamentally to the expressivist view of man: the self is the inner single source which expresses itself in the unfolding of reason and inclination alike.

So we are being offered a re-unification, a re-enchantment of the world, but (as Taylor stresses) on quite a new basis.

Hegel's expressivism is the attainment of global togetherness by other means. If we are no longer part of cosmos, as religion taught, then cosmos is at least part of us, because it is pervaded by and suffused with our concepts. It is a kind of neo-Ptolemaic global togetherness, placing man (or rather his culture) at the very centre of things.

FOURTH, THERE IS a sense of culture. Men have always known that customs, clothes, buildings, etc., are liable to differ from community to community. But it is fair to suspect that, until the late 18th century, they had on the whole tended to underrate the extent to which the differences also existed *inside* them, pervaded their very ideas and concepts, and the extent to which, in turn, their ideas suffused the world they inhabited. This idea intoxicated Hegel and some of his generation. Taylor, following Jean Hyppolyte, and probably Isaiah Berlin, makes this central to his interpretation of Hegel.

Note how this idea dovetails with the other themes enumerated. Culture is unitary, and it pervades the individuals and parts who compose it; this latches on to the theme of unity inherited from Spinoza. Culture is conceptual; it resides in the living, active ideas of its carriers. This somehow perpetuates the conceptualist method in philosophy, the approach to reality through a contemplation of the crucial notions we employ for characterising it. But culture develops and grows; this melds with the theme of progress. Culture is cosy and concrete; its moral demands emerge from the identity which it confers on the individual, and it promises the reward of blissful identification with a larger totality, and thus overcomes the cold Kantian morality which spurns rewards or extraneous identities. The problem of knowledge also has a pleasing solution: truth is neither transcendent, hidden and distant, nor private and capricious. The collective *Geist*—being *us*—guarantees that we are not excluded from it; but being conveniently more-than-us, and certainly more-than-any-single-one-of-us, it firmly scotches individual deviations. When Naphta in *The Magic Mountain* observes that Hegelianism is the philosophy of the objective, he is not saying something paradoxical. It may not be a philosophy of the transcendent, but its centre of gravity is in institutions or practices which, from the individual's viewpoint, are hard, external, and objective. All is well.

MANY OF THE THEMES of Taylor's book also reappear in an interesting but difficult book, difficult perhaps because it is somewhat literary/declamatory, and because, unlike the admirably correct Taylor, its author rather snobbishly refrains from spelling out the rules of the game within which she is arguing. Instead, she dares the reader either to catch on to the game or to confess himself unsophisticated. The book is Judith Shklar's *Freedom and Independence*.[3]

She stresses the historic importance of successive ideas of the self, only in a different phraseology:

> This history of the experiences of human self-consciousness is of necessity the history of ethics.

In other words, our values are the shadows of our self-images. The nostalgia for a world in which "expressivist" yearnings were more fully satisfied also appears: "The beautiful ethical polity is now only a memory. . . ." So does the "cultural" interpretation of Hegel's metaphysics:

> A people is not a random assemblage of human beings. It is composed of individuals whose lives are shaped by the same beliefs and rules of conduct and linked by language and work. They share an ethos, or to use Hegel's word, a spirit.

And as far as I can see, the "over-coming" of Kantianism, of an ethic of individual self-sufficiency, is endorsed by her almost with venom:

> The age of the "moral point of view" is not a glorious one. It is the expression both of more and less than Kant's moral philosophy. . . . This autonomous self which is its own master, or practical reason imposing itself on the world, is not

[3] *Freedom and Independence: A Study in the Political Ideas of Hegel's "Phenomenology of Mind"*. By JUDITH SHKLAR. Cambridge University Press, £5.95.

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"character", only knowledge. We are again reminded how far we are from Antigone. Indeed, if this outlook creates any recognisable human type, it is the hypocrite. And it expresses itself not only in a hypocritical personality but in a veritable culture of hypocrisy.

These words are harsh as well as occasionally obscure. But one does get her message: Kantian individualism out; and instead, we are to look towards the Hegelian spirit (culture) and at the very least to respect the idea that it can reach a final culmination, a totalisation, a summary:

> . . . While it is clear that Hegel's notion of "spirit" . . . does subject moral and political values to the logic of development, to becoming, there is for Hegel an ultimate aim; the knowledge that comes at the end of the ages.

THIS, THEN, IS the heady brew which intoxicated a generation, which is still potent, and inadvisable for those who cannot hold their ideological spirits. It indisputably altered the idiom of European thought and life. For instance, in a book[4] published as late as 1964, we find the author, Eugène Fleischman, complaining, "*la pensée de Hegel ne fut jamais acceptée par une civilisation occidentale à la quelle, plus qu'à aucune autre peut-être, elle donne tout sons sens. . . .*" Taylor's account of this sense-giving vision is rewarding, in particular in the early and the final passages of the book: the opening ones specify the conditions in which Hegelianism was born and seemed plausible, the final ones relate it to our contemporary problems. But in between these two high points, there is a deep valley which also needs and deserves to be traversed. As Taylor trudges across it, he seems slowly to become possessed and taken over by Hegel. We set off into this low-lying jungle with an amiable and lucid guide, who speaks our language and tells us, in our own terms, about the oddities of the terrain. We listen entranced, but as we pass through the steaming swamps near the centre of the lowlands, we look up and are seized by anxiety: our guide is a native, he is Hegel! We control our fear, so as not to encourage an ambush . . . and we are duly rewarded for our *sangfroid*. As we begin to climb up into the highlands on the other side, the natives no longer seem restless, our guide is gradually re-transformed once again and comes to speak, if not quite ordinary philosopher's English, at least nothing more exotic than the romantic idiom of the 1960s. Hegel's features gradually leave his visage, and he becomes, once again, dear familiar Chuck Taylor, as we wipe the sweat of fear and exhaustion from our brows.

[4] Eugène Fleischman, *La Philosophie Politique de Hegel* (Plon, 1964).

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ROUTLEDGE

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In other words, in the long central chapters, Taylor does not altogether escape one of the dangers which has befallen so many other expositors: that of being absorbed by the system and its language, and ending up by expounding it from the inside.

TAYLOR IS, to my mind, too kind to his subject (though this is a judgment which no doubt reflects disagreement with Taylor's own position, of which more later). The excessive indulgence to Hegel, treated on its own, has various aspects: kindness to his general character, and to various specific doctrines. Let me take these in turn.

Hegel is clearly the most megalomaniac of all philosophers, claiming as he does to reveal and to embody the cosmic plot. Like Mohammed, he does not claim divinity, but evidently the godhead speaks through him. Taylor, with entirely appropriate patience, makes plain why these pretensions were not wholly absurd: the condition of Europe was such that a message of this very kind was to be expected, and Hegel merely put it together and articulated it. I for one would find it hard to deny that had Hegel not existed, it would have been necessary to invent him. Taylor conveys, with some tact and sympathy, both the megalomania (without calling it such) and its plausibility.

But apart from the megalomania there was also something plain and downright *spiessbürgerlich* about Hegel; he is not altogether unlike something between Kumpf and Schleppfuss in Thomas Mann's *Dr Faustus*. Taylor's sympathy for his subject, while succeeding in making the megalomania understandable and perhaps forgivable, somehow misses out on this aspect of Hegel. (Perhaps the coexistence of the Grand Vision and the Everyday was entirely consistent: Hegelianism requires not merely that the grand design be rational and necessary, but also insists on a place for the humdrum and contingent.) I rather miss this vulgar-professorial Hegel in Taylor; Hegel may perhaps be the Absolute, but he is also the Absolute in braces, munching sauerkraut. This aspect ought not to be wholly neglected.

What of the frequently made charge that Hegel is an illiberal, authoritarian worshipper of the State and/or of the March of History? Here Taylor springs to Hegel's defence and endeavours to exonerate him. I find the defence unconvincing and off the point. Taylor does not deny that Hegel "thought that Prussia was on the right track, and . . . that he believed that the state was somehow divine and deserving of the individual's highest earthly allegiance." But, Taylor insists, if we look at the small print, we find that Hegel had a whole host of reservations about Prussia as it then was (although it *was* on the right track). It all depends on what you stress. Another distinguished Hegel commentator, Professor Shlomo Avineri, is also quite aware of the small print:

> Hegel admits that there is still "work to be done"; but, this . . . belongs to the "empirical side." The absolutisation of the present period of history is thus very strongly emphasised.

And, more strongly,

> It is in the modern, post-1815 world of Western Europe that Hegel sees the apex of historical development. It is here that "the empire of thought is established actually and concretely. . . . Freedom has found the means of realizing its Ideal—its true actuality."[5]

Or, again, take Herbert Marcuse, who is otherwise inclined, like Taylor, to be kind to Hegel, and who has also read the small print:

> Hegel's exaltation of the state's political power has, however, some clearly critical traits. . . . Nevertheless, these critical qualities are dwarfed by the oppressive traits inherent in all authoritarianism, which manifest their full force in Hegel's doctrine of external sovereignty. . . .[6]

With philosophers, the small print seldom matters. If a philosopher tells us that the Real is the Rational, it is no use telling us in small print that some bits of the real are less rational than others. One always knew that. That is precisely why one is interested in having some independent criteria of the rational, which are not in the pay of the real. That is the old and ordinary way of doing philosophy. Taylor seems to advise and sympathise with Hegel's "overcoming" of a morality of a mere *sollen*, of an "ought" which claims independence of what is real in the world. But when later a bit of the real diverges from what Hegel wishes, the merits of *sollen* seem to be surreptitiously rediscovered . . . and above all, the fact that this is done is invoked as a refutation of the State- or History-worshipping charge. No, it only shows that the system is not consistent. As far as I am concerned, Hegel can worship that state, or not worship it. It's a free country. What he cannot do is both do so and not do so, according to which criticism he is facing. We are back on that ridge which is climbed on either side, according to the prevailing direction of the wind.

BUT TAYLOR'S BOOK MUST NOT be judged simply as an exegesis of Hegel. It also intends to be a

[5] Shlomo Avineri, *Hegel's Theory of the Modern State* (1972), p. 235.
[6] Herbert Marcuse, *Reason and Revolution* (1954), pp. 220–221.

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contribution to social thought in its own right, and an important one. The intimate connection between its two themes—the current concerns which led the author to Hegel, and the inspiration he derives from Hegel for the present—is what gives the book its distinctive character.

For the author is not merely Professor Charles Taylor of McGill University (and about to take up a chair at Oxford), but also Chuck Taylor, a key figure in the early heroic age of the New Left, founding father of the *New Left Review*, a man who helped temporarily to convert the annual conference of the Labour Party to CND, and altogether an important influence of that movement which helped lay the foundation of the intellectual dissidence of the 1960s. Chuck was one of the Young Hegelians of 1956. What is more important, Chuck and the Prof are one and the same person in a far more than superficial sense. In his *Hegel*, he gives us by far the best formulation, to my knowledge, of the philosophic foundations of the kind of social criticism which was characteristic of the '60s. As is right and proper in an Hegelian context, which requires that the Owl of Minerva only takes flight at dusk, he gives us the benefit of the wisdom only after the event, but better late than never, and whether or not one agrees with it, it is well worth hearing.

THE KEY NOTION in Taylor's critique of the modern world, *and* of his exegesis both of Hegel and of Marx, is *expressivism*. Though Taylor gives a very thorough and exhaustive account of all aspects of Hegelianism, it is the culture-romanticism—which he calls expressivism—which really turns him on, and which receives a disproportionately large share of his attention when he actually interprets Hegel. This notion overlaps closely with what I would call a sense of culture: an awareness that our concepts pervade nature through the classifications we impose on it (so that a man-nature continuum is re-established, this time from inside outwards, so to speak), and that our life is lived, our identity articulated, in a conceptually-saturated world which forms a system, and which is carried by a collectivity. The negative aspect of this is the denial of atomistic, mechanistic, and what might be called separationist philosophies. All this seems to me very close to Taylor's expressivism, but perhaps it might be best to quote his own words.

> The conception of human life which I call "expressivist" . . . is in part a reaction to [associationist psychology, utilitarian ethics, atomistic politics of social engineering, and ultimately a mechanistic science of man]. It is a rejection of the view of human life as a mere external association of

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> elements without intrinsic connection. . . . Expressivism returns to the sense of the intrinsic value of certain actions or modes of life . . . and these actions or modes of life are seen as wholes, as either true expressions or distortions of what we authentically are.

Taylor warns us not to underestimate this critique.

> We might be tempted to think that this current touches only a minority of intellectuals and artists, leaving the majority of "ordinary" men unaffected. But the wide resonance of this kind of critique has been shown if nothing else in periodic outbursts of unrest which have troubled industrial civilisation. Deep expressivist dissatisfaction contributed to the success of Fascism, and underlies the revolt of many young people against the "system" in many Western countries.

Thus, a century after Stirling published a book with that title, *The Secret of Hegel* (according to Taylor) stands revealed at last: Hegel is the philosopher of the "expressivist" critique of modern society. Thus Taylor's Hegel stands contrasted, for instance, to Avineri's:

> . . . in Germany . . . the political debate about Hegel . . . appears as just another phase in the battle between rationalists and the romantics. . . . For the romantics, Hegel stood for 1789 and universalism, against historical nationalism and the *völkisch* virtues.[7]

Taylor's Hegel is apparently far closer to the romantics.

> . . . Hegel's philosophy can be seen as an attempt to realise a synthesis that the Romantic generation was groping towards: to combine the rational, self-legislating freedom of the Kantian subject with the expressive unity within man and with nature for which the age longed.

And this is not merely the secret of Hegel, it is also the secret of Marx.

> Many . . . would object to an interpretation of Marxism which places it within what I have called the expressivist tradition. Of course, Marxism is more than this. But I do not think we can understand it . . . if we try to abstract from this. . . . Certainly few would want to deny that the young Marx is the heir, through Hegel, of the expressivist aspiration. . . . Marx takes up [the] radical critique of inhumanity. But the principal justifying myth which he denounces as the alibi for exploitation . . . is not the old religion but the new atomistic, utilitarian Enlightenment philosophy itself. . . . the tremendous power of Marx's theory comes from joining [the] thrust of the radical Enlightenment to the expressivist tradition.

Nor are Hegel and Marx alone.

> . . . many . . . are moved by a profound sense of the inadequacy of modern society which has its roots in the Romantic protest. Since the end of the eighteenth century there has been a continuing stream of complaint against modern civilisation. . . . In different ways these critics castigate modern society as expressively dead, as stifling expressive fulfilment. . . .

I SHOULD LIKE, first, to record a grave worry about this elusive "expressivism." It is used as a stick with which to beat atomistic or mechanicist accounts of man or society. These accounts must be wrong (it is claimed) because they misrepresent the real, *i.e.* expressivist, state of affairs. Well then, what the devil is the complaint? If this is how things (generally) are, it can hardly be used as a discriminating principle of how they *should* be! Taylor himself gets into trouble in his account of what expressivism is:

> . . . modes of life are seen as wholes . . . either true expressions or distortions of what we authentically are.

All human activities are expressive, but some are more so than others; it seems some of them "distort." But if expressivism is to be a moral norm rather than a universal description, we should need, if not a justification, at least a more precise specification of what does and does not satisfy it—and not one which, in Hegelian fashion, only passes judgment in retrospect!

Taylor's own critique of Hegelianism is quite different and much milder, in fact it is hardly a criticism at all: Hegelianism is not so much wrong as obsolete.

> Modern civilisation has . . . seen the proliferation of Romantic views in private life and fulfilment, along with growing rationalisation of collective structures, and a frankly exploitative stance towards nature. Modern society, we might say, is Romantic in its private and imaginative life and utilitarian or instrumentalist in its public, effective side.

Hence, says Taylor, we are no longer tempted to project expressivism to our collectivities, and for a number of good reasons: it has lost all plausibility, and we are only allowed to indulge this taste in the privacy of our homes. Revisionist Marxists used to argue that the revolution is no longer necessary, thanks to parliamentary reform and the welfare state. Taylor seems to say (regretfully, perhaps) that total Hegelian expressivism is no longer compelling, because so many of us can now have hi-fi at home.

But Taylor, like Hegel, must be stood on his head. He considers Hegel dated in his specific social observations, but valuable in his great central insights. The opposite seems to me true. Hegel's specific observations on the need to avoid either unrestrained *laissez-faire* or virulent political turbulence from below ring truer now than ever, and are in any case immeasurably superior to Marx's anticipations. But it is the central idea of Hegel's which simply will not do.

[7] "Hegel Revisited", *Journal of Contemporary History*, vol III, No. 2 (April 1968).

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THERE SEEM TO BE two central ploys by which Hegelianism evades all testing and danger of falsification. Ordinary theories point to (*a*) structures beyond the phenomena they describe, and (*b*) predictions which follow from these for the future. The Owl of Minerva exempts this mythology from any tests by subsequent events; and the non-transcendence of the Hegelian *Geist*, so much stressed by Taylor—this *Geist*, unlike his predecessor the God of Abraham, cannot exist without the world—exempts it from the former requirement. The explanatory concept turns out to be no more than the phenomenon it covers. So, in the end, or at least when under critical scrutiny, Hegelianism covertly retrenches and ceases to be any kind of *theory* at all. It shrinks into being just a certain kind of mystifying description of the pattern of events *so far*, with nothing said about any *beyond* or any *henceforth*. Real knowledge does not disavow its own applicability to the *beyond* or the *later*. Hegel is a punter who can explain the rational necessity of all football-pool results, but only after the matches have been played.

The regretful-obsolescence criticism which Taylor allows himself does not move me much. I am far more worried by some other strictures which Taylor fails to press home; he touches on them in an all too gingerly manner.

FIRST OF ALL—and this is perhaps fundamental philosophically—it is not enough to say that Hegel was a somewhat inaccurate sociological forecaster (while hedging his bets by saying that he was not a forecaster at all), who did not see just where modern society was going and hence did not make up exactly the right recipe for restoring our sense of belonging. (On the contrary, I find him as a proto-sociologist still quite illuminating and more convincing than Marx.) His error is far deeper than that. The stuff simply is not true. Of course, all that mumbo-jumbo about the Absolute Spirit can indeed be taken as just a fanciful way of saying that our life is lived in terms of concepts which we individually did not invent, which are parts of a much larger cultural tradition which evolves, and to which we contribute. If that is all it is, we may also choose other idioms for saying it: there have always been a lot of them available. But if it is more, then what on earth would be the independent evidence for that alleged *Geist?* Ah, replies the Hegelian fellow-traveller, that is the wrong question. For the Hegelian God is not one "who could exist quite independently of men, even if men did not exist, as the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob before the creation." So we must just not ask for *more* . . . and if we compound this with that

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little saying about the Owl of Minerva, that overrated piece of poultry which precludes us from testing the system by checking on its sociological predictions, we are entirely covered. Thus the tautological vacuity of it all becomes evident.

Should we be so indulgent? I would prefer to echo Moses Hess when he asked "If it is within the possibilities of reason to comprehend the essence of God, freedom and immortality, why should the essence of the future be excluded from it?"[8] This coy Hegelian reticence about the future, the reluctance to do anything more than comment on and ratify the past, may have something to do with hedging one's bets. Happily, Hegel does not always remember these prudent and cautious principles, and the absent-minded owl has occasionally been known to flutter at dawn. Thus, in the Appendix to the *Lectures on the Philosophy of World History*[9] (entitled "The Natural Context or the Geographical Basis of World History") he predicts a monarchy for the United States of America:

> The example of the USA is frequently cited as an objection to the proposition that it is impossible in our times for a large state to have a liberal constitution. . . . But this argument is inadmissible; North America cannot yet be regarded as a developed and mature state . . . it has not yet progressed far enough to feel the need for a monarchy.

Are the United States of America fully developed now, one wonders? Here I can only recall what Isaac Deutscher once said about Leon Trotsky: his predictions were *so* far ahead of his time that some of them are *still* not fulfilled.

Taylor himself comes close to making the really basic criticism in the only passage where he allows himself a joke at Hegel's expense:

> There is something in Hegel's philosophy which is irresistibly reminiscent of Baron Münchhausen. The baron . . . after falling from his horse in a swamp, extricated himself by seizing his own hair and heaving himself back on his horse. Hegel's God is a Münchhausen God. . . .

But that's just it! The Hegelian version of the "ontological proof" works exactly in this way. The grand, meaningful, and active totality is "proved" by the argument that the part presupposes the whole—if indeed we know that the part, which we indisputably are, is a part of that particular whole. . . . The whole exercise is endowed with some plausibility—though not cogency—by the consideration that it would seem hard to deny to the totality, at least potentially, certain traits found in large parts of it (*e.g.* consciousness, purpose). It also gains plausibility by that crucial ambiguity, located in the fact that it is far from clear whether the totality is being credited with these traits in any sense over and above, and other than, that parts of it (indisputably) sometimes do attain both purposiveness and consciousness.

SO MUCH FOR THE no doubt naive question concerning whether the whole system is true, or whether it really tells us anything. But let us leave pure philosophy and look at this entire intellectual tradition—from Hegel and Marx to Taylor—for its social comments and suggestiveness. Leaving aside the question whether Marx properly belongs in the "expressivist" camp, and granting Taylor for the sake of argument that he does, it seems to me that *within* this tradition, Hegel is greatly superior to Marx. Hegel deified political institutions whereas Marx would, in the end, abolish them altogether.

Taylor notes that Marxism has no answer, and can have none, to the question of how post-exploitation society is to be organised.

> Not only does classical Marxism have no answer to this, it implies that the answer is "none"; that our only situation will be that of generic man, harmoniously united, in contest with nature. But this predicament is not only unbelievable, but arguably unlivable. It would be an utterly empty freedom.

Of the two errors, I prefer the Hegelian, which at least recognises that we need institutions, even if it grossly exaggerates their status.

Taylor is fully aware of this weakness in Marxism, and he alludes to it openly:

> . . . this was not a blind spot peculiar to Marx. It affects the whole communist movement. Just a few months before October 1917, in his *State and Revolution*, Lenin still expressed an incredibly simple view about the administration of communist society. The Bolshevik Party was thrown into the real history of state power with this simple image of human freedom as the unproblematic administration of things. And Soviet communist society has remained somehow fixated on it; so that it continues to resist the adequate conception of itself as a social form. . . .

One may resent the *somehow* in the above sentence, which seems to imply that it is "somehow" a mystery why the Soviets cannot give an accurate account of their own society. The reason is, of course, that it cannot be done without flagrantly contradicting what Marx said. Hegel's sense of the importance of institutions seems altogether more realistic than Marx's illusion

[8] Quoted in Shlomo Avineri, *Hegel's Theory of the Modern State*.

[9] *Lectures on The Philosophy of World History. Introduction: Reason in History*. By GEORGE WILHELM FRIEDRICH HEGEL. Translated by H. B. NISBET, with an Introduction by DUNCAN FORBES. Cambridge University Press, £8.

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of their dispensability, which has deprived a large part of humanity of the ways of openly discussing its own social predicament.

Taylor is somewhat indulgent to this disastrous Marxian error, and he curiously credits this mistake of Marx's—probably his gravest one—to Hegel's influence.

> Marx's . . . inability to see this rift was already implicit in his original position, in the transposition on to man of Hegel's notion of a self-positioning *Geist*. The powers of a Spirit who creates his own embodiment, once attributed to man, yield a conception of freedom as self-creation more radical than any previous one . . . a leap to free self-activity of generic man limited only by the (ever receding) refractory bounds of unsubdued nature.

If you believe that you will believe anything, and institutional checks are then clearly neither necessary nor feasible "after the revolution." I should hardly hold it to Hegel's credit that he inspired this notion of Marx's; Marx's misguided sociological beliefs about the sources of basic conflict, it seems to me, also played their part in producing this egregious mistake.

TAYLOR IS BOTH TOO HARSH AND TOO KIND to Marxism. It seems to me eminently doubtful whether Russian post-revolutionary history can fairly be blamed on the ideological deficiencies of Marxism. Russian society had strong centralist tendencies, and one could hardly expect these to be weakened after a ferocious civil war. The supposition that the available conceptual tools made any odds at that stage seems to me quite fanciful. But the issue is different in a period such as the present, when the Soviet state is stable, and a relative affluence gives it a certain elbow-room for manoeuvre. It is then that the total lack of warrant or recipe for pluralism and for effective institutional liberty within Marxism becomes truly disastrous. By anticipating only a total, role-less and institution-less freedom, Marx made it that much harder for societies invoking his word to achieve more limited and realistic liberties. The best—if indeed Marx's exaggerated vision was the best (and Taylor rightly has some doubts on this score)—is the enemy of the good. All of this would seem to make Marx an appallingly bad guide either to the internal mechanics or to the appropriate moral norms of late industrial societies.

BUT LET ME NOW CONSIDER the tradition as a whole rather than its internal differences—the tradition as presented by Taylor, that is, with its Hegelianised Marx, and with Taylor as its modern spokesman.

Like most members or fellow-travellers of the Hegelian tradition, Taylor derides what might be

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called the liberal way of legitimating values—that is, the presumption to stand outside the world so as to judge it, or to select within it. The extraordinary presumption inherent in an individual's claim so to be able to "stand outside" does indeed constitute a very major argument on behalf of this tradition. Taylor asks "Why does Hegel want to speak of a spirit which is larger than the individual?", and replies, severely:

> These ideas only appear mysterious because of the powerful hold on us of atomistic prejudices, which have been very important in modern political thought and culture.

But an individual really does not transcend his community. He is

> a being who can think, feel, decide, be moved, respond, enter into relations with others; and all this implies a language, a related set of ways of experiencing the world. . . . It is the particular way he situates himself within his cultural world that we call his identity.

This is the very core of Taylor's position and also of what he finds of most value in Hegel. This is "expressivism." Man is, it appears, a culture-sharing animal. But, like other "expressivists" of this kind, Taylor is neither consistent in his position, nor does he properly understand his anti-expressivist, transcendence-seeking adversaries. They, or the best among them, do *not* say that an individual can divest himself of his culture, and then take a kind of space-flight in extra-cultural space, so as to survey the scene and select his option. They say that certain *principles*, not individuals, can so transcend the local cultural cocoon. The Utilitarian principle of maximising the sum of satisfactions, or the Kantian principle of requiring symmetry of consideration for everyone, claims precisely this kind of authority—that of being capable of commanding assent quite independently of the way in which this, that, or the other culture happens to see things. They are meant to judge cultures, not presuppose them. So the position does not require the weird assumption that an individual can divest himself of his cultural clothing, but only the much less difficult contention that he can apprehend the authoritativeness of certain principles which stand outside the cultures to which they are applied.

IRONICALLY, IT IS precisely the "expressivists" like Taylor who covertly presuppose the possibility of cultural nakedness. Taylor and Marx repudiate the Robinson Crusoe way of doing moral philosophy, and both practice it surreptitiously. The argument that we only have identity through and thanks to our culture-cocoons leads to the conclusion which Taylor and many (though not all) expressivists cannot accept: namely, that all these cocoons are equally good, that they are all self-justifying. This of course would be an impossible position for any truly radical critic of contemporary society. Surely we must be able to say that some cocoons, notably our contemporary one, are gravely defective. But how? By what norms?

A few pages after the passage quoted we learn that the state is only fully rational if it expresses the ideas by which its individuals define their identity. But this, if it means anything, means that they somehow possess identities and ideals prior to the institutions which they then judge, and which they can consequently probe for conformity with those ideals! Even if in this particular passage Taylor is merely expounding Hegel (it is not fully clear), he makes no critical comment. His own expressivism does not endorse all cocoons; all societies are expressive but some more than others, and he clearly prefers some to others. As he plainly does not do so or wish to do so in terms of abstract principles, he must covertly do so by assuming that prior human identity whose very possibility he also denies.

Taylor is, of course, right in saying that the "liberal consensus" is an ideology like any other, in the sense that it is based on premises which are open to discussion, rather than exempt from it in virtue of being somehow beyond all ideology. It *is* an ideology; and, as it happens, a good one. He may even be right, though I'm not so sure, that it had an "important support" in "the view of man as primarily a producer." The real essentials of liberalism, it would seem to me, could very well survive into a world which, as a consequence of affluence, and aware of the need to avoid exhaustion of resources, overcomes the compulsion towards ever greater productivity.

EXPRESSIVISM is contrasted with "those who feel fully at home in [modern Western society] . . . the heirs of Enlightenment mainstream, who proclaimed recently (and somewhat prematurely) the 'end of ideology'. . . ." Clearly, the romantic-expressivist tradition is opposed to these.

Now it seems to me that these heirs to the mainstream of the Enlightenment offer an incomparably better guide to our world and our choices than do the expressivists. What was wrong with the "end of ideology" was the assumption that it was readily available, and already in the possession of at least some of us. But the aspiration—a pluralist affluent society, in which people are free, economically and politically, to pursue their romantic fulfilment at home, while in the public sphere good instrumental institutions prevent tyranny and watch

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over the overall economic performance—seems to me vastly superior to either Marx's fantasy of stateless harmony, or Hegel's over-eager endorsement of existing politics (even if qualified by a lot of grousing in small print, carefully recorded by Taylor). It is also very much harder to attain, protect and diffuse such a system than we once supposed.

Unlike Taylor, I do not take the year 1968 too seriously; a shadow of a shadow, *ersatz* of *ersatz*, it re-enacted 1848, which in turn had re-enacted 1789. But the 1970s scare me stiff. The expressivists never made the *Financial Times* Index tremble. The miners and the oil sheikhs, who do have that power, are not activated by expressivist yearnings. All they want is a much bigger share of those post-Enlightenment goodies which expressivism spurns. Furthermore, it is not clear to me how advanced, large-scale societies can fulfil the requirements of expressivism, other than by holding Nürnberg rallies. I'd rather do without. What on earth is wrong with having one's expression at home (paperback classics, hi-fi) and leaving the public sphere to soulless pragmatism?

THE EXPRESSIVIST ALTERNATIVE offers bad sociology and bad ethics. It gives no illumination concerning the internal mechanics of any kind of industrial society. Man's romantic yearnings are not the key problem; it is the unromantic ones which matter.

A philosophy which gives us terms in which to speak of the dangers to liberty is more valuable than one which deprives us of such terms, even if it tells us how to bemoan our loss of togetherness and oneness with nature. A philosophy which gives us the means for an endless discussion of a *maladie imaginaire*, but none for the diagnosis of real, grave and perhaps fatal ailments, does not seem to me a worthwhile one. The diffusion and the price of affluence, the maintenance of political liberty—the criteria for, and the means of attaining, these ends are what we do need to think about. It is all very much harder than we supposed some decades ago. But "Expressivism" is not an option which need tempt us. Thanks to Taylor, I understand it, and Hegel, better than I did before. I doubt whether they could find a better exposition or advocate.

Forerunners

Beyond those I knew were those
someone older remembered: the dame
from Woolwich Barracks who carried pepper
for after dark; the man who made
ukeleles and sang to his bride
on Sugarloaf Hill—exploders of family
decorum, just making photographs.

But further back, men and women
with my likeness survived machines,
disease, hunger, the failure of crops.
Did they wonder about their fathers, crouched
in their hovels, strengthened by cold, weeded
by death, wedded to soil perhaps
they never regarded as beautiful?

And beyond them were creatures who kept
to caves, fought beasts more naturally
than themselves; ran on the quiet
straight tracks from hill to beacon.
Could they, in their magical sun-rise
conceive, approve one with their peaceful
features who would run them into the ground?

Joan Downar

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NOTES & TOPICS

Grim Argument

"This long grim argument keeps the hangman in our lives. But this is a horrible necessity. It is not because we have grown too tender that we think it so."
REBECCA WEST, *A Train of Powder.*

EARLY LAST DECEMBER the killing of a hostage in Holland was reported on British Independent Television News as an "execution." This legitimisation of murder was not unique. The BBC has gone in for it on more than one occasion, as have the *Sunday Times*, the *Manchester Evening News*, and many others. For example, on 3 March 1973 you could already read in *The Guardian*:

> ... seven Black September guerrillas holding Khartoum's Saudi Arabian Embassy *executed* two of their five hostages [my italics].

Execution means the penalty of death imposed on a convicted felon after due process of law. What, then, can have so addled the wits of all those good editors and journalists, to make them equate execution with that peculiarly repulsive form of murder, the slaughter of a hostage?

The cheap answer is that it makes no odds to a person if he is killed inside or outside the law. Both killings are a public ritual of last resort, and in any case, it is no matter to a victim what word you hang on the act of killing him.

A relative equivalence of all corpses gives some appeal to those truisms, but they do leave something out: the rest of us remain here alive, facing the person or persons who made the corpse. How do we deal with them? That question may throw light on the journalistic imbecility mentioned above. The so-called humanitarian conscience has long abhorred death as a penalty for homicide. The ultimate sanction is physically disgusting; it makes a nonsense of human dignity; it may strike down the innocent (for the judiciary is not perfect); it is absurd because death cannot be a punishment and is probably not a deterrent; and if the crime is killing and society kills, then who is the criminal? "Thou shalt not kill" is the absolute commandment because death (in modern times at least) is absolute. So execution leads us straight into the moral equivalent of the liar's paradox.

One of the best cases against judicial killing was put by the great American lawyer Clarence Darrow in his defence of Leopold and Loeb:

> "... Why did they kill little Bobby Franks? Not for money, not for spite, not for hate. They killed him as they might kill a spider or a fly, for the experience.... Because somewhere in the infinite processes that go into the making up of the boy or the man something slipped, and these unfortunate lads sit here hated, despised, outcasts, with the community shouting for their blood."

That sense of the awful complexity of human fate is enough to give pause to the hardest-nosed Tory defender of "capital punishment." No man is exempt from such an accident, *no* man; and if charity means anything at all, that kind of slip cannot automatically condemn a man to death.

BUT CLARENCE DARROW was talking about homicide. There is another species of killing among us today which destroys his charity at its roots in society. In the 19th and early 20th century sporadic assassinations of royal figures or political leaders acquired the label "terrorism." The crime, often committed with bombs which killed innocent bystanders, had an odd random character and was usually committed in the name of one ideology or another. More recently the totalitarian states have "democratised" the crime: any citizen can become a hostage liable to "liquidation" or some "final solution" in the context of the state's creed. The most recent terrorists give themselves still more absolute licence, extending the status of hostage completely at random: literally any human being within reach or range may (in the jargon of the *Sunday Times* headlines) be "executed." The possibility of terrorists with nuclear weapons is no longer far-fetched. It is the perfect essence of a totalitarian threat, "fascist" in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica's* original sense:

> Fascism in its beginning was not a doctrine and had no clearly elaborated programme. It was a technique for gaining and retaining power by violence.

Like the concentration camp killers of World War II, our new butchers of human beings claim a political benefit of clergy. Unlike the Nuremberg Tribunals, certain prison authorities today —and in Ireland the courts themselves—have recognised that claim with special status for killers who declare a political motive. Justifying this, Lord Brockway offered his judgment of the Price Sisters:

> "These girls, while guilty of criminal bombing, are otherwise of good moral character."
> (*The Times*, 29 January 1975)

He meant that while the girls were willing to blow innocent people to bits, they should not share a cell with prostitutes and thieves.

Whatever their "moral character", terrorists are hardly people in whom something has "slipped." They act in full possession of their faculties, often with remarkable shrewdness and intelligence. They are totally implacable, striking again and again until captured—and if they

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manage to escape, they continue quite as viciously as before. The ambiguous, one-off quality of ordinary homicide does not attach to their crime. They are antinomian killers.

Monstrous as these felons are, it would be a mistake to regard them as mere perverts or as sadists. They fall rather into the category described by Hannah Arendt:

> The trouble with Eichmann was precisely that so many were like him, and that the many were neither perverted nor sadistic, that they were and still are, terribly and terrifyingly normal . . . . this new type of criminal, who is in actual fact *hostis generis humani*, commits his crime under circumstances that make it well-nigh impossible for him to know or feel that he is doing wrong.[1]

That may arouse an uncomfortable twinge of acknowledgement in anyone who has watched a congeries of eager reporters coaxing replies from the principals at a terrorist press conference.

THE OFFENCE OF TERRORISM is probably more akin to treason than it is to murder, but surely not treason in the usual "national" sense. It is rather that fundamental treason against human society which is expressed in the war crimes and "inhuman acts" set out in the Nuremberg Principles. The terrorist declares himself to be at war, and his totalitarian randomness does in fact carry him beyond the category of ordinary war crimes into the region of the "crime against humanity" whose largest (but not only) expression so far is Genocide as practised by the Nazis. On those terms the terrorist is a moral outlaw, unprotected by the paradox cast upon execution by "thou shalt not kill." He forfeits his right even to the spontaneous charity offered in Clarence Darrow's plea, because his treason violates the fundamental standards which make society an instrument of survival, as they were violated by those who were hanged at Nuremberg.[2]

SO MUCH FOR theory. In practice terrorists are made into heroes by some countries, while the rest do not execute them—yet. The official attitude in Britain and elsewhere appears to be that if we just give our terrorist credit for strong principles and put him in a safe place where we can forget about him and/or try to make friends, maybe his supporters will cease to approve of him, and even make him and his colleagues go away and leave us alone. It will take time; but we must be very, very patient, hoping all the time that in the meantime not too many of us are killed. So much is implied in Fenner Brockway's courting of the Price sisters and Roy Jenkins' "view of what would best prevent violence." It only calls to mind, I am afraid, the bitter World War II joke:

> A vicious Nazi was herding two Jews toward the gas chamber with blows from his rifle butt, shooting other Jews along the way. Suddenly one of the two Jews leapt at him, smashed his rifle, and began to strangle him. The other Jew seized his companion's arm and tugged frantically, pleading, "Please, please—don't make trouble! . . ."

The ugliness and horror of execution are beyond doubt, and indeed they are a large part of Arthur Koestler's classic argument against the death penalty. But as an objection they appear to have more to do with aesthetics than anything else, and thus are not really relevant here. Nor is the "deterrence" argument, which cannot be proved one way or the other. Offence to human dignity is more important; but an execution can also enhance the sense of man's human dignity, and the alternative of being caged up in a repellent human version of a zoo for dangerous animals is not likely to do so. Since "punishment" cannot be the object of execution, that too is beside the point. The "humanitarian" view was expressed by George Orwell, describing a man's walk to the scaffold:

> "When I saw the prisoner step aside to avoid the puddle, I saw the mystery, the unspeakable wrongness of cutting a life short when it is in full tide."[3]

As an official witness to the hanging and as a decent man, Orwell was stricken by a pungent blend of sympathy and guilt. The horrid scene "threw him"—suddenly he was transported away from the flesh-and-blood convicted felon, head-over-heels into that metaphysical galaxy where deeply-felt bromides hover on clouds of afflatus. It might be said that he showed a truly Christian regard for the sanctity of life; but surely Christian doctrine holds life to be *eternal*, not quite the same thing as sacred, which is why the doctrine can argue as well for execution as against it (as we know from the Inquisition's auto-da-fé).

Rebecca West was more pertinent with her account of a guilty plea to the capital charge of treason:

> In effect, the young man was saying, "I insist on being hanged by the neck in three weeks' time." Very strangely, what he did was felt by the whole court as an act of cruelty. It rejected the life that was in all of us.[4]

I quote this because it bears hard upon certain pragmatic difficulties—in particular upon public opinion which demands the return of hanging in

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[1] Arendt, *Eichmann in Jerusalem* (1963), p. 253.

[2] Those who are tempted to scoff at the comparison should note that I am discussing the nature of a crime —not the number of its victims.

[3] *Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters of George Orwell* (Penguin 1970), vol. 1, p. 68.

[4] *The Meaning of Treason* (Penguin 1965), p. 150.

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Britain. The demand may arise from a considered sense that the terrorists are aiming "to make Jews of us all"—or, since the public opinion polls are usually taken after a murder or a bombing, it may be a blind reflex of fury, crying for revenge. One must admit that Mr Jenkins is not quite so irrational as the bitter joke makes him seem. Like all professional politicians he knows that through this matter echoes the old proverb quoted by Machiavelli: "He who builds on the people builds on mud." There is an enormous and totally unpredictable reservoir of sympathy in the public heart which can overflow at any time, sweeping away all other considerations. Confronted by the condemned terrorist's family weeping on television and pleading for mercy (say for their poor daughter who has been "led astray"), or by the kidnapping of a hostage to prevent the execution, the public, loudly prompted by the media, can instantly transform itself from the first Jew into the second, howling in chorus, "Please, please—don't make trouble!" The issue is not an aseptic clash of principle but a confusing tangle of risks.

I HAVE MENTIONED the risk to the innocent of a humanly flawed judiciary. It is small, and heavily outweighed by the risk to innocent lives from the terrorist. The possibility of children as bomb-carriers is not so easily dismissed (but it is worth mentioning that a number of terrorists have been blown up by their own bombs, so the hazard is not all on one side). It is the IRA who are likely to resort to this, and the political effect in Ireland of even one such death of a child may cause them to think very hard before they go ahead. Execution can make martyrs—with help which the media have never voluntarily denied to terrorists. But that works also with live prisoners—once more we can recall Lord Brockway and the Price sisters—and nothing much is gained either way. A possible unwillingness of juries to convict in capital cases has been mooted; but depending on the volatile state of public opinion, the risk may go the other way. Certainly it would create pressure for extreme care in the prosecution of terrorists, which is something of a recommendation.

In an impressive editorial, *The Times*[5] argued that the execution of terrorists, while morally justified, would be a strategic error, for it could wipe out the hatred of the IRA which has grown up in Eire and among the Catholics of Ulster. The suggestion is seductive, but has that hatred notably impaired the ability of the IRA to slaughter innocent people at will both in Ulster and Britain? It is worth remembering, too, that many terrorists today have operated successfully

[5] 10 December 1975.

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for years in most hostile environments with minimal support, *e.g.* the Baader-Meinhof gang, the Japanese "Red Army", Arab terrorists in Israel. What seems to count is the individual determination of the man, not how much he is generally disliked by the public at large. *The Times* remarks that the number of terrorists caught and executed would not be many and that their deaths might gain support for their colleagues. But, the editorial adds, it does not follow that this would always be so.

ONE NEGLECTED SIDE of the case focuses on potential victims. There is a contract which any society must create and maintain between leaders and citizens: in exchange for the protection of his life and goods, the citizen guarantees his allegiance. When life or goods cannot be protected, the contract crumbles, and allegiance gives way to malice, fear, and frustrated anger, all perfect fertilisers for the social soil in which terrorists will flourish.

The "goods" clause of the British contract is already impaired by economic forces against which the government is visibly helpless. Even if that were not so, the real danger to life from random bombs and shooting is ample cause for unrest. In decrying death as a counter-measure, many agree with the 18th-century reformer Cesare Beccaria who taught that protection could not be achieved by terror. But surely shouldn't one ask: terror for whom? It is at least possible that the death penalty for terrorist murder would not be a new source of terror but of reassurance, in setting a visible limit to the bounds of social tolerance. It might also be seen as evidence that our defenders are not edentulous and passive, that they do counter-attack with lethal force—instead of just trying to capture a deadly enemy while we are murdered at his pleasure. Too much of the argument against execution leans on generalised sympathy, and too little of it answers the public need for a common sense of resistance —even at the cost of hostages who might be killed, or threatened, to prevent an execution. The occasional capture, followed by special prison arrangements, is cold charity for that need.

Of course these are presumptions, and acting on them would be another risk, maybe the most dangerous of all. For the moment Parliament is unwilling to take that risk. But, while waiting for the next vote, they and the media might reconsider the received idea of our conventional wisdom that execution is nothing more than a sinister relic of the *lex talionis.* Isn't our world too crowded now, too finite for such old-time reasoning? Couldn't the penalty of death imposed by due process of law constitute a clear act of recognition that we, as social human beings, can

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no longer share with this species of murderers the small portion of the earth, the limited stretch of time which is allotted to us? That is the justification which Hannah Arendt gave for the execution of Adolf Eichmann, and it seems to me a proper response to those who have created so many victims today. If we are still to be made into victims, shouldn't we consider, seriously, whether we ought also to make it our reply?

Herb Greer

Can there be an Economics of Equality?

By Aubrey Jones

MY TITLE embodies two conceivably contradictory notions which I suppose I am expected to try and marry together. Economics is theoretically presumably concerned with the application of limited resources to multiple ends. It is concerned with the efficiency with which resources are used as determined by a certain standard. In practice economics can be concerned with the way in which incomes are in fact determined or resources used, which need not necessarily be the way in which theory suggests that they are determined or used. But either way, economics, whether theoretical or descriptive, is ethically neutral; it incorporates no value judgment. Equality, on the other hand, does incorporate a value judgment. It has about it an ethical and a moral connotation, and accordingly has behind it considerable political force.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the strength of that force. It has been with us now for some centuries, certainly since the breakaway from the Established Church. Even in the 18th century it was being said that "all being of one mould there is no reason that some should have so much and others so little." The political claim to equality has led to at least two major revolutions—the French and the Russian. In placid and slow-moving Britain it has brought about political equality in the sense that everyone above the age of 18 may now choose whom he or she wishes politically to govern the country. Political equality, in its turn, must inevitably lead to a demand for economic equality—equality in wealth and income. I will cite two relevant remarks. First, de Tocqueville, who observed that men, once they are equal in some respects, "must come in the end to be equal upon all." Second, Henry Sidgwick, writing in 1907 of equality:

> ". . . this mode of apportioning the means of happiness is likely to produce more happiness on the whole, not only because men have a disinterested aversion to unreason, but still more because they have an aversion to any kind of inferiority to others (which is much intensified when the inferiority seems unreasonable). This latter feeling is so strong that it often prevails in spite of obvious claims of desert; and it may even be sometimes expedient that it should so prevail."

I shall have occasion to revert to this quotation. Meanwhile, let me just note that the tide towards equality, economic as well as political, is strong and, as far as one can foresee, is irreversible. Inequality of all sorts has lost its legitimacy. To say this is not to praise it or to regret it; it is just realistically to observe a given fact of life.

AND YET, DESPITE the power of the tide, economic inequality persists. It clearly persists in capitalist countries, where the means of production are still, up to a point anyhow, privately owned and where, therefore, inequality of wealth makes for and compounds inequality in income from work. But economic inequality persists also—I think "persist" is the right word—in Communist countries, where the means of production have passed into the hands of the State. Marx distinguished between two phases of Communism: a first phase which still bore the birthmark of the preceding capitalist phase and in which each would be paid "according to his work"; and a second phase in which Communism and, with it, industrialisation had come to full flower, the forces of production would be mobilised on behalf of society as a whole, and each could be paid "according to his need." It would be true to say that no Communist society has yet entered the second phase. Each is "still" in the first phase in which payment is according to work rather than according to need, though it would be probably true to add that the resulting inequalities from work are less in newer Communist countries such as China, Cuba and North Korea than in older ones. Be that as it may, the universal phenomenon, universal in the sense of being common to both Capitalist and Communist countries, is inequality in income from work.

There is perhaps one exception to this generalisation—in the Kibbutzim of Israel. There,

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as I understand it, payment is according to *need*—age, number of children, etc.—and not according to *work*, so that a leader may be paid less than other members of the Kibbutz. This is perhaps a relic of the Menshevik phase in the evolution of Socialism. Interesting though it is, it is small in relation to the world picture which I have painted—namely, universal inequality in income from work despite the abolition (in, let us say, half the world) of private ownership in the means of production. For this reason I am confining my remarks to inequality of income and not stretching it to include inequality of wealth. For the question to be answered is: how is this universality in the inequality of income to be explained? What is its justification? And if it has a justification how is this justification to be maintained against the tide towards equality in all things?

LET US FIRST ASK OURSELVES how far inequality is necessary for economic growth or efficiency.

I suppose that economically the fastest growing countries in the world today are the oil-producing countries. I have spent the last three years or so living in two of them. In both the State is responsible for something like 75% of the Gross Domestic Product. In both the oil industry is nationalised and the basic means of production—oil and the capital equipment to extract and dispose of oil—can be said to be "publicly owned." Revenues from oil accrue in the first instance to the State. From the State they flow downwards—to civil servants, to managers of State-owned undertakings, possibly to private owners of businesses which may have been established by themselves or which may have been started by the State but which the State has decided to hive off. A new middle class is rising—a middle class which is not the initiator of industrialisation as was the case in Great Britain and elsewhere in the West but which is the beneficiary of industrialisation started by the State. From this new middle class the revenues flow down farther—to the workers. But as they flow farther down, particularly to the unskilled, so they flow with diminished force.

Indeed the increase in the price of oil can be said to have had two consequences for the oil-producing countries. First, it has accelerated the rate of inflation because of the increased revenues at the disposal of the State; secondly, it has increased the disparity in incomes between rich and poor because of the weakening influence of State spending as it flows downwards. Anybody who has witnessed this growing disparity cannot but be appalled at the greed and the rapacity which it engenders.

Now there is no automatic economic mechanism to change or reverse this situation. There is no economic reason why this situation should not be self-perpetuating. The new middle class—thanks in part to rising income, in part to the tightness of family ties and its greater ability to educate its sons—could prolong itself unto the third and fourth generation, with disparities in income maintained, if not enlarged, in its favour. There is only one factor which could change this situation; and that is an act of political will. The exercise of that will is not easy. The main means of reducing disparities in income is through taxation; but the tax-collecting machinery is rudimentary. For the rest the prices of consumer goods can be subsidised and certain services can be rendered free—education and medical care, for example. But these are principally ways of helping the poor while also incidentally helping the rich; they do not therefore necessarily reduce differences in income.

The conclusion I draw from this account of contemporary developments in some of the world's most dynamic countries is that inequality in income is not the cause of the dynamism; it is the product of the dynamism. The inequalities could be narrowed, up to a point anyhow, without adverse effects on the rate of economic growth.

CLEARLY I have to ask myself whether a similar situation did not obtain in Britain during its industrial heyday. And I am forced to the conclusion that it did. The new wealth of the Industrial Revolution was associated with a new middle class. That wealth was slow to flow downwards to the working class. But the disparity in income was not the cause of the new wealth; it was the outcome of the new wealth. And it was political pressure and political will that caused the disparity ultimately to be narrowed. In short, I am putting forward the thesis that inequalities in income are the result of a given set of historical conditions rather than of any particular economic rationale; and the degree of inequality is, as a result, generally defended on the ground of historic convention rather than on any other basis.

Having said that, I have to agree—as, I think, would most people—that there is a case for inequality. The main justification for inequality, as I see it, is that society is organised in a number of pyramids, different levels in each pyramid entailing different degrees of responsibility, these different degrees of responsibility requiring in their turn different degrees of capability. It seems reasonable to say that to induce people to accept

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a higher degree of responsibility they should be paid a higher reward. But that generalisation does not tell us "how much higher" the reward should be. Much will depend on the ideological background from which a person comes. A Chinese manager, for example, going to the Soviet Union to occupy a position of responsibility similar to that which he had occupied in China would be staggered at the higher differential he would receive, and he probably would be appalled. A Russian manager, going to the United States, would be even more staggered and would also be appalled. And I can tell you the story of an Israeli friend of mine who had been leader of a semi-governmental organisation earning less than those whom he supervised—for the simple reason that they had children (and were paid accordingly), and he had none. From Israel he went to the United States to work for General Electric. Every three months an assessor would come round to assess his work; and because of the excellence of his performance, each quarter his salary was raised. This was something my Israeli friend simply did not understand. He did not want the money and thought the whole process silly and unnecessary. He changed his mind only when his wife gave birth to a child, and then his desires immediately tended to become unlimited.

LET ME TRY to underline two simple points. First: while the inequality we have is an outcome of history, a degree of inequality is inescapable. Indeed one could turn Sidgwick on his head and say that, just as people have a "disinterested aversion" to the unreason of inequality, so also they have an interested "aversion" to complete equality—they want something special for their own children, or something to denote their own achievement. Sidgwick's own assertion and its opposite are paradoxically both valid; such is the complexity of human nature.

Secondly, there is no set of differentials denoting a universally ideal degree of inequality. Each society will have its own degree of inequality dependent upon its history and an ideology stretching back some length in time. There have been innumerable empirical researches attempting to measure whether inequality in incomes in Britain has increased or decreased—the latest one, that of the Royal Commission on the Distribution of Incomes (1975), suggesting that there has for some time been little movement. I have nothing against such researches. But to have real meaning they should imply not only a starting point but also a finishing point. And the finishing point must be either complete equality—which is unrealistic—or some ideal standard of inequality against which the movement can be measured. Let us be clear that there is no such ideal standard. It could be wise, however, in seeking to diminish inequality, to be aware of the effects of what we are doing. What have been the psychological and social effects of a decrease in the inequality of incomes? Here, it seems to me, the research has been scanty, and we remain in a state of blissful ignorance; we do not really know.

CONSIDER HOW incomes from work are currently determined in Britain.

The members of an industrial society may be broadly divided into Managers and Managed. The Managers, in so far as they are executive members of a board of directors, determine their own salaries, subject to the approval of the non-executive members, if there are any. In determining them they have an eye, in part to the levels obtaining beneath them, in part to the levels obtaining in other companies about which they are informed by consultants. Consultants increasingly circulate "salary surveys" (and there are some consultants who have begun to circulate international surveys of managerial salaries). The end result could well be that managerial salaries could follow those of the highest paying country, when it is in fact by no means clear that industrial managers are all that internationally mobile. I suspect that some of the professions—doctors and academics—are more internationally mobile than industrial managers. Be that as it may, managerial salaries in the private sector are then taken account of by review bodies in making recommendations about top pay in Nationalised Industries and in the Civil Service. All hell is then let loose and the Government is placed in a situation of acute embarrassment. It will be seen that the whole process is circular—one company following another, possibly following another country, the public sector following the private sector—and there is a general state of dissatisfaction.

Let me turn to the Managed, who are increasingly organised, the organisations now extending a considerable way up the managerial scale. Where there is organisation there is potential power, an aspect of life left out of account in classical economics. The extent to which the power will be pressed will depend in part on the personality of the organisation's leader. Where it is pressed it will then be pressed by others, either in a pursuit of equality or in an attempt to maintain an inherited inequality. Coal miners will be followed by electricity workers, electricity workers by railwaymen, etc. The fact that one organisation follows another is evidence

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of some dissatisfaction. Where the dissatisfaction is minor it would not matter. But in the two cases I have cited—top incomes in the public sector following top incomes in the private sector, and railwaymen following coal miners—the dissatisfaction is not minor; it is patently major. And it is not abated by the fact of higher taxation on higher incomes; for incomes net-of-tax are invisible, whereas the gross incomes are very visible indeed.

The dissatisfaction arises because in the determination of the incomes of both Managers and Managed there is an element of power. In the case of (at any rate, some) managers the power lies in the fact that incomes are, up to a point, unilaterally determined; and in the case of the managed it arises from the power of organisation. The resulting inequalities are then rejected as unreasonable. To quote once again Sidgwick: "men . . . have an aversion to any kind of inferiority to others (which is much intensified when the inferiority seems unreasonable)." The problem, then—if we assume (as I do) that a degree of inequality is inevitable and desirable because it conforms with certain basic requirements of human nature—is to find that particular degree of inequality which commends itself to reason and is, on that ground, acceptable.

The reader may well ask: is this at all feasible? Nobody can be certain of the answer. All we know is that within individual undertakings the use of certain "job evaluation" techniques has made the ranking of employees, and the different levels of pay associated with different ranks, more acceptable than before. There is no inherent reason, therefore, why the use of the same techniques should not be extended across different undertakings, and indeed across different industries. For example, the most plausible theory I have read about differences in the pay of managers in different companies is that by H. Simon, in the United States. His theory rests on one fact: namely, that there is a limit to the number of sub-managers which any one manager can control—and on one probability: namely, that there is a customary, though arbitrary, ratio between the pay of a manager and that of a sub-manager. It follows that the larger the company the greater the number of managerial tiers. The greater the base of the pyramid, the greater the height, and therefore the more the pay of the top manager. As I say, the theory is plausible; but, if the justification for inequality is responsibility, is it true that the responsibility carried by the Top Manager of company *A* is twice that carried by the Top Manager of company *B*, half its size, and therefore warrants twice the pay? I do not know, but I would like the question put to the test.

True, the use of job evaluation techniques may be complicated by the pull of the market, particularly the international market. Take, for example, an airline pilot. The content of his job may not be as great as that of a supervising manager; but he commands for his skill world-wide opportunities which his more home-bound manager does not. Some compromise might need to be effected therefore between the income indicated by job content and that indicated by the command of an international market.

DESPITE THESE DIFFICULTIES we have to do something for we have to recognise that we are faced with a dilemma. On the one hand, the inequalities resulting from the manner in which society now operates are not accepted. On the other hand, we seem to be drifting blindly towards an equality which could be equally rejected as unreasonable. We have consciously to chart a course between the two. This to me is the main purpose of an Incomes Policy.

I very much regret the fact that an Incomes Policy has come to be spoken of solely in terms of the problem of inflation. I am one of those who believe that an Incomes Policy can provide something of an answer to the problem of inflation, though not in isolation. But it is not with inflation that I am here concerned; I am concerned with something deeper, with the inevitability of a degree of inequality, a degree different from the one we have, and with the need therefore to make that degree intelligible to reason, so that society can cohere better together. That is the real case for an Incomes Policy.

At the moment we have an Incomes Policy, prescribing a flat rate increase of £6 sterling a week for incomes below £8,500 a year. Let us suppose that this policy lasts for an entire year, what then? As a result of the policy relative incomes will be different from what they otherwise would have been; inequalities will have been diminished. If the policy is then entirely abandoned, there will be a rush to restore the preceding relationships, the preceding inequalities. From the national standpoint this would be undesirable, for the rush would entail a new acceleration of the rate of inflation, assuming it by then to have abated. From the standpoint of an egalitarian it would equally be undesirable, for the rush would undo much that will have been done in the intervening year towards reducing inequality. I think it inevitable therefore, that the policy in one form or another will continue.

Clearly I cannot foretell the precise form in which it will continue. All I can do is to list certain criteria to which it should have regard. I would name three. *First*, it should lean, as now,

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in favour of the lower incomes, though clearly less rigidly than now; too abrupt a departure from this bias would be unacceptable. *Secondly*, it should take account of the rate at which the country in general is generating an increase in income, for it is against this background that increases in individual incomes have to be seen. *Thirdly* and lastly, it should endeavour to ground in reason differences in income both within the hierarchy of a particular firm or industry and across different industries, and an important part of that reason should be the content of the job done.

I WOULD LIKE to conclude with an appeal to economists. Let them end this arid debate between the champions of an Incomes Policy and the champions of a Monetary Policy. The debate is over. We have an Incomes Policy, and for the reasons I have given we are stuck with it, whether we like it or not. Let economists then bend their minds, if need be in concert with other social scientists, to the constructive, needed and admittedly difficult task of analysing and assessing the degree of inequality which might commend itself to the reason of the very reasonable people of this particular country.

Stagnant Society & the Fear of Flux

A Reply to Aubrey Jones—By RUDOLF KLEIN

SINCE 1945 every British Government—whether Labour or Conservative—has sooner or later introduced an Incomes Policy in an attempt to cope with inflation. Starting out with totally opposed ideologies, Ministers have finally been driven to accept one variation or another of the same policy, often having to make a banquet of their election rhetoric in the process. Without necessarily accepting the simplistic assumption that history is always right—and that what is also *must* be—it does seem sensible to inquire just why everyone ends up in the same place. The fact of convergence, while it tells us nothing about the desirability of what is happening, is surely of some significance in itself.

The record appears to be capable of being explained in two rather different ways. The first line of explanation is, roughly, that every post-War British Government has been too short-sighted, too self-seeking or too intellectually blinkered to deal with inflation in ways which would avoid recourse to an incomes policy. Notably, they have panicked too quickly in the face of rising unemployment, and they have not been prepared to do anything to halt the growth in public expenditure, which has increased from just under two-fifths of the national income to something approaching three-fifths. The second line of explanation, however, is that the social organisation of the British economy—possibly of all post-industrial societies, to pick up Daniel Bell's terminology—is such as to make some sort of permanent incomes policy inevitable; so that the real question is not whether to have one but how to make it stick and, more specifically, whether Aubrey Jones is right to argue that such a long-term policy must embody some socially acceptable concept of equality.

THE TROUBLE ABOUT the first sort of explanation, it seems to me, is its imputation of poltroonery and incompetence to the varied and changing cast of British post-War politics. They may not have been a very brilliant lot, and furthermore it is not difficult to think of reinforcing weaknesses both in political institutions and administrative machinery. Still, it seems rather perverse to ascribe their struggle to find some sort of compromise between the intellectual poles of the Market economy and of the Command economy—which has led them into the boggy territory of neo-corporatism, where it is difficult to draw a precise dividing-line between the public and the private domain, between political and industrial power—merely to intellectual incapacity or a reluctance to take unpopular decisions.

At the very least, it seems important to recognise that the politicians' mode of thinking is bound—by the nature of their task and of the raw material with which they are dealing—to be different from that of the economist or political theoretician. They live and act in an Oakeshottian universe of uncertainty, where it is easier to overturn the lifeboat than to steer it. The successful management of the economy may be their most important task. It is certainly not their only one. They have to take into account not merely the desirability of achieving a certain aim of policy—say a Market economy, in which the Welfare State has, following Colin Clark's "The Remedy for Inflation" (ENCOUNTER, December 1975), been dismantled and replaced by a system of reverse taxation—but the political costs of moving in that direction. The Welfare State, for instance, is not an abstraction. It is several million

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people—all with votes—working in public services. To dismantle it is to risk social disruption, as well as political shipwreck. In other words, there seems little point in a romantic utopianism which ignores political feasibility. Much the same point can be made about unemployment. Even accepting the argument that in the past 25 years there has been an altogether excessive sensitivity to unemployment figures which grossly exaggerated the social impact of economic measures, it is far more difficult to be sure what the socially acceptable level of tolerance is. Over the decades the British public has become conditioned to historically unprecedented and economically counter-productive levels of unemployment. But expectations are no less real for being either excessive or undesirable. Moreover, even granting that these expectations are themselves the product largely of past political decisions, this does not dispose of the problem of the social and political management of economic policy.

IT IS IN THIS CONTEXT, as a tool of social and political management rather than as an instrument of economic policy, that the use of Incomes Policy begins to make sense. The need for such a policy reflects the way in which post-industrial societies have developed. Given the growth of the service sector—and irrespective of whether those rapidly expanding sectors like education, health and other welfare services are directly controlled or merely financed by the State—the inescapable result is that the determination of wages and salaries has become increasingly politicised. It is becoming less and less realistic to talk about letting the market determine the level of rewards, when the supply of labour (in particular, educated labour) is largely determined by public policy. As the country's biggest employer of labour—directly and indirectly—the Government is always bound to have at least an implicit incomes policy.

Additionally, of course, it is the growth of this sector which adds to the inflationary pressures, since it is the political strength of the trade unions and professional organisations involved which forces salaries in the social service sector to keep pace with those in the industrial sector of the economy. Thus it is *monopoly power*, not market forces, which keeps British civil service salaries high. In the open market, most civil servants—a few former Permanent Secretaries and income-tax specialists apart—would probably be even more unemployable than academics (whose much inferior salaries simply reflect their much lower bargaining power). In other words, Incomes Policy is an attempt to deal with *political* rather than economic forces, to organise a coalition of support which will allow governments to deal with over-mighty subjects. Its arena is the political, not the economic, market.

THE TEST OF THE Aubrey Jones thesis—that incomes policy as well as being accepted as a permanent tool of policy should also be biased towards achieving greater rationality, *i.e.*, equality—therefore becomes: whether or not it would make it more, or less, difficult to mobilise and keep together such a coalition of support.

On the face of it, an attempt to make the reward system more rational by introducing job-evaluation and the like should also make it more acceptable. Further, adding a dash of egalitarianism to rationalisation would appear to be tactically shrewd, as well as fashionable, if only on the assumption that a move towards greater equality in incomes threatens (by definition) a minority of the public and promises benefits to a majority. It is, of course, perfectly possible to defend inequality on the Rawlsian principle that the incentive effect is such as to mean that the least well-off are actually more prosperous, as a result of the extra wealth generated, than they would be if incomes were distributed more evenly. Still, this—like the reverse argument—simply demonstrates a possible outcome rather than an inevitable one. It therefore does not necessarily undermine the case, argued by Aubrey Jones, for limiting differences in rewards to those which are *acceptable* because *reasonable*.

What makes me sceptical is the evidence. Overwhelmingly this suggests that most people's definition of "reasonable" and "acceptable" incomes is the inherited pattern of relativities: what they are used to. Thus the international evidence (I quote from a survey by S. M. Miller and Martin Rein in the May/June 1975 issue of *Social Policy*) suggests, on the one hand, that there are remarkable differences between the distribution of incomes in various countries but, on the other, that these are not related in any simple or neat way to their political systems or economic development. For example (and remembering the notorious difficulty of interpreting international comparisons), in the United Kingdom the ratio between the mean income of the top 20% and of the bottom 20% of the population is one to seven—half way between the United States (one to eight) and Hungary (one to six). Elsewhere, the range is from one to nine in Sweden and one to 10 in Germany, one to 20 in Finland and one to 28 in France.

At the same time, and strengthening the view that it is the historical experience of a particular society which is the most important factor, the pattern of rewards seems to be remarkably stable

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over time. This is certainly the case in Britain. As shown in the recent report of the Royal Commission on the Distribution of Income & Wealth, referred to by Aubrey Jones, the distribution of earnings among male manual workers was almost exactly the same in 1974 as it had been in 1886! In 1974, the best-paid tenth of workers got 44% more than the median wage, while the worst-off tenth got 31% less. In 1886 the equivalent figures had been 43% and 31%. What is more, both academic research and political experience underline the central importance of relativities. Thus W. G. Runciman in his study of attitudes towards social inequality, *Relative Deprivation and Social Justice* (1966), found that people were worried not by gross inequalities in rewards—indeed the grosser the inequalities, the less do they appear to matter—but by the differences between their own earnings and those of "the people around them", at the neighbouring desk or bench. Again, the British miners' strike in 1974, which brought down the Heath Government, was about relativities. Militancy was fanned by the resentment of the miners at their decline in the hierarchy of pay and the spectacle of *other workers* overtaking them. They attacked the Incomes Policy then in force not because it distorted the market (the traditional economist's argument) but because it interfered with a return to a socially acceptable, because inherited and traditional, structure of rewards. This, obviously, was not the only factor involved in the strike; equally important, perhaps, was political antagonism to the Conservative Administration. For the purpose of my argument this, however, is irrelevant. I am merely trying to emphasise that attitudes towards earnings appear to be determined at least as much by *social* as by economic factors. Indeed this helps to explain the point made by Aubrey Jones that incomes are increasingly being determined by comparisons with other occupations. If people's main anxiety is not only to maximise their earnings but also to stabilise their social position, this makes sense. (Indeed I am tempted to argue that the economist's model of man as a maximiser of utility should be supplemented—if not replaced—by a sociologist's model of man as a maximiser of stability.)

WHAT IS TROUBLING ABOUT this conclusion is that, if accepted, it leads to scepticism both about the economist's critique of Incomes Policy as "redundant" if the right economic strategy (whatever that may be) is followed and "distorting" if it is not, and of the social engineer's claim that Incomes Policy can be an instrument for producing a "fairer" (whatever that may be) society. To the extent that an Incomes Policy seeks to establish a more egalitarian distribution of income (as by insisting on a £6 limit to pay increases which favours the lower paid) so it risks strengthening the forces making for its own destruction: not because it meddles with the market—which in large areas of employment is, as already argued, irrelevant—but because it interferes with the social structure. While I would accept the case put by Aubrey Jones for a permanent Incomes Policy, I would therefore reject his argument for Incomes Policy as a means of "rationalising" the pattern of rewards. On the contrary, I would contend that Incomes Policy can only survive as an instrument of political management if it sets the broad limits within which individual firms and industries can *work out* the detailed pay structure rather than trying to *manipulate* that structure in detail. In short, I can only see a future for a policy which states that the total wage bill of a particular employer can go up by £6 a head (or £4 a head, or whatever percentage happens to be the norm), but then leaves the distribution of the extra sum involved to the parties concerned. If Incomes Policy becomes an instrument of social engineering then, on my reasoning, it is likely to break in the hands of those using it.

IN A SENSE, this is a pessimistic conclusion. Implicit in the arguments of both the Market Economy advocates and of the Social Engineers is a vision of a fluid, mobile society—in which change is brought about either by the operations of a free market or by the planners. Implicit in the case for an Incomes Policy as the acceptable political face of monetarism—*i.e.* as an instrument for limiting the total amount being paid out, rather than as a way of meddling with the detail of wage negotiation—is a gloomy view about the potential for change and adaptation. It is to accept the conservatism of British society—most accurately reflected, perhaps, in the trade unions—as a regrettable but inevitable limitation on the policy options available to all governments.

If British politicians sooner or later have recourse to Incomes Policy it is perhaps because all of them are trying to cope with *a society which wants economic growth but rejects the rapid social change that is required to make it possible.*

In the past there has been much comment about the trade-off between inflation and economic growth. In the future, perhaps, we shall have to face up to the trade-offs between social stability and economic growth—whether the tensions of a stagnant society (in which all claims for extra resources become an attack on someone else's stake) are greater or less than those of a society in flux (in which change appears to breed only a demand for a return to the *status ante quo*).

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Porn-O

Paris

IN HIS FOREWORD *to* l'Histoire d'O, *Jean Paulhan invokes Nietzsche, but with a difference. By all means take your whip when you go to a woman, but not to tame her—to avoid disappointing the poor creature. So do women cry out for the whip, claims Paulhan. Carry this only a stage further and the man who denies his woman the whip becomes a veritable sadist.*

Having had the pleasure of knowing Jean Paulhan and, so I assume, the pseudonymous "Pauline Réage" who wrote the novel, I am all the better equipped to know what is so disappointing about the film version of l'Histoire d'O. *The book's contrast between "hot" action and a classically frigid style produced a subtle and perverted effect which is dispelled by stark "exposure." Anyway, legalised pornographic movies simply lack the appeal of exclusiveness and profanity. In America's "hard-core" productions the frontier between illusion and reality, performance and arena, is flagrantly transgressed. Real blood flows in the arena, real semen on the silver screen.*

Jean Genet, a self-proclaimed enemy of pornography (like D. H. Lawrence and Henry Miller), forbade his actors even to light a cigarette on stage. No theatrical gesture was allowed to be realistic. So don't mention Deep Throat *in the same breath.*

Why are French cinemas currently inundated with pornographic films? The flood stems from a process of permissive liberalisation whose counterpart—a desire to promote and create scope for "films of quality"—has been forgotten. Having stepped on the accelerator, President Giscard d'Estaing now yearns to apply the brakes. In many French towns and cities, the list of forthcoming attractions offers nothing but porn. Henri Zophiralos, the porn-film distributor, cynically comments that after all people can always seek refuge in TV. But can the French State simply sit back and watch while the new freedom metamorphoses itself into an optical tyranny and yesterday's "forbidden fruit" becomes today's compulsory fare? What is obscene here is the rugged individualism, that is the free operation, not of sexual impulses, but of market forces.

What follows–censorship? In Rome a feminist organisation has sought an injunction against Berlanga's film Life Size, *with Michel Piccoli, in which a man devotes himself to a life-size doll. This is supposed to be a "debasement of womanhood", but surely this is utter nonsense, for since when has masturbation been an expression of male chauvinism?*

Brutality appears to be in greater demand than sexuality. Audiences want to see naked violence, not naked women. But more and more pornographic films and films of violence have been going together. "Killing for pleasure offers endless variety", wrote the Marquis de Sade. One American underground movie, which actually documents prostitutes being murdered, bridges the gap between stage and arena.

And so it is that one must record the end of International Women's Year under the auspices of the Whip! No wonder Françoise Giroud, France's Minister for Women's Affairs, has withdrawn her name from the editorial board of L'Express, *with which she was associated so long. It reprinted* l'Histoire d'O *complete, with what are still euphemistically called stills from the film.*

A New Prince?

Rome

IS Pro-Communist censorship already at work in Italy? This question has been raised by a programme on RAI, the Italian State Radio and television network, after an interview with Andrei Sinyavsky (the writer who now lives in Paris and teaches at the Sorbonne after spending six years in a Siberian concentration camp and forced to leave his native land). The programme was stripped of precisely those passages which were bound to show Communism in a bad light. The Italian parliament is supposed to debate this scandal, after a parliamentary question was tabled by most of the political parties including 50 Christian Democratic senators, the Liberals and the Social Democrats. As for the Socialists and Communists they have been keeping mum.

Social Democrat Belluscio's query reproduced the censored passages. They concern the position of the Russian Church, the persecution of Soviet intellectuals, artists' working conditions and limitations on freedom of speech inside the U.S.S.R. For example, the following sentences were consigned to the censor's waste-bin:

SINYAVSKY: **"I refer to Mandelshtam, the great Russian poet who died in a camp. I refer to the novelist Babel, who also died in prison, and to Marina Tsvetayeva, a poet whose works were never published and who was subjected to so much privation and humiliation that she hanged herself.**

"We are now in front of the viewers and can discuss this subject with complete freedom. . . . I couldn't even conceive of a similar situation in Russia. . . . The State regards the slightest deviation from a compulsorily prescribed line of conduct as blasphemous.

"At home, for example, there is a ban on so-called left-wing art, on Cubism, Abstractionism, and Expressionism—in short, on anything slightly to the left of Impressionism."

Intellectuals, as Sinyavsky went on, who refuse to yield to the adamantine directives of the Communist Party are scornfully characterised as "spiritual emigrants", a term essentially tantamount to "potential traitor."

"There has for many years been an attempt to destroy the Church. This destruction is implacable. Churches have been turned into stables, or at times even blown up. Not only is the Church condemned to servitude by the State—it cannot utter a free word. No priest can visit a hospital to comfort the dying. No priest can officiate at a cemetery burial. All such acts are punishable as offences under the penal code. . . . Everything began with the Revolution and is ending in a counter-revolution of such savagery that

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any manifestation of human thought is suppressed and extinguished by force."

Also deleted from the Italian interview were remarks made by Maria Sinyavsky, the author's wife. "I was a devout Communist from childhood onwards", she began, but never concluded.

"I was an activist in the Union and the Communist youth movement. I cherished a profound faith in my State and government. . . . All went well until I enrolled at university. I suddenly discovered that my best friends, who were Jews and a hundred times more knowledgeable about everything than I was, invariably gained far worse marks in the entrance examinations. That was my first encounter with the conflict between words—between the theory as officially proclaimed—and the facts as they really are."

SIGNOR SPERANZA, *the Christian Democratic deputy, associates this arbitrary act of censorship with the spread of Left-Fascism", in other words, intolerance towards any criticism of Communist ideology and practice. The Communists, he points out, have yet to enter government—but even men of moderate political views are bending the knee to "the new prince" (an allusion to Machiavelli's* Il Principe) *whose approval is so often indispensable to decisions in parliament and elsewhere. Hasn't the time come, he asks, to react?*

Who was the censor? So far, nobody really knows. Some people allege that "television technicians" demanded the cuts when the programme was being edited. According to another version, what underlay this incident was a manoeuvre in the shadows of the imminent "historic compromise" by various political factions inside the TV network (some of those responsible being senior members of the majority parties). The initiator of the interview, Enzo Forcella, has accepted "full personal responsibility"; he declared that he made the cuts on his "own initiative", without any "orders from above."

Forcella has been taken to task for not having even tried to agree the cuts with Sinyavsky in advance. The Russian author was unsparingly critical when he learned how matters stood. His wry conclusion:

"To escape one censorship, only to end up under another—what a strange fate!"

Régis Debray's Novel

Paris

"THE Underground aristocracy is that of the ever-absent, and its supreme rank is death: murder or execution. This is what gives its dignitaries their real names and faces. . . ."

Thus begins L'Indésirable *(Le Seuil, Paris), the awaited but unexpected novel by Régis Debray, erstwhile comrade-in-arms of Che Guevara. Debray, who spent months in a Bolivian death-cell, was not only a* guerrillero *but one of the theoreticians of the guerrilla campaign, as recorded in* Revolution in the Revolution? *(1967),* We, the Tupamaros *(1972), and other similar pamphlets. Released through the intervention of the French government, Debray became an adviser to Allende in Chile. Today, as I hear, he is supposed to be one of the influential political theoreticians of the French Socialists. If he is, it suggests two things: first, that Mitterand's party is not superstitious, because anyone who worked with Guevara and Allende must surely be devoid of the* fortuna *which Frederick the Great used to require from his Prussian generals; and, secondly, that Debray the revolutionary has now converted himself into a reformer. This appears plausible from the new detachment which his novel maintains from the* aristocratie d'illegalité

But is Debray's approach to his guerrillero *experience glorificatory or ironical? The novel implies both, an ambivalence which is politically questionable but obviously has some literary advantages for the author.*

The principal character in this disguised autobiography is a Genevese petit bourgeois *named Frank, who is working on a dissertation about the history of Communism. He flees from the personal complexes that beset a snug Swiss* "voyeur" *of history by subjecting himself to the discipline of a Latin American organised guerrilla commando. There he is concerned less with combat than with supply:* i.e. *with the securing of weapons from Europe, more particularly with the measures needed to ensure that an arms smuggler keeps his part of the bargain, and with the distribution of arms between* guerrilleros *in the maquis and those in the metropolis. In the end, the perfidious arms smuggler is executed, and Frank is shot by the police.*

Stories and novellas by Debray appeared while he was still imprisoned at Camiri, and they hinted that the author of manifestos also had creative talents. (We are now promised a book by Debray on Claude Simon, the French author whose Le Palace *is the most individualistic* nouveau roman *to have been written about Civil War Spain.) However, no reader of* L'Indésirable *will be able to forget the author's career and distinguish between the novel and the revolutionary's exploits as strictly as "textual analysis" requires. As that witness and novelist of revolutionary events André Malraux said (according to the memoirs of his first wife, Clara Malraux): "If an author is to become famous, there must be something a little more interesting about his person than his books. . . ." Régis Debray is no new Malraux, as the novel's attempt to mock Malraux makes only too plain; but he does possess that "little extra" as an author.*

Debray now views himself with a measure of ironical detachment. His hero Frank is lower middle class; the author himself comes of an upper middle-class and politically influential family—like so many members of the "Underground aristocracy," from Edern-Hallier (who published La Cause du peuple *and whose family owns property in the Champs Elysées) to the Italian publisher Giangiacomo Feltrinelli (to whom Debray's novel alludes). Debray himself becomes a topic of conversation at one point in the novel. But these coy and jocular real-life allusions only impart an aura of "radical chic", and the Underground's "society talk." In this spirit how can the operations described be seen as part of a revolt by oppressed peoples? They appear, through the involvement of the principal character, as an alien impulse towards commitment for its own sake.*

Alternating between the first and third persons, Debray uses one of the first-person passages to cogitate as follows:

"The whole of Europe is a de luxe casino, not just

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Switzerland. . . . Where was I when sandal-shod peasants stormed Dien Bien Phu? When Frank Pais was shot by Batista's pigs and collapsed on a pavement in Santiago de Cuba? Where was I when the first Yankee bomb fell on a Vietnamese thatched roof? Busy quaffing vin du pays, **fondling the breasts of a blonde, looking for a quiet summer lakeside resort. It was revulsion rather than volition which prompted me to accept Armando's proposal [to take part in a guerrilla operation]."**

This intellectual figure lacks substance even when he kills—and even when he dies. I was inevitably reminded of the middle-class revolutionaries in Sartre's plays who find compromise "dirty" and killing "clean." I also find it curiously characteristic that a novel which attempts to translate experience into fiction should owe more to specific French literary models than to personal points of departure. Debray writes in a conventional Paris manner. There are some vivid descriptive passages but the dialogue is largely wooden, only the soliloquies are striking.

"We've had our fill of them [says one native revolutionary to another, deriding their imported European comrades] . . . these empty dreamers who call themselves the New Left and rediscover the sun also rises every morning!"

When Frank gets killed, the patrol commander picks up the notebooks that were in the dead man's bag and are marked "Strictly personal, not for publication." Laboriously, he deciphers what we have already read on the first page of the book: "The Underground aristocracy is that of the ever-absent. . . ." Like Che Guevara, Frank has left a manuscript behind: it is the novel we are reading.

Worth noting among the Paris comments is that of Maurice Nadeau, a critic close to the anti-Stalinist Left and a major discoverer of new literature, who passed this disappointed verdict on Debray's novel:

"The guerrilla chiefs are nebulous lay figures. If we did not already know the purpose of their struggle it would elude us, yet they are the ones we should have liked to meet, not the loquacious scribbler who so rarely lets them get a word in. . . ."

Only on reading this rebuke did I realise why, for all its failings and ineptitudes, L'Indésirable *strangely appeals to me. Far from being the fictionalised account of a struggle and a successor to Malraux's* La Condition humaine, *it portrays the insurmountable gulf between personal motive and political action, between the revolutionary tourists and their sanguinary guest appearances in the history of foreign far-away lands about which they inevitably know so little. It is the portrait of a young intellectual who arrives too overloaded to become a true brother to the mercurial band of native rebels and who, precisely because he cannot shake off his burden, is found wanting—not least by himself. He fights and dies because he wanted to prove something to himself. Still, to transform a heroic legend into a grotesque tragi-comedy must have called up in Régis Debray almost as much courage as did his role in that ill-starred guerrilla campaign in Bolivia. Courage of a different order, of course, but one that belongs to the essence of literature: the willingness to face unpalatable truths.*

François Bondy

AUTHORS

Antonia Byatt is Lecturer in English at University College, London. She is the author of two novels, *Shadow of a Sun* and *The Game*, both published by Chatto & Windus who will bring out in 1977 the as yet untitled novel (the first in a planned series of four) from which "Daniel" is an extract. Her other works include two volumes of literary criticism, and she is a frequent contributor to literary journalism and broadcasting.

Samuel Brittan is economic commentator of the *Financial Times*, and author of *Capitalism and the Permissive Society* (Macmillan, 1973) and *Second Thoughts on Full Employment* (Barrie Rose, Chichester, 1975).

Ernest Gellner is Professor of Philosophy at the London School of Economics. He is the author of *Words and Things* (1959) and *The Legitimation of Belief* (Cambridge University Press, 1975); three volumes of his collected essays have been published by Routledge (1973–74).

Aubrey Jones was the Conservative government's Minister of Fuel and Power (1955–57) and Minister of Supply (1957–59); from 1965–70 he was Chairman of the National Board for Prices and Incomes. His books include *The New Inflation* (André Deutsch, 1973).

Rudolf Klein was until 1970 Chief Leader Writer and Home Affairs Editor of *The Observer*, and is now Senior Fellow, Centre for Studies in Social Policy. He is the author of a number of books and articles on public expenditure.

Herb Greer is an American playwright, who has lived in Europe since the early 1950s. Among his books is *Hard Journey* (Mayflower), a study of the Donner Party. His translation of Wolfgang Bauer's *Magic Afternoon* is currently being performed at the Bush Theatre in London.

François Bondy is an editor of *Die Weltwoche*, Zurich.

Maurice Cranston is Professor of Political Science at the London School of Economics. Among his books are *Rousseau's Social Contract* (1967), *Language and Philosophy* (1969), *Politics and Ethics* (1972), and *The Mask of Politics* (Allen Lane, 1973).

Liam Hudson is Professor of Educational Sciences, University of Edinburgh, and Director of its Research Unit on Intellectual Development. His books include *Contrary Imaginations* (1966), *The Cult of the Fact* (1972), and *Human Beings* (Cape, 1975).

G. J. Warnock is Principal of Hertford College, Oxford. He is the author of *Contemporary Moral Philosophy* (1967) and *The Object of Morality* (Methuen, 1971) and co-editor of J. L. Austin's *Philosophical Papers*.

Alan Ryan is Lecturer in Politics at New College, Oxford, and author of *The Philosophy of John Stuart Mill* (Macmillan, 1970) and *J. S. Mill* (Routledge, 1975).

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A Special Book Section

Philosophy & Psychology

Bertrand Russell

Towards a Complete Portrait—By MAURICE CRANSTON

MUCH THAT HAS BEEN published about Bertrand Russell has done more to stimulate than to satisfy our curiosity. Ronald W. Clark's *Life of Bertrand Russell*[1] is a massive book of 766 pages, but it is in some ways a dossier rather than a biography, a collection of data held together by a faintly unsophisticated commentary. No one who reads Mr Clark could imagine what Russell was like to be with, even for a mere acquaintance, such as I was. Fortunately there is other testimony, notably the memoirs of Russell's second wife Dora,[2] and a very good book about him by his daughter, Lady Katharine Tait.[3] These help us to acquire perhaps some glimmerings of understanding.

Bertrand Russell's life falls, in a curious way, into two halves. Until he was over forty, he was a scholar and a puritan; all his most important work as a philosopher was done when he was young. In the second half of his life he became a publicist, a social reformer, a political radical, and a womaniser. It is as if his life had been lived in reverse: the years of tranquil achievement coming first, and the years of adventure and fun and irresponsibility coming last. And of course he lived an uncommonly long time: brought up in the home of a grandfather who had met and remembered Napoleon, Byron, and Talleyrand, Russell did not die until February 1970. He was nearly thirty when the reign of Victoria ended, and he remained an irreproachable Victorian for at least another decade. Then after he had undergone his change of character, he battled against the whole Victorian ethos with unfaltering energy; and he continued to do so long after Victorianism had disappeared from Western society.

Since he was the grandson of Lord John Russell and of Lord Stanley, the son of Viscount Amberley, and himself inherited an earldom, Bertrand Russell is naturally often spoken of by his various biographers as an aristocrat, especially when they are at a loss to explain anything about him. Yet one striking peculiarity of Russell's history is that he was not brought up like other children of the 19th-century English nobility, but by a Unitarian grandmother from Scotland who carried to an extreme form that puritan belief in austerity and self-denial which was much more characteristic of the middle than of the upper class.

RUSSELL'S FATHER, Lord Amberley, had been a friend of John Stuart Mill, and the champion of advanced ideas in politics (including the enfranchisement of women and the use of contraceptives to solve the problem of unwanted pregnancies). He was an agnostic in religion, as was his wife, who died a year before he did, when their younger son Bertrand was aged only two. They had chosen J. S. Mill as an agnostic's equivalent to a godfather for the boy, and in his will Lord Amberley appointed two fellow agnostics as guardians. But when Lord Amberley died, Earl Russell contested the will on the grounds that it was unthinkable for unbelievers to be allowed to bring up an English nobleman's sons. The courts upheld the plea; and that was how Bertrand Russell came to grow up with his grandparents. In his *Autobiography*, Russell says his grandmother was secretive about his father and mother, and that it was not until he was 21 years old that he learned anything about his parents' unconventional lives and opinions; and later he began to realise that he was very like the father he could not remember.

> "After his father's death [writes Lady Katharine] my father went to live with his grandmother Russell at Pembroke Lodge, a house of shadows and hushed voices, of age and anxiety and invalidism. . . .

[1] *The Life of Bertrand Russell.* By RONALD W. CLARK. Jonathan Cape with Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £6.95.

[2] *The Tamarisk Tree.* By DORA RUSSELL. Paul Elek, £5.95.

[3] *My Father, Bertrand Russell.* By KATHARINE TAIT. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $8.95; to be published on 29 July by Gollancz, £4.95.

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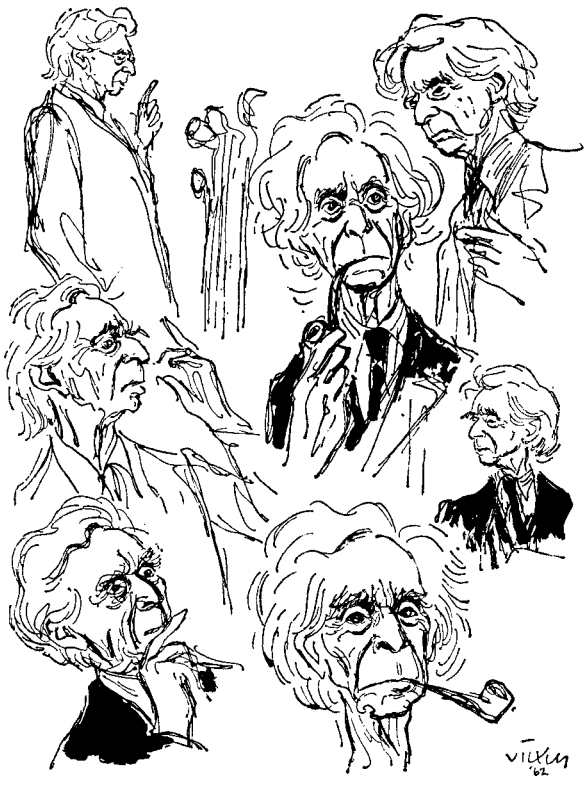
Frank, who was seven years older, rebelled bitterly and was sent away to school, but dear little Bertie was gathered into the sentimental austerity of his grandmother's house, and showered with her destructive love. She believed that plain food, uncomfortable living and unceasing moral exhortation mixed with reproach were good for boys. . . . All through his childhood, my father submitted humbly and gratefully to her reproofs and admonitions, and regretted sadly his inability to live up to her high expectations. From the age of four until he was almost ready for the university, he lived as the only child in that house of melancholy adults. . . . Though his childhood was probably not quite as bad as his memory painted it, nevertheless it was bad enough to burden my father with a lifelong sense of sin and a sad feeling of isolation."

This upbringing also left Bertrand Russell with a temperament which his daughter is almost alone in seeing as being essentially religious, and remaining essentially religious behind the worldly *persona* which Russell assumed in the last fifty years of his life. After being educated by tutors at home, Russell always looked back on his experience as a Cambridge undergraduate as one of liberation and joy. "The university", he wrote, "opened to me a new world of infinite delight . . . . For those who have been young since 1914 it must be difficult to imagine the happiness of those days." Yet Russell as an undergraduate was in no sense a hedonist. He remained a strict teetotaller, frugal in all his habits; and although he fell in love at seventeen with a girl he determined to marry, that girl was an American middle-class Quaker, Alys Pearsall-Smith, as much a Puritan as was his grandmother (it is curious to note that Russell and Alys always addressed each other in the old Quaker style, as "thee").



Russell's upper-class relations, disliking the idea of his marrying into the American bourgeoisie, sent him to France as an unpaid attaché at the British Embassy in the hope that the distractions of Paris might teach him that there was more than one woman in the world. Although he obtained from Alys her consent to his drinking wine on social duties in France, he spent most of his time at the embassy deciphering codes or writing love letters (two a day) to Alys. He never went out on the town with his colleagues; his only pleasure was riding his bicycle in the Bois de Boulogne. Paris in the *belle époque* had no other charm for him.

"In Paris", he wrote solemnly in one of his letters from the embassy, "everybody is wicked and every time one looks around one sees some blasphemy against love—they make me quiver with disgust. . . . I should be delighted if the whole French nation were sunk under the sea, and believe the whole world would be vastly the better for it."

THIS LAST REMARK throws a certain light on Russell's attitude to the events of 1914. He stayed only a few months at the Embassy; on his returning to England, and coming of age, he married his Quaker sweetheart. As he had an income of £600 a year and she had money of her own, he felt no great urge to seek a job; nor did the academic world at the time show any impatience to employ him. In mathematics at Cambridge he had been bracketed seventh wrangler, a commendable but not an outstanding achievement. Thus at the age of 22, Russell set off with his bride to Germany with no clear purpose, apart from investigating the German Social Democrats in action and possibly writing a dissertation on the philosophy of mathematics for a prize fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge. In the event he did both things. The continental trip produced Russell's first published book, *German Social Democracy*, and the thesis which earned him in 1895 a Fellowship of Trinity. Only his wife disappointed him by the discovery that she could have no children.

HIS YEARS AS A YOUNG Cambridge don were the most fruitful in Russell's career as a

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pure philosopher. It culminated in the publication of his mammoth work, the three-volume *Principia Mathematica*; and even though that book was written in collaboration with an older don, Alfred North Whitehead, it is not disputed that Russell was the leading partner and originator. Russell changed his views in philosophy throughout his life, but he always remained the same kind of philosopher and that was not a typically English kind. The philosopher of the past he most resembled was Leibnitz, about whom he published in 1900 a remarkably sympathetic essay. Like the 17th-century German rationalist, Russell approached philosophy with a mind trained in and formed by mathematics; and like Leibnitz, he tried to give philosophy the purity and rigour which is characteristic of mathematics. And this is not the traditional English approach, which tends to be empirical, like Bacon's, or commonsensical, like Locke's, or sceptical, like Hume's. The truth of the matter, as Russell himself recalled in his book *My Philosophical Development*, was that he turned to philosophy in the hope of discovering "that something could be known with certainty." It is just this demand for certainty that sets Russell in the company of the continental rationalists and outside the mainstream of English philosophy: a unique and in many ways a lonely figure.

THIS PASSION for certainty moreover not only prompted his philosophical activity, but also, in a more devious way, stimulated all his campaigns for "rational" solutions to human, social and political problems, generated even his atheism. His daughter's judgment on this subject is surely a very shrewd one:

> "I believe myself that his whole life was a search for God, or, for those who prefer less personal terms, for absolute certainty. Indeed he had first taken up philosophy in the hope of finding proof of the existence of God, whose childish reality had vanished before the pressing questions of his adolescent mind. He needed certainty; he loved clarity with a passion, and he could not bear any kind of muddled thinking. . . . Somewhere in the back of my father's mind, at the bottom of his heart, in the depths of his soul, there was an empty space that had once been filled by God, and he never found anything else to put in it."

Russell in his autobiographical writings recalls several occasions when he experienced a sudden change of belief or a sudden change of feeling, In metaphysics, he moved abruptly from Hegelian idealism to logical atomism. In moral philosophy he switched from the watered-down Platonism of G. E. Moore to ethical subjectivism, holding thereafter that all judgments of value are strictly utterances of personal taste. In politics it was the same. One sudden change happened during the Boer War, as Russell later recalled:

> "At the beginning of the war I was an imperialist, more or less. In the middle of it, for other reasons, I had a sudden 'conversion', a change of heart, which brought with it a love of humanity and a horror of force, and incidentally made me a pro-Boer."

This was the end of Russell's Fabian phase; for many years he insisted that socialism was only worth having if it could be united with liberty; then towards the end of his life he suddenly turned from anti-Communism to become a fervent champion of Ho Chi Minh. Unfortunately for those concerned, Russell's heart was as changeable as his head. Recalling the collapse of his first marriage, Russell wrote in his *Autobiography*: "I went out bicycling one afternoon and suddenly as I was riding along a country road, I realised that I no longer loved Alys. I had had no idea until this moment that my love for her was even lessening. . . ."

Russell's daughter says, "I have never been able to believe this story." Indeed there is evidence that Russell's attachment to Whitehead's wife Evelyn was becoming gradually more important to him emotionally than his marriage to the Quaker Alys. But according to Russell's own account it was his falling in love with Lady Ottoline Morrell that really revolutionised his life. Having fallen out of love with Alys, his honesty compelled him to tell her of it, while his kindness forbade him to leave her without more cause. "So", as Lady Katharine puts it, "they continued together for nine years, sharing a house and a misery but nothing more." However the day came when Russell declared his love to Ottoline, and finding that she returned his feeling, he mounted his beloved bicycle again and rode away from Alys for ever.

> "According to my father [Lady Katharine continues] Ottoline began his transformation into the man I remember. He came to her puritanical, priggish, self-righteous, convinced that only his iron self-discipline kept his natural wickedness under control. She laughed at him. She surrounded herself with beautiful objects and delicious perfumes which worked strongly on his senses once he had got over his disapproval of them. He began to believe that life contains other pleasures besides the rewards of virtue. But there were appalling complications. Alys and her brother [Logan Pearsall Smith] continued to rage, while Ottoline would not leave her husband and child, so there was rarely a chance for the lovers to enjoy their affection in peace."

Apart from standing as a Parliamentary candidate in 1907 at Wimbledon on a "Woman's Suffrage" ticket—something which his father, Lord Amberley, and his "godfather", John Stuart Mill, would have been proud to see—Russell did not give much of his attention to politics and social questions in the years before 1914—he was too preoccupied with the problems of pure philosophy.

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THE THREE VOLUMES of *Principia Mathematica* were published between 1910 and 1913. The purpose of this work was "to show that all pure mathematics follows from purely logical premises and uses only concepts definable in logical terms." In the division of labour between the two authors, it was Whitehead who concentrated on the mathematical problems and Russell who worked on the philosophical ones. *Principia Mathematica* is arguably the greatest single work on logic since Aristotle, and became the starting point for all subsequent work in the field. As Brian Carr points out in a book[4] which will serve henceforth as an admirable introduction to the several existing introductions[5] to Russell's philosophy, the project which Russell set himself in *Principia Mathematica* required three steps: the development of a wholly new form of logic; the definition of mathematical notions in terms of this new logic, and, lastly, the derivation of mathematical propositions such as "two plus two equals four" from the non-mathematical logical ones such as "either (some proposition) *p* is true or not true." As Mr Carr remarks, "though this third step, that of derivation, took most of the seven years needed to complete the project, the first two steps demanded the inventiveness and insight that makes the book a classic of modern thought."

Nevertheless it was a classic which was read only by a very tiny public; and Russell made his name as a philosopher before the First World War largely as the author of a short popular book entitled *The Problem of Philosophy*. This book begins with a question:

> "Is there any knowledge which is so certain that no reasonable man could doubt it?"

The demand is quintessentially Russellian. What he wanted was certainty on the basis of experience, or more exactly, of sense perception. Russell had begun by regarding perception as a two-term relation between subject and object; that is, in the case of "a man seeing a table", a relation between the subject, a man, and the object, a table. But he soon forsook this naive realism for something more complicated. He was troubled, for one thing, by the argument from illusion. Sometimes people think they are seeing a table, when a table is not there: they have the sensation of seeing one, but their sensation may well be illusory; they may be imagining, or dreaming. And even in the case of authentic perception, a table which is revealed by thorough investigation to be circular, for example, looks elliptical. Appearance in this sense differs from reality; and what Russell argued in *The Problems of Philosophy* is that what we actually perceive, when we speak of seeing an object such as a table, is not a table but a sense-datum. The problem which remained was that of passing from knowledge of sense-data to knowledge of physical objects themselves, knowledge of "the real table", as Russell put it, "supposing there is such a thing." Such a knowledge of the real was something which Russell spent his whole life as a philosopher trying to establish, and it was something which he was never able to do to his own satisfaction.

THREE ARGUMENTS ARE CENTRAL to Russell's position as pure philosopher. The first is that the entities which occur in mathematical physics are not part of the stuff of the world, but are constructions composed of events and taken as units for the convenience of the mathematician. The second is that the whole of what we each perceive belongs to our own private world: "the starry heaven that we know in visual sensation is inside us. The external starry heaven we believe in is inferred." Russell's third point is that the causal lines which enable us to be aware of a diversity of objects are apt to peter out like rivers in the sand.

Russell always believed in the unity of philosophy and science. It is not simply that he wanted philosophers to be interested in science: he wanted the imagination of the philosophers to "be impregnated with the scientific outlook." He held that the main activity of philosophy was analysis, but he did not approve of that school of philosophy which came to flourish under the influence of his former pupil, Wittgenstein, and which concentrated on the analysis of language. Russell had an immense admiration as well as affection for the Wittgenstein who wrote the *Tractatus*; but for the Wittgenstein of the later writings, he had no sympathy. The disapproval was mutual. "Russell", said Wittgenstein, "cannot even see the problems."

The fact is that Russell had come to be interested in other problems: problems of a practical, as opposed to an abstract kind. It is these which dominated Russell's mind during the second half of his life. This is not to say that he ceased to be a philosopher: indeed he became more of a philosopher in the sense that that word is taken to mean a sage or teacher of practical wisdom, as opposed to a master of abstract thought. The two trades are in a very fundamental sense distinct, and it is hardly amazing that Russell's later work in pure philo-

[4] *Bertrand Russell: An Introduction*. By BRIAN CARR. Allen & Unwin, £3.65.

[5] The best of these are John Watling, *Bertrand Russell* (Oliver & Boyd, 1970), A. J. Ayer, *Russell* (Fontana, 1972), D. F. Pears, *Bertrand Russell and the British Tradition in Philosophy* (Fontana, 1967).

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sophy should be less good than his earlier work: such books as *The Analysis of Matter* (1927), *An Outline of Philosophy* (1927), *Meaning and Truth* (1940), and *Human Knowledge* (1948) are disappointing and his best-selling *History of Western Philosophy* (1946) is in part inexcusably bad. But Russell's achievement in the second part of his life must be judged by other standards: for the heir of Leibnitz had been transformed into the successor of Voltaire.

THAT TRANSFORMATION was not only the deliberate work of Lady Ottoline; there was also the impact of the first World War.

> "I should have remained mainly academic and abstract but for the War [Russell recalled]. When war came I felt as if I had heard the voice of God. I know that it was my business to protest, however futile protest might be. My whole nature was involved. As a lover of truth, the national propaganda of all the belligerent nations sickened me. As a lover of civilisation, the return to barbarism appalled me."

Russell's feelings against the War were shared by Lady Ottoline, and also by another mistress who entered his life at this time, Lady Constance Malleson, a beautiful actress better known by her stage name as Colette O'Neil. As Russell was 42 in 1914, he was personally unaffected by recruiting and conscription, and could easily have opposed the War discreetly as did Lytton Strachey and Philip Morrell and Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson, and scores of others like them. But the new Russell, liberated from his old repressions by Ottoline, was a fighting pacifist: and with a courage which his most bitter critics must admire, he spoke out against the War with an aggressive provocative anger which matched the emotions of such civilian jingos as Lloyd George and H. G. Wells and Milner, and which landed him, predictably, in prison. Prison had much the same effect on Russell that it had on Voltaire: it purged him of solemnity. Russell wrote afterwards that he had found life in prison rather agreeable.

> "I had no engagements, no difficult decisions to make, no fear of callers, no interruptions to my work. I wrote a book *Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy* and began the work for *Analysis of Mind*. I was rather interested in my fellow prisoners, who seemed to me in no way inferior to the rest of the population."

Russell also recalled that he experienced in prison one of the less pleasing consequences of sexual liberation: the agony of jealousy which was provoked in him by the thought that Colette was favouring another man. He insists in his memoirs that this did not prompt him to revise his new views on sexual freedom; it only made him the more convinced that jealousy was a base

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passion over which reason should be made to prevail.

BEFORE HE HAD BEEN SENT to prison, Russell had tried to collaborate with D. H. Lawrence in a series of public lectures on ethics and social reconstruction, but Lawrence had broken angrily with him. In a letter to Lady Ottoline, Lawrence said that Russell was

> "vitally, emotionally much too inexperienced in personal contact and conflict for a man of his age and calibre. It isn't that life has been too much for him, but too little."

In a published short story, Lawrence depicted Russell in the guise of "learned dry Baronet of fifty who was always making witticisms and laughing at them heartily in a harsh horse laugh." And to Russell himself, Lawrence wrote: "The enemy of mankind, you are, full of the lust of enmity. . . . Why don't you own it?"

Russell had good reason to feel a deep melancholy in the War years, however bright the mocking face and the "harsh horse laugh." He told Lady Ottoline that the idea of suicide had never long been out of his thoughts since he was a boy, but he assured her that while he still had work to do "it is not a thing to be taken seriously."

And was not Russell right to be depressed by the War? After the death of all those millions of men, Europe was left in an infinitely worse condition than it was in 1914: far from saving liberty and democracy, the War directly opened the way for Communism, Fascism, and Nazism, and made yet another war inevitable. Mr Carr is less than fair when he says that Russell's War-time writings were "in favour of capitulation to the Germans." Russell specifically distinguished between "submissive pacifists", who were rightly decried by their critics, and "active pacifists", who were driven to stand out against the war by "an impulse for life." Russell did not propose "capitulation", but a negotiated peace which would lead to the "permanent ending of war" by a world federation.

> "So long as there are many sovereign states, each with its own army, there can be no security that there will not be war [he wrote in *Principles of Social Reconstruction* (1916)]. There will have to be in the world only one army and one navy before there will be any reason to think that wars have ceased."

Utopian this proposal undoubtedly was: yet at least it must be distinguished from Russell's political position in the years before August 1914, when his general liking for Germany and dislike of France had made him to some extent "pro-German" in his views on foreign policy. To think of him as "pro-German" during the War itself is to vulgarise his argument. What is undoubtedly true is that Russell did not think out all the political implications of his pacifism: either in 1915 or at any later time.

BUT IN THE YEARS WHICH FOLLOWED the 1918 Armistice, when the public became disillusioned with the fruits of victory, Russell became a popular intellectual leader. He was even restored to the Fellowship at Trinity, from which he had been removed because of his pacifist activities. There was, however, an impediment to his resuming the life of a Cambridge don: a divorce, and people often forget today what a scandalous thing divorce then was.

Having thrown off the puritan morality of his youth, Russell might have been expected to adapt himself to the sexual code of the aristocracy, in which the utmost liberty was combined with discretion, especially as both his mistresses belonged, as he did, to that same class. Indeed much of the gospel of "sexual freedom", which Russell henceforth propagated, was really only a "democratisation" of the idea of upper-class privileged indulgence. But Russell had no patience with the elements of secrecy and hypocrisy which the upper-class code demanded. What he did want to preserve of that code was the Family: he wanted children, and he wanted the children in his family to be his own children. So while he considered that women had almost the same right to freedom in sexual activity as men had, he did not think a wife had the right to foist on her husband a child she had by another man. All this meant that Russellian sex ethics were more complicated in practice than in theory.

So far as his own life was concerned, he wanted to divorce the childless Alys in order to remarry, and to remarry in order to have legitimate children: there was no doubt that he had special feelings about the perpetuation of his own family, the Russells, as well as ideas about the family as an institution. Friends who wished well for him hoped that Russell might settle down with Colette. Ottoline was too bound by family obligations for an elopement with Russell to be favoured; but Colette, with a marriage already broken, was free. Besides Colette was an exceedingly attractive, intelligent, desirable girl; a marriage to Russell would be, they thought, the perfect romantic match.

But it seems there was something wrong with Russell which spoiled his chances of happiness with Colette as it did with Ottoline: there was a curious void between his heart and his head. Russell was incapable of loving either Ottoline or Colette in the way that both desired. Russell himself recalled late in life:

> "My more profound feelings have remained always solitary and have found in human things no com-

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panionship. The sea, the stars, the night wind in waste places mean more to me than even the human beings I love best, and I am conscious that human affection is to me at bottom an attempt to escape from the vain search for God."

Russell's affair with Colette stopped, and started up again, at intervals throughout his life. Mr Clark records that she never forgot to send him red roses on his birthday—but he always turned away from her to someone else.

"I can remember Colette [writes Lady Katharine] from occasional visits she made to us during the years at Beacon Hill School. She wore glamorous trailing clothes, strings and strings of long beads and quantities of perfume, and she always brought exotic gifts. When she and my father first met, she was a young and beautiful actress, passionately against the war. They clung to one another in desperation, feeling themselves an island of love in a sea of hate."

But, Lady Katharine goes on to say, her father "never gave his whole heart to anyone, though he tried."

Colette gives us a glimpse of her experiences with Russell in a novel, *The Coming Back*, when she describes the character "Gregory" (*i.e.*, Russell) as "a man exhausting other men by his intellect, exhausting women by his intensity, wearing out his friends, sucking them dry, passing from person to person, never giving any real happiness—or finding any." Or, as Lady Ottoline wrote of Russell in her diary:

"He is so lonely, and tortured by his brain incessantly working, and he cannot be sympathetic in the things that so much affect me. His body and mind seem to have a huge gap between them. His hands are like the paws of a bear; no feeling in them, only force. His intellect is so immense but *en l'air* not *en rapport* with the things of this sensual life. No visionary power or imagination in that direction, or what there is very arctic or bare. No fancy. He is not narrow, only shorn."

The woman for whose sake Russell went through the public scandal of divorce, and sacrificed his academic post, was, paradoxically, a tough, radical, liberated female intellectual who did not believe in institutional marriage, and who was more than willing to live with him as his mistress and bear his children. But, yielding to Russell's desire to found a family of legitimate offspring, Dora Black of Girton became Russell's second wife.

SHE, TOO, HAS PUBLISHED her reminiscences of it all in *The Tamarisk Tree*, and although this lacks the literary distinction of her daughter Lady Katharine's book—and sometimes even passes from prose into embarrassing verse ("A poem I wrote at the time")—Dora Russell comes through

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as a frank and likeable person, as constant by nature as Russell was fickle; Dora provided most of the moral backbone for the enterprises in which they were engaged together, and many of the ideas. What she lacked was money.

Deprived a second time of the possibility of an academic job, Russell could hardly afford henceforth to pursue the interests of a second Leibnitz, even if he had wished to; so, with a family to provide for, he had to follow Voltaire's example in combining the promotion of political and social change with the earning of a livelihood. Lecture tours of America, and a regular stream of articles for the popular press poured forth from his pen: "Should Socialists Smoke Good Cigars?", "Is Modern Marriage a Failure?", "Who May Use Lipstick?", potboiling, undoubtedly, but all good knocking copy against the Victorian ethos, and all read by an audience of many millions.

Where Russell falls short of Voltaire is in having any really systematic positive alternative to the traditional values he mocked. It is unlikely indeed that anything wholly coherent could have emerged from his collaboration with Dora: because she, who had been thrilled with joy at the Soviet Union when she followed him there in 1920, was a *dirigiste* fellow-traveller and he, who had been nauseated by Bolshevism, was a libertarian. What they both agreed about was the need to produce a new kind of human being by a new means of education. Russell had little hope of doing much good through politics, though he did stand twice as a Labour candidate in Chelsea.

THE RUSSELLS not only wrote books and articles about education: they opened in 1927 a school of their own, one of their motives being to provide an acceptable education for their son, John (now Earl Russell), born in 1921, and their daughter Katharine, born in 1923. They could not approve of any existing schools, since these were either traditional, and imposed what the Russells considered the wrong values, or progressives, and imparted neither discipline nor instruction. Russell was never (as he so often was supposed to have been) a progressive educationalist in the style of A. S. Neill or Neill's disciples who flourish in the state schools of today. Russell never advocated complete liberty for children, but wished only to diminish the element of force in education; and while he would let children do as they liked in inessentials, he put great emphasis on the introjection into the young both of knowledge and of what he held to be true moral values. He believed that natural desires should be retrained instead of being suppressed, and his methods were stern. His second wife was even more a natural disciplinarian:

> "My mother [Lady Katharine writes] wanted all the children in the school to grow up healthy and tough, able to live rough and eat plain, so that they would be adaptable soldiers for reform in a world much in need of change. She offered us her own kind of freedom, a freedom from comfort as well as from restrictions."

Beacon Hill School was not a complete success: partly because it consumed an immense amount of money, and Russell had to keep going to America to earn enough to pay the bills, which made him neglect the administration of the school. He enjoyed teaching, and was popular with the children: he was also, less fortunately, popular with the pretty young teachers. Dora Russell tells a story of a cook who was so alarmed by the knowledge of Russell being in bed with a governess that she gathered his children into her arms in the kitchen, and protested forcefully to their mother. Of course it was the cook who had to be sacked.

Russell's temperament led him to exercise his sexual freedom in the form of numerous *aventures*. He was a born seducer: he instinctively conquered women by showing an intense interest in their minds, rather than their bodies. He listened and he flattered, and within a record time he was in bed with them. But his interest was as short-lived as it was genuine; and the curtain rang down with a cruel bang. Dora, on the other hand, being tenacious and maternal, went in for lasting affairs—with young American Marxist journalists and such persons who were not, at that time, to Russell's taste. Since continued affairs tend to produce offspring and since Russell was firmly determined not to have another man's child passed off as one of his, Dora's affairs did not get the same toleration that she extended to his. In effect they ruined the marriage.

FOR THEIR CHILDREN Beacon Hill School was hell. Lady Katharine tells us that their early childhood in Cornwall in a house by the sea at Land's End had been on the whole very happy. She pays tribute to the love and interest which their parents, and especially their father, lavished on them then. But even at that stage she notes a certain doctrinaire approach of her parents towards the upbringing of children. Believing that the future needed "a generation educated in fearless freedom" Russell held that the cries of babies should be ignored (so the child should learn that crying does not pay); he believed that fears should be reasoned with, not assuaged. When his son John betrayed fear of the dark, he

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was made to put up with it; when they found that he was frightened of water, they "plunged him up to the neck in the sea in spite of his struggles and cries." In Russell's kind of progressive education (as in Rousseau's *Emile*) there are elements of blatant cruelty; but they are elaborately veiled. And Russell himself found great happiness in being a father; with his young family in Cornwall, he could relax and enjoy himself.

In the larger community of Beacon Hill School, he could not relax. He forbade himself to show any special favours to his own children lest it seemed unfair to the others. Lady Katharine writes:

> "Emotionally, the school was a bad experience for all the Russell family. John and I felt turned adrift in a hostile world, unable to go to our parents for help, and that feeling remained with us always. . . .Our parents also suffered, feeling themselves cut off from the children they loved so much. . . . The great outpouring of parental love, which had made the Cornish years so happy, was stopped, dammed up by worries and overwork and the obligation to be just. My summer Santa Claus did not survive the school years. Neither did the love of my parents for each other.
>
> "They came from Cornwall, full of joy and hope, to start a school in which their children would blossom into the finest flower of mankind. At the end of seven years, they had lost each other, their children's confidence, their money and much of their hope. Those years shattered the crystal of our happiness and left us like jagged splinters, unable to touch one another without wounding. All of us longed for a give and take of love not possible in that public environment. Old pictures of my father with me on his knee or putting an arm around me, strike me as fakes. That is not the way I remember the school years; they were all duty and loneliness and being just one of the children, while all the time my father and mother kept working, night and day, to preserve the school and their separation from us."

Russell himself found solace in the arms of a pretty research assistant from Oxford named Patricia or "Peter" Spence. But Dora broke what Russell considered to be the rules of the game by having a child by an American left-wing journalist named Griffin Barry. At first Russell seemed to accept the situation. "I tried to endure the new child, and behave towards her as if she were my own", Russell wrote many years later. "But the resulting strain of daily and hourly insincerity was intolerable, and made family life a torture."

The baby girl was first registered in Russell's name, then, when he found her listed in Debrett five years later, he began legal action to have the birth certificate altered. Inevitably his marriage to Dora ended in divorce. There were disputes, no less predictable, about money and the custody of the children. In the end, John and Kate were sent as boarders to Dartington, with their free time carefully divided between their mother and their father. Their mother kept on the school; Russell

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married "Peter" and settled down again to writing books.

Judging by his daughter's testimony, his children got on well with their step-mother, who had worked as a holiday tutor and governess to them before she married their father. She provided an elegant domestic environment, which was a marked contrast to Dora's bohemian scene. She was also gay and worldly and young. Lady Katharine tells us frankly she much preferred the company of her step-mother to that of her mother:

> "All through the Dartington years I disliked and despised my mother. I cringed when she came to visit us and tried to hide her from my friends. She used to buy old secondhand cars for ten pounds or so and drive them till they died, sitting at the wheel in her shabby and eccentric clothes, squinting through the smoke of a lipstick-stained cigarette whose ashes dropped into her lap as she drove, and laughing her hearty, raucous laugh as she made light of conventional manners and morals. She would sit through *God Save the King* in cinemas, sing the *Internationale* in public places, march in Communist demonstrations, while I shrank into myself and tried to pretend I didn't know her. With the harsh intolerance of childhood, I despised her and shut her out of my life, which was happily filled with my love and admiration for Peter and my father. I am ashamed of my unfairness."

RUSSELL'S THIRD WIFE helped him with his writing, not as a collaborator in pamphleteering as Dora had been, but as an assistant who provided an element of historical scholarship which Russell himself lacked. *Freedom and Organization*, which is perhaps the best book he wrote in the 1930s, owes a great deal to her, since it is largely an exercise in the history of ideas designed to illustrate what Russell thought of as an anti-Marxist argument, namely that the thoughts of individuals govern, and are not governed by, historical trends and structures. The interest of this book rests largely in *Ideengeschichte* rather than "philosophy of history."

RUSSELL REACHED A WIDER AUDIENCE with such books as *The Conquest of Happiness* and other writings in the field of morals. One can, of course, write about morals at different levels, and Russell was unusual in having the professional competence to be in turn a moral philosopher, a moralist, and a moral legislator. The trouble is that there are contradictions and incoherences between his different writings.

As a moral philosopher, Russell subscribed to the more or less standard emotivist view that no moral utterance is true or false but is merely the proclamation of a personal preference. As a moralist, he put forward a form of utilitarianism according to which "good" means that which promotes happiness (or what he sometimes called, vaguely, "value"): the merit of an act thus being judged in terms of consequence. The analysis of "right" (a word Russell did not care for) was reduced to the explanation of "good." As a moral legislator, Russell asserted that every man should be willing to put the happiness of others before his own happiness. As a political polemicist he even invoked a doctrine of natural law. What he said with one voice was at odds with what he said with another. It may be added in his defence that he was aware that something was wrong. As late as 1957, Russell wrote to *The Observer* in reply to a review by Philip Toynbee of his *Why I am Not a Christian*, saying:

> "What Mr Toynbee says in criticism of any views on ethics has my entire sympathy. I find my own views argumentatively irrefutable, but nevertheless incredible. I do not know the solution."

Russell's views on politics, and especially on what was for him the central problem of war, became after 1930 no less paradoxical. For although Russell wrote pacifist pamphlets, and joined Dick Sheppard, Middleton Murry, and Aldous Huxley in supporting a pacifist movement, his confidence was less based on the efficacy of non-violent resistance than on reconciliation with Germany (his old 1914 line), something very like the policy promoted by Chamberlain and Halifax under the name of Appeasement. Hitler's refusal to be appeased left Russell in an even more awkward predicament than it left the appeasers: in the sense that having called upon England to disarm, Russell naturally hesitated to call upon England to fight —especially as he had already evacuated himself and his family by 1939 to California.

His daughter says that while she herself was convinced at the time by the arguments of Russell's pacifist book *Which Way to Peace?* (written in 1936), her father was not. "He never allowed *Which Way to Peace?* to be reprinted, feeling that it was insincere. He had no objection to reprints of books maintaining views he had since abandoned, but this one maintained a view he had not really had even while he was writing it."

At all events, Russell in America lived very uncomfortably with himself when the Second War broke out; and his family found no joy in their refuge. "We were all unhappy in Los Angeles," writes Lady Katharine, "and we all *meant* to help each other, but what we understood by helping was not to complain about our personal troubles to others." She found herself growing more distant from her father.

RUSSELL HAD OBTAINED a university post at UCLA, which was in many ways uncongenial; he

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resigned in 1940 to take what promised to be a more attractive post at City College in New York, and it was this appointment which was annulled by the Courts because of Russell's "immoral publications." A celebrated, and unpleasant case in the history of academic freedom, it left Russell stranded in America, in the middle of a War, with no money and no job, but with several dependents, including two children of college age. No university dared, and few editors desired, to employ him. And although by this time Russell had decided to come out publicly in support of the War against Hitler, the British Government showed no eagerness to offer him war work. His third marriage was beginning to show signs of failure. Then, when his luck was at its lowest, he was offered a very generous contract to work for the Barnes Foundation in Philadelphia, where, surrounded by a magnificent collection of French Impressionist paintings, Russell gave popular lectures on the Great Philosophers of the Western Tradition. Judging by the book which came out of them, *The History of Western Philosophy*, they cannot have been very good lectures. Albert Barnes, who was never easily pleased for long, began to grumble. When Russell gave lectures at other places, and broke what Barnes considered Russell's gentleman's agreement to lecture for his Foundation alone, Russell was dismissed. Russell sued Barnes successfully; but his dismissal prompted him to quit America and return to England. His son, having by this time joined the Royal Navy, found somewhere for him to live in London. Then Trinity College restored him to his Fellowship; his daughter left Radcliffe to work for the Ministry of Information in Bloomsbury; and the family was reunited on native soil.

IT WAS AT THIS STAGE IN HIS LIFE that Russell entered for a time the British Establishment. He was never in demand as a Wartime propagandist because he was too open in declaring his disapproval of "the great ally", the Soviet Union: but once the War was won, the way was clear for him to become a star of the BBC, a Nobel Laureate, and an O.M.

His political opinions then went through a series of transformations which are not always easy to record, partly because it was difficult at the time to understand exactly what he was thinking. Immediately after the War, he suggested that the United States might use its monopoly of nuclear weapons to impose a World Government on any régime, such as the Soviet Union, which might resist the idea. Mr Clark, who is always very fair and thorough in his treatment of Russell's politics, says that nowhere

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> "did Russell urge the starting of preventative war . . . nevertheless emphasis on the obvious fact that a war before Russia had nuclear weapons would be less disastrous than a war afterwards was perilously close to it."

I myself remember a conversation with Russell at this time. He denied that he was advocating "preventive war", he said he simply wanted the Americans to make the utmost use of their nuclear monopoly to thwart Communist aggression. The Rooseveltian policy of appeasing Stalin seemed to him idiotic in the light of past experience of appeasing Hitler; and at that time Russell felt that Stalinism was almost as bad as Hitlerism. I also remember the bitter contempt with which he spoke then of Kingsley Martin and other such champions of "friendship with Russia." Russell said unambiguously then that nuclear war would be preferable to world domination by the Communists. What he would not say plainly is whether he favoured using the American superior force to drive the Communists out of the positions they then held.

The next time I saw Russell he had changed his mind completely. The Russians then had the Bomb, and "nuclear war" no longer meant nuclear bombs being used by the Americans against the Soviet Union without the risk of nuclear retaliation, but the almost certain use of nuclear weapons by the Soviet Union against Western Europe. Russell argued from the middle 1950s onwards that the possession of nuclear weapons by Great Britain provided no defence for that country against Soviet bombs, but only served to make Great Britain a defenceless target for such bombs. For a time, at any rate, he held that the American bomb was an effective deterrent: only he claimed that the British bomb added nothing to that deterrent power. He said it simply put the British Isles in line to receive the first strike: if Great Britain had no bomb, one of the two super-powers would receive the blow instead. British safety was to be found in some sort of nuclear neutrality. This thought led Russell to play a leading part in the Nuclear Disarmament Campaign, first in a popular legal protest movement and then in a smaller, and very unpopular, organisation which advocated civil disobedience in the furtherance of its ends.

THUS IT CAME ABOUT that Russell ceased toward the end of his life to be the Establishment figure he had become, happily resumed his old role of champion of dissent, and actually landed himself once more in prison. Russell's association with fellow-travellers in the nuclear disarmament movement fairly quickly produced a change of heart towards Communism. Turning bitterly against America, he became a fervent champion of Ho Chi Minh and the cause of the Viet Cong in the Viet Nam War. A fourth marriage—once again to an American Quaker—had brought to his house a certain tranquillity becoming to his age, but Russell put a stop to that by taking on an aggressive young left-wing secretary named Ralph Schoenmann, who organised his life for him, kept his friends away from him, and endeavoured to press advice upon the rulers of the world in the name of the nonagenarian sage. Mr Schoenmann was so maladroit in all he did that he was widely believed in left-wing circles to have been planted by the CIA in Russell's household in order to bring his activities into disrepute. The War Crimes Tribunal which Russell instituted with the aid of Jean-Paul Sartre to investigate alleged offences against natural law committed by the forces of the South (but not the North) in the Viet Nam War was wholly counter-productive, making it harder, not easier, for the real atrocities of that war to be disclosed. In his last months, Russell repudiated his secretary: but he did not live long enough to banish fully the shadow which that unfortunate connection has cast upon his image.

Even so, the failure of Russell as a peace-maker cannot simply be blamed on Schoenmann. Russell's efforts were vitiated by his own fickleness of character. The "dovish" side of his nature wanted to be a mediator, but the "hawkish" side was eager for battle. In the frontier war between China and India he made serious efforts to make himself acceptable to both sides. Indeed at a certain critical moment of relations between Soviet Russia and America, he was able to persuade both Kennedy and Khrushchev to read his letters; and Khrushchev even brought Russell into the picture when he decided to step back from the brink in Cuba. But Russell simply could not sustain the role of the impartial broker. Having attacked Russia in uncompromising terms in the 1940s, he began in the 1960s to attack America and the NATO allies with even more intemperance: "Kennedy and Macmillan are more wicked than Hitler", he said at a CND meeting.

> "We cannot obey these murderers. They are wicked and abominable. They are the wickedest people that ever lived in the history of man."

With words such as these Russell disqualified himself as a peace-maker; and in the Viet Nam War he did not even propose mediation between the parties, but fully supported the invasion of the South by the North, and looked forward to seeing the Communists achieve a total victory. To anxious scientists, and others who worked for

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nuclear arms limitations by agreement between the super-powers, Russell's activities were more of an embarrassment than an aid: the champion of Reason was undermining reasonableness, even as the founder of a Peace Foundation was encouraging war.

UNTIL HIS EARLY NINETIES, at any rate, Russell remained extraordinarily youthful and lively, and he was marvellously good company. His conversation was even more heavily spiced with malice. I remember his being especially unkind in words about such people as Gilbert Ryle (chiefly, I suspect, because he realised that Ryle was a much better philosophical stylist than he was), about T. S. Eliot (Russell feeling guilty, no doubt, because he had seduced Eliot's first wife and added to her miseries), and Cyril Joad (whose decline into a potboiling hack was a fate Russell once feared awaited himself). But in his deeds Russell was a model of kindness to one and all, except perhaps to those who felt themselves entitled to more than kindness.

His daughter pays tribute to his generosity. After her conversion (one might have predicted it) to Christianity, Lady Katharine decided to train to be a missionary. Russell had the wry pleasure of paying for her theological college fees out of the royalties of his anti-Christian writings.

> "This prompted me to write to him [Lady Katharine writes] that I thought God must be amused by the irony of the situation. He wrote back to say that he didn't know about God, but certainly the officials of the Bank of England, whose permission he needed to send me money, had been very much amused."

UNTIL A VERY LATE AGE, Russell continued to publish books in the field of pure philosophy, but they were marginal works and added little to what others were doing. Even so, it must be remembered that those other men were continuing work which Russell had initiated. If he was no longer the central figure in European philosophy that he had been as a younger man, it was because he had been upstaged by the achievements of his pupils and his juniors, and not only because his own work in the field had diminished in quality.

It is much more difficult to judge the contribution Russell made to the reform of morals and politics—or to "peace", a concept he understood in a variety of ways. But he was undoubtedly what is known as a "personality" in the theatre of public controversy for 56 of the 98 years he spent in this world. The limelight was one thing that kept him from the darkness of his inner solitude, where God was dead and mere mortals had no place.

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Psychological Warfare

Evidence & Objectivity—By LIAM HUDSON

IN PSYCHOLOGY, the last twelve months have seemed rather quiet. Publishers continue to flood the market with texts that parcel the subject up from every conceivable point of vantage. But the chances of learning anything exciting from these seem more slender each year. Even when the title page bears a famous name, you cannot help suspecting that, once again, the text has been cobbled together for the great man by his research students; and that the driving impetus behind its production has been commercial rather than conceptual.

Here and there, it is true, significant encroachments have been made on our ignorance about human nature; but the most interesting development over the last 18 months or so has been the publication of evidence about what gifted psychologists themselves are like—about what happens when one human being sets out to make systematic sense of his neighbours. Two books have been especially illuminating. Both are critical, and have even been construed in certain sensitive quarters as destructively so. They deal, in other words, with what can go wrong as well as what can go right; but have light to shed none the less.

The first is Paul Roazen's *Freud and his Followers*.[1] Let me say at once that, in my judgment, this is an important work rather than a particularly distinguished one: worth reading for the nest of unexamined presuppositions it breaks open rather than for the precision or fastidiousness with which it does the breaking. What Roazen attempts is to write the first history of Freudian psychoanalysis that is not conceived in Freud's own terms; and he does this on the basis of interviews with the many survivors, and of a scrutiny of the papers of Freud's official biographer, Ernest Jones.

Freud emerges from Roazen's pages—as he emerged from Jones's—as a great man: someone of prodigious force of personality, and blessed with a speculative intelligence of a very high order indeed. But Roazen also makes it clear, as Jones did not, that the growth of orthodox Freudian psychoanalysis was an intensely political process; a struggle to impose one reading of appearances at the expense of all others. To make sense of the passions that coursed around that group of explorers in Vienna, we have to conceive of the growing body of psychoanalytic belief as though it were a living body—a body of precious insight that had to be defended against the depredations of the confused and perverse. It also had to be defended from defectors: men like Jung, Adler, Stekel, and Rank, originally within the fold, but whose views eventually diverged from those of Freud himself.

THERE IS MUCH THAT IS IMPRESSIVE in Roazen's account; but much, too, that is shocking. I was shocked, for instance, by the passage in which Roazen describes Freud's establishment of a secret committee, as early as 1913, comprising Sachs, Rank, Ferenczi, Abraham, and Jones, which had the expressed purpose of purging the movement of unorthodox belief: that is to say, of the beliefs of Jung, Adler and Stekel. The idea seems originally to have been Jones's, but Freud's response was enthusiastic, stressing that the committee would have to be "strictly secret in its existence and in its actions." After the War, he wrote to Jones: "your intention to purge the London Society of the Jungish members is excellent"; and in private he continued to complain—apparently without justice—of Jung's "lies, brutality, and anti-Semitic condescension" towards him.

Of course, it is a prediction from Freud's theory of infantile sexuality that the theory itself will generate profound resistances. If the doctrine is true then the history of schism within the psychoanalytic movement is itself further evidence of that truth. Such secret committees, such purging and impugning, may in any case be part and parcel of revolutionary thought in any sphere. But the spirit rebels at the thought of such machinations in the establishment of a body of knowledge that aspires to the status of impersonal truth.

The attack of the orthodox—notably Jones and Abraham—on Rank's eventual deviation from the Freudian line seems particularly revealing in this respect, Jones putting it about that Rank was suffering a form of psychosis. The reason for Rank's expulsion lay in his theory of birth trauma,

[1] *Freud and his Followers*. By PAUL ROAZEN. Alfred A. Knopf, $17.95; Allen Lane, £10.

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which carried with it the implication that all mental conflicts concerned the relation of the child to its mother. Offered by Rank in the early 1920s, this emphasis on the paramount influence of the mother conflicted with Freud's emphasis on the father, and on the anxieties surrounding the threat of castration. Since then, however, it is an emphasis on the mother that has become part of the orthodox canon—endorsed, for example, in the writings of Erikson, Winnicott and Bowlby—while Freud's concern with the father and with castration has slipped into limbo, becoming part of the discipline's paleontology. It is at least arguable, then, that the sin of a man like Rank was that of being too quick: of anticipating the orthodoxy of subsequent generations—and in so doing, threatening the preponderant authority of Freud himself.

WHETHER SUCH QUESTIONS of orthodoxy have any legitimate place in an evolving body of thought is an issue that we have only just begun to grapple with. Stanley Milgram, whose somewhat macabre experiments on obedience have recently been published in book form,[2] argues that this quality provides "the psychological mechanism that links individual action to political purpose. It is the dispositional cement that binds men to systems of authority." But it is another question whether such systems of authority have a useful part to play in the minds of scientists and scholars—and if so, what that part is.

Historians of the physical sciences like Thomas Kuhn have shown that orthodoxies exist among physical scientists; but in these established forms of science, belief—whether orthodox or heretical—exists in a reassuring state of friction with stringent public criteria of truth. In the aspirant sciences like psychology, however, the position is murkier. No such public criteria of relevance or truth can be agreed upon. Consequently, the possibility must exist that it is Freud's ideas, rather than those of certain defectors, that now form the heart of the psychoanalytic corpus, because Freud was (among much else) a propagandist of genius, whereas the others were not.

It may be that a degree of seignorial bullying and autocracy is necessary if any set of ideas is to be formulated and systematically explored. And that the normal progress of any aspiring science consists in a dialectical battle between opposed orthodoxies, all of which are based at root on intuition. But the snag is that schools of thought in such disciplines characteristically

[2] *Obedience to Authority*. By STANLEY MILGRAM. Tavistock Publications, £2.50.

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address different issues in different ways, the consequence being a political free-for-all.

The drift of this argument is inexorable. It forces us back to the epistemological anxiety identified but not resolved by Jürgen Habermas—how, in principle, one interpretation of an individual's behaviour can be judged "better" than another. For 50 years or more, the pat answer has been we must go back to the "facts"; we must practise the "scientific method." But we are now beginning to discover that, when we do this, the embarrassments become more rather than less excruciating.

LEON KAMIN'S BOOK *The Science and Politics of I.Q.*[3] illustrates this vividly. In it, he reviews in great detail the evidence usually cited to show that differences in intelligence—especially racial differences—are largely genetically determined; and he pays particular attention to the part played in this debate by Sir Cyril Burt. The choice is historically significant, because Burt, in the course of his long life, stood at the heart of the scientific tradition in British psychology: the pupil of Galton and the teacher of Eysenck, the progenitor of a massive body of research, and a man who linked a genuine breadth of imagination to decent liberal sentiments.

For decades now, British academic psychology has been plagued with rumours about scientifically inclined psychologists who play fast and loose with their own statistics. But although acknowledged in his later years to have been somewhat high-handed and wilful, Burt was assumed to stand beyond the range of such recrimination. About Burt's "interest"—his fervour on the subject of the inheritance of intelligence—there could be no doubt. A vigorous opponent of "environmentalists", he was the begetter of that somewhat cranky organisation Mensa, believing, as Galton believed, that a nation must identify its natural aristocrats, those born with high IQs.

Burt is now dead, and his life's work would no doubt have stood undisturbed had not his evidence about identical twins reared apart proved vital to the debate in the United States about the genetic inferiority of the black race. Not only was his a largish sample of such cases, accumulated over the years; it was the only one in which precautions had been taken about the socio-economic status of the homes in which the separated twins were reared. (Without such data, the genetic and environmental explanations are of course confounded.) Burt's data were used, notably by Arthur Jensen, to press the claim that individual differences in IQ showed a "heritability" of approximately 80%, the influence of the environment being consequently slight. This claim was then used in its turn—quite fallaciously—to support policies of racial segregation in education.

NOT SURPRISINGLY, a number of people have been led to probe the evidence itself, Kamin among them. The method he used was simple. He looked closely at what Burt had himself published. What he unearthed is, in the context of a great psychologist's life's work, a catalogue of horror analogous to the revelations about Sir Arthur Evans's archaeological techniques in Crete. It became clear, for example, that in his successive publications Burt's sample sizes altered substantially—usually increasing, but in at least one case, decreasing—without the resulting correlation coefficients changing, even in the third place of decimals. His testing and assessment procedures were nowhere clearly described; and the weightings and adjustments he applied to test scores were nowhere specified, yet altered from one publication to the next. In exasperation, Kamin concludes that "the numbers left behind by Professor Burt are simply not worthy of our current scientific attention."

He then goes on to dismantle other primary sources that bear on the heritability of intelligence, and dwells at some length on the fallibility of the secondary sources—notably Jensen. The view he reaches is that "there exist no data which should lead a prudent man to accept the hypothesis that IQ test scores are in any degree heritable."

With this, as it happens, I concur. Intelligence may or may not be to some degree heritable; we just don't know. The evidence is either irrelevant or inadequate. What Kamin does not dwell on is the extent to which, especially in the work of an old man—Burt was 72 when his first serious paper on twins was published—we are all in effect secondary sources when we refer to our own earlier research. Anyone who has done quantitative research for even a decade knows this. The discrepancies between our recollection of our findings and what we actually published are often gross and disconcerting. When an interpretative scheme begins to exert its grip on our imagination, old findings slip with dangerous spontaneity into the niches this provides.

IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING that Kamin's analysis has been attacked as partial, which in the nature of such an undertaking it is bound to be. But his

[3] *The Science and Politics of I.Q.* By LEON J. KAMIN. Halsted Press, John Wiley & Sons, $10.95, £5.90.

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demolition of Burt's contribution to this topic seems comprehensive. And, beyond our blushes, what can we say? Our first response is to stand aghast, and to construe Kamin's revelations as an academic scandal. But that is to miss their real point. The implication of Kamin's story, like Roazen's, is general, and is not restricted to psychology or to psychologists: it embraces everyone who cares sufficiently deeply about a topic to exercise his intelligence systematically upon it. It concerns the extreme difficulty we experience as a species in combining commitment with dispassion.

When we are in the grip of a strongly held belief, we may well find that we have shuffled numbers into places where they look appropriate: not because we are rogues, but because human intelligence and human recollection are deeply fallible mechanisms. The more nearly our belief approximates to a passion, the greater our unconscious impulse to mould evidence will become—and in the case of the famous, the dangers are all the greater, because there will be no one sitting at their elbows, in a position to check them. Little wonder, then, at what Kamin found: primary sources in disarray, and secondary ones chaotic.

IN OUR EFFORTS to tell the truth about human nature, we embroil ourselves in uncomfortable conflict. We are required, at one and the same time, to give a convincing intellectual performance, *and* to meet requirements that are ethical—not just to inspire trust, but to deserve it. This is as true of a Freud or a Burt as it is of a Roazen or a Kamin. Their professional utterances are performances that we judge by the same sort of criteria that we use in judging an actor or a novelist:[4] by the conviction, weight and sweep of what they have to say. But we also demand of them that their argument rest on evidence; and that—consciously or unconsciously—this has not been fudged.

The purist may protest that all academic writing should be judged by this second "objective" standard before its more dramaturgic virtues are considered. And obviously, we try. But we know two things about such sifting: that the flood of publication makes it quite impractical—it is something we only occasionally attempt. And that when we buckle down to it from time to time, the result is almost always bathetic. The truth of the matter is that, in practice,

[4] See Lyman & Scott, *The Drama of Social Reality*, reviewed on p. 87.

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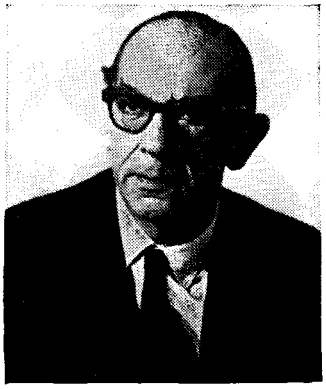

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psychologists normally evaluate each other's work dramaturgically—not by what it proves, but by the prospect of illumination that it seems to provide.

Does it follow that we are doomed to wallow for ever in a state of relativism, one academic showman against another? I do not think so. But in stepping clear of our present muddle, we are going to need two aids that we now lack. The first is a natural history of temptation: an account of the ways in which experimenters can coerce their own evidence, and an analysis of the grey borderline between coercions of evidence that are justifiable and those that are not. The second is a language with which we can talk about the dramatic aspects of academic performance; about the variety of shows that trained academics can put on for one another, some popular but ham, others more discriminating. Armed with these two items of conceptual apparatus we may begin to resolve the great mystery of what endures in a discipline like psychology, and why.

The Minefields of Moral Philosophy

Oakeshott, Hampshire, Kenny—By G. J. Warnock

WHAT IS GOING ON in moral philosophy? A first impression, from a survey of recent books lying more or less within that territory, might suggest that nothing much is. Not that the books in question are not good books; and probably their proper place on reading-lists, or in library catalogues, would indeed be under the general heading "moral philosophy." But none, as one cannot help noticing, is about *morality*.

It is not merely an accident of timing that no book directly and centrally about morality has happened to turn up in the latest batch of publications. The fact is that philosophers—or at any rate philosophers writing in English—have become increasingly disposed to question whether "morality" is really a clear or even an interesting notion at all, and increasingly disposed, in consequence, *not* to make moral concepts, moral reasoning, moral judgment the central topics of writing on "moral" philosophy.

That might seem surprising. For do we not all think—or at least say that we think—that morality, moral principles, moral issues are pre-eminently *important*? And don't we all think we at least know what we are talking about, in saying so? Kant certainly took the overwhelming importance of morality to be obvious and his critics and expositors have very seldom felt it necessary even to raise the question why he thought so. But there seem to be at least two ways, neither unpersuasive, in which one might come to think quite differently about this.

First: it is presumably true that moral questions form a sub-set of questions about what ought to be done. If it is true that this sub-set is specially important, we surely ought to know what is distinctive about it, and in what its importance consists. But do we? It is partly that there seems to be too much uncertainty and argument about what is or is not a "moral issue"—a degree of vagueness, also, which leaves it pretty unclear what such argument should be about; and partly that, if one does come up with some principle of distinction, it may remain unclear why what is so distinguished is any more interesting or important than other questions are. (Some suggest that the feeling of the special importance of morality is a mere hangover from once-potent systems of religious belief that are nowadays moribund—a feeling, that is, for which one could not give good reason; others, that a special concern with the individual moral conscience is little more than a symptom of the middle-class, individualistic, unpoliticised outlook of most moral philosophers.)

But, second: it may also be held, either alternatively or in addition, that morality, moral judgment, belongs inside a wider subject—practical reasoning in general, or evaluation in general, or what it is for rational beings to engage in any sort of rational agency; and that, even if moral judgment, moral conduct, were a distinct and important species within that wider topic, one should be clear about the genus as a whole if there is to be much hope of reaching clarity about its sub-departments. Either or both of these attitudes now make philosophers wary of taking on *morality* as the sole or even central concern of "moral philosophy."

MICHAEL OAKESHOTT'S *On Human Conduct*[1] is not, as it happens, a particularly felicitous instance of this, since it is, notwithstanding its title, too far away from moral philosophy, perhaps even from philosophy, to be well illustrative of what

[1] *On Human Conduct*. By MICHAEL OAKESHOTT. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press, £5.75, $18.50.

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moral philosophers are apt nowadays to be concerned with. There is rather brief mention of "moral rules" as essential constituents of "the civil condition"; but description of that (ideal) condition, and of the ways in which, and reasons for which, modern states do not, or uneasily and imperfectly do, manage to exemplify it, is the principal topic. The reason why I say, perhaps tendentiously, that the book is also not quite philosophy is that it contains almost nothing in the way of *argument*. Although there is a great deal of abstract, and even more straight historical, musing and reflection, the mode is not that of dialectic but of mellifluous, eloquent assertion.

This, too, is not accidental—it is not that Professor Oakeshott has left the arguments unstated, but that his theory of the enterprise does not call for arguments to be produced. One is not —I think the theory goes—arguing one's way to any new discoveries, any novel conclusions. It is more a matter of raising into explicit consciousness, of coming to see with a new lucidity, what was there, and what one knew to begin with.

But is that not philosophy? Philosophers, of course, may reflect that they have heard this before, and in the most highly approved philosophical quarters. Did not Wittgenstein say that the proper method of philosophy is description, not argument, and its outcome that of achieving "a clear view" of what was really known to begin with, and not in dispute? There is surely a difference. Wittgenstein did not really think that no arguments were necessary in order to *achieve* a clear view, to *find out* what it really is that one "knows." Though he often argued elliptically and even elusively, it is usually possible to work out what the argument was. Nor, one imagines, would he have thought it a promising project merely to expose or even to elucidate a body of opinions in so essentially contested an arena as that of political ideas. Most philosophers, confronted with a text that not merely appears to disavow argument theoretically, but actually contains almost no argument at all, will feel that some accustomed element of their trade is missing.

DR NAJDER'S book, *Values and Evaluation*,[2] very clearly and quite deliberately locates moral judgment as a part, though a conspicuous part, of the wider activity of evaluation in general. He is interested in, among other things, aesthetics and literary criticism. He is not *particularly* interested in morality, and indeed is one of those who hints at a sociological explanation of the too-exclusive moral concerns of recent British philosophers. An earlier version of the book was written in Polish, and published in Warsaw in 1971. It is, nevertheless, an able analytical essay in a manner immediately familiar to those whose main philosophical diet is in English—though valuably distinguished by its multilingual breadth of reference, and by awareness of both the theories and practice of historians and social scientists.

It seems to me to go badly askew only at the end—when, having proposed certain conclusions as to the definition of value and the structure of evaluative reasoning, Dr Najder comes to what he calls "the choice of values." What he says here is also not unfamiliar—our old friend "prescriptivism", after all, has always insisted that what we ultimately, essentially, do with values is to *choose* them. But I find myself now completely unable to grasp what this exercise is supposed to —or possibly could—consist in. Dr Najder describes it as "the most difficult and arduous of human tasks." So should we not, even if we cannot do it very well, at least know what it is? Do we know? *When* do we "choose values", and how could we? What would it be like to have no

[2] *Values and Evaluations*. By Z. NAJDER. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press, £4.50, $11.75.

CONCEPTS AND MECHANISMS OF PERCEPTION

R. L. Gregory

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values—or rather, since I dare say that inarticulate infants could probably be said to have no values, what would it be like both to have no values and to be at the same time capable of choosing such things? And how, if such a predicament were really conceivable, could any choice then made be other than quite arbitrary?

On this matter it seems to me that an Oakeshott-like position makes much better sense. There is indeed plenty of room for reflection (and argument) about values, but the object and outcome of that is not to *choose* some values, but to find out what the values one *has* really are. The pertinent question is not what I should choose to value, but what I really do value—and, incidentally, could not just choose *not* to value. I am not sure quite what it is that leads people to talk here, so inappropriately, of choice. But I suspect two things: first, it may fallaciously be supposed that, since one's values might admittedly have been other than they are, one must have *chosen* to have the particular lot that one has; and, second, since of course we do have to choose what to do, and even to that extent how to live, one may be swept along into the further supposition that we *also* have to choose the values in the light of which those other, and actual, choices are made. But I think we no more choose what to value than we choose what to believe.

DR KENNY, IN HIS ADMIRABLY sharp-edged book,[3] impinges upon, or even approaches, moral philosophy only in so far as he is partly concerned with the nature of practical reasoning (in general), and even more concerned with the nature and exercise of "the will" and "what we mean when we speak of the freedom of the will." His account of these matters is impressively developed out of the tradition of Aristotle and Aquinas, with full benefit of the best of contemporary refinements. (Is it relevant to observe that this is *not* a Puritan tradition? For does not any well-trained Puritan child learn in the nursery that "I want . . ." cannot be, as Kenny says that it can, an acceptable reason for action? But let us not over-simplify.) In a book which packs an immense amount of food for thought into not many pages, there is included a fascinating survey of some recent wrestlings of lawyers with their bugbear, *intention*. In a chapter called "The Imperative Theory of the Will", Kenny returns to his own earlier book *Action, Emotion and Will* (1963)—returning to his Volit, if so dubious an in-joke is pardonable—partly to correct and partly to defend. Here I found myself unable to repress critical doubts—partly because the imperative theory seems sometimes to involve forcing upon volitional attitudes forms of expression which are disquietingly unnatural, and rather more from the feeling that the imperative mood is itself too puzzling, too imperfectly understood, to be relied on as a means of elucidating anything else. So I find it unclear what the imperative theory is *for*. Assimilations help when they assimilate the more to the less perplexing. But fiats are, to me, no less perplexing than the will is.

Kenny's conclusion is cautious. He does not claim to have shown that determinism and freedom of the will are compatible, or that—as has probably been more commonly believed—they are incompatible; he concludes only that their incompatibility is unproven. But he asks also why that question should so confidently be taken to be pressing from the conviction that determinism at any rate is certainly or even very probably true. Why should we think so? Austin did not think that we ought to be cowed by science into assuming that there *has* to be "an explanation of everything"; and Kenny commends him for taking that resistant line. It is clear that a certain ideal of scientific explanation has—comparatively recently—proved strikingly successful in the explanation of physical phenomena. But is that fact more impressive, Kenny asks, than its total *lack* of success in explaining "any psychological phenomenon which would have been regarded as voluntary in the time of Aristotle"? That is not, one may think, obscurantism, but refreshing good sense.

STUART HAMPSHIRE'S *Freedom of the Individual*,[4] first published in 1965, reappears in a new edition with an added final chapter. Here, too, the tone is cautious. Hampshire says of strictly scientific explanations of human behaviour that "there are no good *a priori* grounds for doubting that such explanations may be found." One may take it that Kenny would agree with this; he would not claim that determinism in this area—or, therefore, that sort of scientific explanation—could be ruled out on *a priori* grounds.

It could be said that the general outcome of Hampshire's careful reflections is that "strictly scientific" explanations—the sort of explanations one would give of the workings of a machine—do not fit in with, could not be stated in, are not even straightforwardly inconsistent with what he calls the commonplace terminology in which

[3] *Will, Freedom and Power*. By ANTHONY KENNY. Basil Blackwell, £6.

[4] *Freedom of the Individual*. By STUART HAMPSHIRE. New edition, Chatto & Windus, £3.

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human doings—and above all one's own by oneself—are ordinarily described, criticised, predicted, explained, and so on. He is more inclined than Kenny to think that this may, in a sense, be *just* a matter of terminology—that what there really is, what is really going on, may *really be* a machine-like, deterministic succession of states, even if to describe and understand it as such, strictly scientifically, there would be needed some radically different and new terminology, not capable of playing at all the same role as the commonplace terminology which, with minor variations, all natural languages contain. Hampshire seems to think this quite likely to be true, while Kenny is both less interested in the speculation and more inclined to think that it may well be false; Hampshire would rather *like* it to be true, while Kenny would not. But perhaps it is wrong to indulge in this sort of guesswork on questions as to which both authors prefer to be guarded.

Both books are wholly admirable and exemplary in their recognition of complexity, and in the subtlety and care with which they wend their way through complexities. They would be salutary reading for those who have been overimpressed by the flat, no-nonsense modernism on this topic of, pre-eminently, B. F. Skinner. It is all very well, in one's best scientific white coat, to go charging ahead "beyond freedom and dignity." But if the ground one goes charging across is actually a minefield, there is everything to be said for more circumspection in picking one's way.

Private Selves, Social Masks

On Social Interaction—By ALAN RYAN

"Tell me [said Don Quixote], have you not seen some comedy in which kings, emperors, pontiffs, knights, ladies, and numerous other characters are introduced? One plays the ruffian, another the cheat, this one a merchant and that one a soldier. . . . Yet when the play is over and they have taken off their players' garments, all the actors are once more equal."

"Yes", replied Sancho, "I have seen all that."

"Well", continued Don Quixote, "the same thing happens in the comedy and the intercourse of this world, where some play the part of emperors, others that of pontiffs—in short, all the characters that a drama may have—but when it is all over, that is to say, when life is done, death takes from each the garb that differentiates him, and all are at last equal in the grave."

"It is a fine comparison", Sancho admitted, "though not so new but that I have heard it many times before."

IT IS NOT EXACTLY A COMPLAINT against *The Drama of Social Reality*[1] that Professors Lyman and Scott get no further than their splendid epigraph from Cervantes; but the fact is that those of us who want to know how far we can press the view that all the world's a stage will put down their latest essay unsatisfied. Ever since Erving Goffman became a name for philosophers to conjure with, the question has arisen of where we should draw the line between description and metaphor.

From *The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life* onwards, Goffman has talked of our use of a "backstage" area in which we rehearse the "roles" we are to play in public, and has drawn attention to the way we employ our "public" appearances to enhance that private, behind the scenes self. And in his descriptions of people engaged in everyday tasks of one kind and another, Goffman shows how they "act" their cooperative ventures in ways which sometimes enhance the performance of the task in hand, sometimes serve to protect the participants from imputations of inadequacy, whether moral or technical, when the venture goes wrong and so on. Yet Goffman has always backed away from asking us to take the dramatic metaphor too literally:

> The claim that all the world's a stage is sufficiently commonplace for readers to be familiar with its limitations and tolerant of its presentation, knowing that at any time they will easily be able to demonstrate to themselves that it is not to be taken too seriously.

But Lyman and Scott commit themselves to the view that what they, following Kenneth Burke, term the "dramatistic" account of social life is literally true; the question whether this entails that all the social world *is* a stage of some sort is not answered by this confession of allegiance, however. For anyone who follows their allegiance back to Burke[2] will find that the

[1] *The Drama of Social Reality*. By STANFORD M. LYMAN and MARVIN B. SCOTT. Oxford University Press, £4.75, $8.95.

[2] Kenneth Burke, "Dramatism", *International Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences* (1972).

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"dramatistic" perspective is little more than the claim that human beings are agents, who act for reasons, those reasons being elicited by reference to their motives, and the setting within which they act. The thrust of Burke's argument is only that human actions are not mere movements, that we need, therefore, to assume as an *ontological* matter that the world contains *actors* and *acts* and *scenes*, as well as things which move in accordance with the laws of physics.

This leaves it entirely open whether we can discover some general theory of human motivation which we can employ to explain particular pieces of social interaction. On the face of it, Burke's insistence that there *really are* social actors is as compatible with the claim that all social encounters are a form of economic exchange as with the claim that they are *dramas*. Of course, Burke insists on the role of symbols in social interaction; but this, too, applies as readily to economics as to the drama. In an economic exchange, the parties to the exchange require some way of symbolising an intention to exchange goods or services with one another, some way of symbolising their agreement to the terms of the exchange. Like everyone else, Burke insists on the role of language in social interaction—but it is certainly true of economic activity that we would find it impossible to operate effectively in the absence of such linguistic devices as the promise and analogous verbal formulae which allow us to bind ourselves to perform in a particular way.

LYMAN AND SCOTT, at any rate, proceed from the drama to social reality and then from social reality to the dramaturgical metaphors of Freud, Goffman, Mead and others. The first half of *The Drama of Social Reality* consists of an analysis of the sociological implications of four Shakespeare plays—*Macbeth, Hamlet, Troilus and Cressida,* and *Antony and Cleopatra*. The author's intention is to uncover the sociological implications of these plays—though it's not entirely clear whether this is to be construed as an exercise in discovering what Shakespeare thought about such issues as modernisation and bureaucratic rationality or as a piece of sociological analysis applied to a fictitious situation, as it were taking it that something is rotten in the hypothesised Danish state and performing a "thought-experiment" to find out what. As a contribution to the understanding of Shakespeare, *The Drama of Social Reality* does not tell us very much that we did not know already—but I am more than ready to admit that this may express nothing more than my feeling that I can draw sociological morals from Shakespeare without help, and that what we illiterates need is close analysis of how the words work rather than, say, instruction in how to employ Talcott Parsons' "pattern-variables" in describing the contrasting characters of Antony and Octavius.

The flavour of the book is neatly caught in the passage where Lyman and Scott describe the defeat of the Egyptian cause as "a shift from the traditional-charismatic to the legal-bureaucratic. It is the turn of the civilisational screw towards the beginnings of the modern world." Thus far Max Weber; now for Parsons.

> In the language of the contemporary sociologist Talcott Parsons, Antony agonizes within himself over the warring thrusts and parries of "the pattern variables" that contradict one another in whole cultures. These are the conflicts between the "affective neutrality" appropriate to business, bureaucracy, and politics and the emotional "expressiveness" appropriate to love, intimacy, and camaraderie; the "particularism" that refuses to compare things and the "universalism" that reduces all things to general categories. . . . All these well-known sociological dichotomies are presented and personified in *Antony and Cleopatra:* here is Shakespeare's macro-sociology.

It is, no doubt, true enough that sociological morals can as well be drawn from plays as from real-life examples of political disaster, incompetent generalship, the blurring of the lines of command and so on. What one wants, however, is some account of why the dramatic form is peculiarly appropriate to enforcing these morals; and it can't be said that we get any such account here. The second part of *The Drama of Social Reality* amounts to a quick run through those elements of Freud, Mead and Goffman which are susceptible to a dramatistic reading. Freud and Mead both get credit for their insights into the extent to which social activities are rehearsed in the mind before being tried out on the public stage. In the analysis of Mead's work they do bring out his nice appreciation of the tension between the "I", which is elusive, unpredictable, innovative, and the "me" which is persistent, stolid, committed to being what it seems to outside observers to be.

IT IS, OF COURSE, Erving Goffman who has for years stood out as the master of the dramaturgical metaphor. In his most recent work, *Frame Analysis,*[3] he begins by fighting off the excessive enthusiasm for his methods with which some devotees have embarrassed him. Goffman sees that symbolic interaction is always liable to collapse into complete subjectivism—the man who *thinks* he's sane *is* as sane as anyone can be,

[3] *Frame Analysis.* By ERVING GOFFMAN. Harvard University Press, $12.50, (Europe) £7.45; Penguin, £3.

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or the man who is *thought* by everyone else to be mad *is* as mad as it's possible to be—and he is eager to insist that we exist in a world of real things, and events which it's not possible to interpret out of existence. *Frame Analysis* is, at its widest, a study of the ways in which we secure that only certain features of the environment are attended to, that only some of the things we are making happen count as *the* thing we are doing. "Framing" is how groups in face to face contact, or at any rate in communication, establish a framework of presuppositions which lend a given and undeniable intelligibility to what goes on within that framework.

I AM NOT SURE whether there is any general thesis underlying Goffman's arguments; the attractions of the book—and this is true of all his previous work—lie in the details. Goffman's flow of stories and illustrations is quite unstoppable and only in retrospect wears a slightly dubious air, as if he is trying to get us all to agree to something, even if none of us knows quite what. In the context of anxieties about how far we are to press the analogy between society and the theatre, Goffman is here concerned to show us how we make sure that what goes on on stage is "only play-acting." Thus he shows us the extent to which we concentrate on insulating what happens on stage from what goes on in the auditorium by reminding us of the ways a play is ruined if the audience joins in uninvited—as when a Miss Joyce Geller leaped on to the stage during a Broadway performance of *Look Back in Anger* and began to belabour Kenneth Haigh for his "adultery", or, even more entertainingly, as when a performance of *Paradise Now* was ruined by a member of the audience who did just what the cast encouraged him to do, and took off all his clothes with no signs of embarrassment, joining in all too effectively on the cast's side, and destroying their advantage over the audience.

There is a popular view that Goffman aids and abets the forces of social conservatism by concentrating on his small group studies. Here he revels in the accusation, and cheerfully claims that his essays ignore the major concerns of sociology, such as social structure, the distribution of power and so on. He makes a lighthearted stab at redeeming himself, by saying that if there is to be an awakening from false consciousness we ought to be aware of how deeply asleep we are. His job, however, is not to waken the sleeping, but to chronicle their slumbers. This seems faintly perverse. Goffman's sociology is interesting in the way it stresses the importance of the individual personality behind the social mask—the player behind the game. Sociologists can study the characteristics of the game and dramas in which we engage with each other, and these have their own rules, as chess has its own rules for success and failure. But the way each game is played depends not only on its rules but on the needs of the player—one cannot explain the differences between a game played by Bobby Fischer and a game played by the local chess-club "rabbit" by appealing to the conventions of chess.

In many ways, Goffman is a 20th-century moralist in the tradition of Montaigne; we are stuck with our private selves, whose needs are partly determined by our social dealings, but not wholly; we need, therefore, to be able both to take part and to hold aloof, to understand not only the demands of the roles we have to play, but how to preserve our inner selves from being swamped by those roles. It is an image quite different from that of asocial utilitarianism, which scarcely acknowledges the existence of social roles with their duties and rights, and that of "the over-socialised conception of man"[4] where individual character scarcely exists, and it is assumed that happiness in this world consists

[4] Dennis Wrong, "The Over-Socialised Concept of Man in Modern Sociology", *American Sociological Review* (1961).

Philosophical Books

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The May issue will carry a critical study of C. D. Broad's *Leibniz* by H. -N. Castaneda.

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in being conscientiously absorbed into the roles society asks us to fill.

IN A GENERAL WAY, Goffman, like Lyman and Scott, would be incomprehensible without the existence of the phenomenological tradition of both philosophical and sociological analysis. For here is one powerful source of the common concern with the devices by which we secure that situations come to wear an appearance, and to be encompassed within some description, which allows all participants to understand each other and their common environment. The contributors to Edo Pivcevic's *Phenomenology and Philosophical Understanding*[5] cover as wide a range of topics as that concern suggests. Mr Anthony Quinton takes us elegantly and clearly through the history of the term "phenomenon" at one end of the volume, while Wolfe Mays discusses the curious relationship between Sartre, Merleau-Ponty, and Marxism at the other. There seems, on Dr Mays' analysis, to be no particular and distinctive political stance which a phenomenological perspective forces upon a thinker, and Merleau-Ponty's liberalism seems no less consistent with his epistemological commitments than Sartre's earlier rejection and later acceptance of a sort of Marxism.

One phenomenological perspective examined here which does seem to be distinctive both in its philosophical style and in its moral and political commitments is that of Hegel's enigmatic masterpiece *The Phenomenology of Spirit*. Walter Kaufmann suggests that this tells us less about either phenomenology or Hegel's conception of phenomenology than we might hope; the term "phenomenology" hardly appears in the work, and the title was an afterthought attached to the book when it was going through the press. Of course, there is something to be said about why Hegel liked the title when it occurred to him, and in explaining what that is, Professor Kaufmann hints at a view of Hegel's philosophy which he has yet to develop fully. This is, roughly, that Hegel was torn between two models of philosophical exposition, one modelled on Kant's First Critique, the other on the *Bildungsroman*:

> we have two very different conceptions of phenomenology. The scientific conception (of the development of Spirit or *Geist* towards absolute knowledge) hinges on the claim that the succession of stages that are exhibited is necessary and complete, and also shown to be both. . . . The other conception of phenomenology is not stated by Hegel, but is implicit in the book. The *Phenomenology* is a loose series of imaginative and suggestive reflections on the life of the spirit. . . . Let us call the first conception "scientific" and the second "poetic."

It is to be hoped that Professor Kaufmann will eventually tell us in what the success or failure of a "poetic" phenomenology is to be sought. It is a commonplace that an important feature of Hegel's saga of spiritual, intellectual, and social progress is its affinity with older, overtly religious sagas of alienation and redemption; it would be good to have an account of those features which made Hegel's epic so persuasive to so many readers—perhaps, in particular, how its scientific pretensions add to its dramatic power.

ANYONE WHO WONDERS whether phenomenological or symbolic interactionist approaches to psychology and social psychology yield very much when applied to politics or other forms of large-scale social activity will find both Dr Hughes' and Dr Pettman's books modestly reassuring. Dr Hughes has set out to chip away at the rock face exposed by Theodor Adorno's *The Authoritarian Personality* and the methodological debate consequent on its publication. He is interested in the two major topics raised by that debate: the first, whether we can identify an authoritarian personality, and provide an account of how authoritarianism is linked to anxiety, say, or to social factors such as class, income, ethnic allegiance; the second that of what methods of investigation will yield answers to these questions. This makes *Psychology and the Political Experience*[6] a work for the graduate student of political science rather than the lay reader, though the layest of readers will surely get something out of Dr Hughes' brief introduction to the distinctive nature of Australian politics, particularly Victorian Catholic politics, and will be able to appreciate the utility of his distinction between the established radicalism of so conservative an organisation as the Australian Labour Party and the conscientious radicalism more usually found outside its ranks.

Dr Pettman, on the other hand, is both much more introductory and much less modest. In *Human Behaviour and World Politics*[7] he offers a survey of the ways we might "scientifically" approach the study of politics on a global scale, and after a couple of rather arid chapters on the rise and fall of Yale behaviouralism, warms up to a discussion, on the grand, somewhat old-

[5] *Phenomenology and Philosophical Understanding*. Edited by EDO PIVCEVIC. Cambridge University Press, £6.50, paper £2.25; $19.50, paper $6.95.

[6] *Psychology and the Political Experience*. By ALAN HUGHES. Cambridge University Press, £4.40, $12.95.

[7] *Human Behaviour and World Politics*. By RALPH PETTMAN. Macmillan, £7.95, paper £3.95.

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fashioned scale, of human evolution, the impact of cerebral organisation on political behaviour, the applicability of cybernetic models, systems analogies, communication theoretical models and so on. Dr Pettman is commonsensical and good-humoured, and takes one through something like an international relations scrapbook in a perfectly painless fashion; as an outsider to his substantive interests, I should be presumptuous if I were to say I could not see quite what the point of his writing it all down is supposed to be. A comparison with W. J. M. Mackenzie's marvellous tour of political science—*Politics and the Social Sciences*—is unfair; but one certainly does feel in very much less safe hands here. When one finds him dabbling in such issues as the supposedly "reptilian" quality of the reticular system, mid-brain and basal ganglia, one begins to fear that skating across the thin ice on to which he has been lured by Arthur Koestler will be Dr Pettman's downfall.

All this is to stray a long way from our initial puzzle about the appropriate model for analysing social interaction. But the circle closes in the reflection that politics is very much the home of myths and of dramas, where epic histories are passed off as social theories, and where political actors survive to strut the stage a little longer by gratifying a good deal more than the straightforwardly economic interests of their public. Both Dr Hughes and Dr Pettman hint at the ways in which the need to fit one's life into a dramatic pattern can shape the beliefs and allegiances of people in politics; at the very least anyone seriously concerned to make the "dramatistic" model work will be obliged to tell us how much and what areas of political life he proposes to analyse in such terms. Professors Lyman and Scott inherit with Doctors Hughes and Pettman the concerns and the insights of Machiavelli, the playwright and political theorist.

Readers of this special book section are referred to Ernest Gellner's article on p. 33, where further books on philosophy are discussed.

Beyond the Bridge

Beyond the bridge
the water widens
a livid circle
between the hills

In this photograph
the curve of the inlet
the mole of land
where the boat chains clank

cannot be seen
The water looks landlocked
Yet if I walked
into this photograph

I could climb past
the trapped water
and look out across open sea:
ocean like a pavement

of flags beneath which grey flames heave.

Penelope Shuttle

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LETTERS

"Life & Death in The U.S.A."

MELVIN MADDOCKS' cynical sketch (ENCOUNTER, December) of the surge of American interest in the phenomenon of death and dying is cleverly, often brilliantly done. But, as with most forms of cynicism, wit is achieved at the price of over-simplification.

Contrary to what Maddocks suggests today's "veritable babble" about death is not merely a frantic game of cultural catch-up being played by the descendants of Babbitt. Rather it is part of a widespread unrest and increasing dissatisfaction with the way society treats its more unfortunate members. It is part of a movement to make American society second to none in the application of human rights and social justice. It is true, of course, that this movement is often commercially exploited. What this reflects is not the underlying motives of most Americans, but the defects (perhaps only the extremes) of the capitalistic system.

The Humanist's "A Plea for Beneficent Euthanasia" (July–August 1974), which I had the privilege of co-authoring, is neither a rehearsal of an old credo nor is the title a redundancy. "Euthanasia" is "the allowance or inducement of a relatively painless quick death." On the other hand, an act is an act of beneficent euthanasia only if it is the allowance or inducement of a relatively painless quick death, the intention and actual circumstances of which are the kindest possible treatment of an unfortunate individual. These definitions have the merit of not begging the moral question by the use of persuasive rhetoric, and allowing us to identify and adamantly oppose non-beneficent varieties of euthanasia like that, for example, practised by the Nazis.

The "Plea" is new in at least one important sense. It does not advocate the legalisation of beneficent euthanasia. What it does urge is the legalisation of beneficent euthanasia in cases where the patient gives free and fully informed consent and where he or she is suffering from an incurable disease or accident *in its terminal stage*. Hopefully even conservatives like Maddock can agree, *first*, that when human beings are terminally afflicted they ought to have the legal right to die (where possible), how, when, and (to the extent the request is reasonable) where they choose to; *second*, that to compel those who are terminally ill (especially those who, because of irreparable organic damage, have come to despise their present existence) to live, is patently cruel, if not barbaric.

MARVIN KOHL

Department of Philosophy,
State University College,
Fredonia, New York

I CAN UNDERSTAND why Dr Kohl, from his point of view, found my approach cynical, though I regret that. Like most people accused of cynicism, I prefer the word scepticism. Nobody but a fool would be cynical about death.

In any case, my scepticism (or cynicism) scarcely could lead to "oversimplification", as Dr Kohl goes on to suggest. Distress over the simplifications of others is what, in part, prompted the piece; and Dr Kohl's letter does nothing to dispel my apprehension. He speaks with (to me) rather terrifying oversimplification of "incurable", "terminal", "irreparable" stages of dying. There never appear to be border lines in these dramas—always the vegetable with tubes or the mindless bag of bones rocking on the nursing-home porch. Where are all the marginal cases? To paraphrase a Boston doctor: "I'm not sure whom I'd trust to pull my plug if the hospital needed another bed. . . ."

Still, if the pain of dying were simply a catastrophe to the flesh, everybody could be reduced, as Dr Kohl tends to see it, to liberals *vs.* conservatives (whatever the terms mean here); and then the details of going-over might be arbitrated through practical compromises and small mercies. But this, in my view, is the fundamental oversimplification. Surely the point is that a great deal of the suffering about death occurs before the actual business of dying. Mortality is a life-long crisis—an intolerable insult to the spirit as well as the body—or else all religions and most artists have been badly mistaken. This remains my prejudice: despite his evident kindliness and goodwill, Dr Kohl and those who approach the mystery of death in a mood of problem-solving commonsense are doomed to misconstrue the Enemy even more than the rest of us. Pain must be dealt with—who's disagreeing?—but they only prescribe anaesthesia as the cure for the disease.

MELVIN MADDOCKS

Auburndale, Mass.

Marx & The Jews

W. H. CHALLONER and W. O. Henderson ["Marx/Engels & Racism", ENCOUNTER, July] convincingly document their case that Marx held anti-Jewish views. (I am not concerned with their remarks on Engels.) But these views form no part of classical Marxist social theory; if they are of some interest in understanding Marx, they are of none whatever in understanding Marxism. If the authors could have supported their thesis with quotations from the central texts of classical Marxism, presumably they would have done so. But they resort mainly to the extreme periphery of Marx's writings for their stated evidence. Thus they draw primarily on a number of Marx's letters to Engels—letters that deal for the most part with personal matters, not at all with matters of doctrine—and from two newspaper articles.

Not all of this evidence is adequate. In particular, they quote from an article in which, they say, a biographer of Marx found a solution to the Jewish question "not very different from Adolf Hitler's", and they opine in a footnote that "Marx was probably the author." The article appeared in the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, of which Marx was editor, on 29 April 1849. But the probability that Marx wrote it is reduced, if not cancelled, in view of the fact that he was absent from Cologne, where the paper was published, from April 15 to May 9, cf. David

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McLellan, *Karl Marx: His Life and Thought* (London: Macmillan, 1973), p. 221.

The principal source, beyond those I have mentioned, on which the authors rely for evidence of Marx's attitude to Jews is his notorious response to Bruno Bauer's pronouncements on the Jewish question. (They also quote from *The Holy Family*—of which, it should be observed, Engels was co-author—but the substance of the quotation is no different from that of their excerpts from *On the Jewish Question*, so I shall not comment on it directly.) They list consecutively seven passages drawn at random from the final six pages of a text that runs to 30 pages in the original, but make no attempt either to situate these passages in their context or to explain them as they stand.

Furthermore, their translations of six of these passages depart in varying degrees from the literal sense of the German. For example, in the original, one of these passages reads:

> "Wir erkennen also im Judentum ein allgemeines *gegenwärtiges antisoziales* Element, welches durch die geschichtliche Entwicklung, an welcher die Juden in dieser schlechten Beziehung eifrig mitgearbeitet, auf seine jetzige Höhe getrieben wurde, auf eine Höhe, auf welcher es sich notwendig auflösen muss." (*Marx/Engels Werke*, Berlin: Dietz Verlag, 1961, Vol. I, 372–3.)

The authors translate as follows:

> "So in Jewry we recognise a contemporary universal anti-social phenomenon, which has reached its present pitch through a process of historical development in which the Jews have zealously cooperated. And this evil anti-social aspect of Jewry has grown to a stage at which it must necessarily collapse."

But a more careful, if less elegant, translation is: "Thus we recognise in Judaism a general and *contemporary anti-social* element, which has been carried to its present high point through a historical development in which the Jews have zealously contributed to this evil relation, to a point at which it [this anti-social element] must necessarily dissolve itself." The immediately preceding three paragraphs indicate that the evil, anti-social element or relation to which Marx refers is bargaining or money, which—although it is "the *empirical* essence of Judaism" (*Werke*, I, 377)—is nevertheless at the same time a general feature of contemporary civil society, and not in itself specifically Jewish. In so far as the authors' translation suggests that the anti-social phenomenon in question is "Jewry" as such, it is tendentiously misleading. Yet they remark that some English translations of the writings of Marx and Engels "suppress evidence which might display their hero in a somewhat unfavourable light."

THE AUTHORS DO NOT EXAMINE Marx's argument in *On the Jewish Question*. The heart of it is this. Bauer had interpreted the Jewish question as the question of relation of religion to the state. If religion were abolished politically, that is, if the state were to recognise no religion as the state religion but were to permit religious freedom, then, Bauer had argued, there would follow the abolition of religion altogether.

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Marx refutes this argument on empirical grounds, by pointing to North America, where no state religion existed but religion thrived. He agrees with Bauer, nevertheless, that human emancipation involves the abolition of religion, for religion as such (not any religion in particular) is the manifestation of secular conditions that prevent men from being fully human. However, to emancipate men from these conditions political emancipation is not enough, for political emancipation gives men religious freedom, among other sorts, but does not free men from religion. Human emancipation requires that the secular conditions of which religion is a manifestation be revolutionised. This Bauer had not seen, for he confused political with human emancipation.

Only in the final fifth of his essay does Marx deal primarily and specifically with Jews as such, and here his concern is to expose the secular foundations of Judaism, but equally of Christianity, in civil society. To transcend this foundation is to emancipate society from Judaism (and from Christianity); but it is at the same time "the *social* emancipation of the Jew" (*Werke*, I, 377).

The latter point turns on a distinction of fundamental importance in Marx's social theory, but implicit in this essay, between a person and his social role(s); between the man who is a Jew and the Jew, for example. To eliminate Judaism is not to eliminate the men who are Jews. Marx's "solution" to the Jewish question is not Hitler's. Rather, on the contrary, it is to emancipate the men who are Jews from the dehumanising conditions of which their religion, as such, is a product. A condition of achieving this emancipation is that "Jew and Christian recognise their respective religions as nothing more than *different stages in the evolution of the human spirit*." Then "they will no longer find themselves in a religious, but only in a critical, *scientific*, in a human relation" (*Werke*, I, 348–9).

The case that Marx's essay on the Jewish question exhibits an animus against those who are Jewish remains to be made.

DEREK P. H. ALLEN

Toronto

Eysenck & Skinner

IN HIS PIECE ON SKINNER [July], Prof. H. J. Eysenck has donned the mantle of scientist and his article in fact appears under the section impressively headed *Science*. But can any scientist worthy of the name treat seriously the arguments of so-called critics who regard Skinner as the devil incarnate, with the power to deprive us of freedom and dignity or as some demi-god who can grant us eternal peace and happiness? Does a scientist concern himself with denunciations by TV personalities or journalists out of their depth in the popular press? Does a scientist lump together economists, sociologists, philosophers and politicians and damn them for their ignorance of psychological principles?

Does Skinner have the solution to "our manifold practical problems which have hitherto proved recalcitrant"? Well, yes, more or less, according to Prof. Eysenck. Although Skinner, he says, "is certainly not completely and one hundred per cent right . . . he is almost certainly likely to be more correct than those who follow the modern 'permissive' line; or those who see the solution in Revolution and a Universal Socialism. . . ."

Prof. Eysenck has devoted much of his psychological endeavours to measurement—the measurement of (so-called) intelligence and personality. It ill becomes him to write in such unmeasured terms of such unquantifiables as Permissiveness, Revolution, or Universal Socialism.

Let the cobbler stick to his last. Please Sir, for the sake of the reputation of your estimable journal, will you kindly see that in any future contribution Prof. Eysenck confines himself to his particular field—psychometrics and such like.

STEPHEN CORRIN

London

Notions of Learning

I SHARE D. J. Enright's concern about misspelling, but I think that the editors must share the guilt with the writers [ENCOUNTER, December 1975, "Words, Words, Words" (II)].

Henry David Aiken's *Predicament of the University* was published in 1971 by the Indiana University Press; Indiana, so I'm told, enjoys a fine reputation for accuracy. Searching the index, I find that Millsaps College becomes Millsap College (401); Paolo Veronese, Paoulo Veronese (403); Erik Erikson, Eric Erickson (397); John Schaar, John Shaar (402); J. K. Huysmans, G. Huysman (400); and Richard Ellmann, Richard Ellman (399). However, I find that in the text Aiken did spell Erikson's first and last name correctly and Huysmans' last name correctly (the first name goes unmentioned in the text). I couldn't check out Ellmann's name in the text since a printing error left pages 24 and 25 completely blank. Do I have a collector's item or don't I?

Aiken doesn't fare too well with French spelling either: Des Esseintes of *A Rebours* becomes Desessant (280); *philosophe, philosoph* (362). While I believe that Aiken should bear the primary responsibility for these errors, I do think that the editors were careless. I hope that, in this case, the reputation of the author didn't frighten the editors into abdicating their critical responsibilities. Or possibly it wasn't fright at all: simply a naive assumption that an author whose work has continually passed muster becomes entitled to the bonus of a less rigorous editorial scrutiny—something like benign neglect.

As a maraschino to this incredible concoction, Professor Aiken tells us, in his essay "Guardians of Law and Order", that students "are wiser and have more *liberal notions of higher learning* than their instructors." Furthermore,

> "Many . . . are better teachers than their professors, and know more about their *subjects*, not to say about what it means to be an educated man, than the professional grantsmen preoccupied with theoretically low-grade problems of scientific technology" (italics mine).

Now, on the *subject* of the correct spelling of names

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we may have to take Professor Aiken at his word: some students might be able to do a lot better than he did. And I fervently hope that these *liberal notions of higher learning* bear no causal relation to what D. J. Enright characterises as the "orthographical free-for-all."

In the same essay, Aiken lectures Sidney Hook: Hook's liberalism is attenuated and "so formalistic", his logic is "accusatory" and "his concern for established forms of decorum" is "rigid." If, for a moment, one can move away from a consideration of political philosophy toward a consideration of language, then Hook's "rigid" concern for the established forms of decorum, his constant striving to name things accurately, his strict attention to logical form point to the very components of civilised discourse.

A bit more rigid attention to detail on Professor Aiken's part, and a more vigilant overseeing on the part of the University of Indiana Press might be more of what we need than those soaring "liberal notions of higher learning."

MELVIN L. ROGERS

Bronxville,
New York

The Size of It

JONATHAN POWER contends in "The Alternative to Starvation" [ENCOUNTER, November] that "China is about the same size as India" (p. 32) which is not true. China is the third largest nation in the world and is larger than the United States, India is less than one-third of the United States, and as China is larger than the United States, in relationship to China, India is still smaller.

SUBRATA MUKHERJEE

Indiana University
Bloomington, Indiana

"Can You Poll Values?"

IN REPLYING TO Mr Mark Abrams [February 1975] I use his own numbering of points.

1. He regards the distinction between the people and the mass as false. Henry Fairlie correctly implied that it was President Nixon's failure to make this distinction that led him into trouble as President; Mr Abrams' failure gives him undue confidence in the scope of his statistical methods.

2. Mr Abrams believes that a simple scale 0-to-10 enables those concerned to *measure* attitudes and beliefs, even when the marking standard is entirely subjective and therefore varies widely from person to person questioned. If, for example, we allow Savanorola 10 on this scale for the intensity of his belief in the tenets he preached, where should we put the man-in-the-street's belief that he deserves a higher wage? Even a social scientist can hardly call this measuring.

3. My definition of value is that of the Oxford English Dictionary. Mr Abrams prefers to use the term "in the way it is generally employed by social scientists." The choice is language or jargon. ("Sociologists are the worst offenders and their writings are doubtless a reflection of their thought-processes"—Patrick Brogan, p. 45 of same issue of ENCOUNTER.)

4. Mr Abrams' reply to my banter on his terminology is similarly revealing. When discussing ends and means, he prefers to call the former "end-states" or even "terminal values."

5. Mr Abrams' remark is just, except that a persistent preference is not elicited by a question in the present tense.

6. I regret that I have failed to clear Mr Abrams' confusions. How does he suppose that freedom of speech is to be protected if there is no system of law and order to protect it? He seems to have assumed that I implied that all ordered régimes protect free speech. This would obviously be untrue, witness the USSR and other dictatorships. If freedom of speech or anything else is to be protected there must be a system of law and order. Mr Abrams (or his morning newspaper) appears to believe that democratic government is more important than law or order, again confusing two interdependent concepts with alternative choices; there cannot be a government, democratic or other, which fails to maintain a degree of law and order.

7. I contended that Mr Abrams' subdivision into 15 broad socio-occupational groups could not yield precision because the groups were not exclusive, and that variations *within* the groups were apt to be wider than variations between the groups. I did not blame Mr Abrams for this; something similar is no doubt the best approximation that can be achieved in such

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an enquiry. I wished only to indicate the limitations of such enquiries.

8. It is true that Mr Abrams did not use the words "compulsive pressure for equality." In his final paragraph he said "we shall *have* to move towards much greater economic equality." I concluded that if we *have* to do this, the pressure was compulsive.

9. I accept Mr Abrams' remarks under this head.

10. My assertion that the abandonment of the Protestant virtue of saving was a rational response to economic circumstances was in no way unhistorical. For much the greater part of the post-war period the real rate of interest has been negative; the rate of inflation has been down to 3 or 4%, but the rate of interest has been down to 2%-2½%. For saving to be rational the rate of interest must exceed the rate of inflation by more than the discount applicable to a postponed satisfaction.

Pennys,
Winforton,
Hereford

F. H. KEENLYSIDE

Of Eggs & Omelettes

I HAVE HEARD the Viet Nam War called evil, immoral, stupid, wasteful, un-needed and now a manifestation of "machismo" (September issue). I do not deny it was, most likely, all of these things. I do not deny we got ourselves caught up in a mesh of pride which wasted our country (and a lot of the world too) for years.

But it didn't start for any of these reasons. During the early Kennedy years this country was so full of idealism it permeated the air like the perfume of roses. We "really" were going to conquer hunger; and not only here but all over the world. We were going to stand up for the rights of everybody; especially the poor and powerless; in Asia and Africa as well as at home. We had just come through the Missile Crisis where we had found that Khrushchev "lied." Another example of the fact that—to us—the small nations of this world needed—and wanted—protection. Who was going to give that to them—free of charge—but this big, idealistic nation which was going to share everything; its knowledge, its ideals, its sanitation, its freedoms with the small nations we thought really wanted all this.

That is why we drifted into the Viet Nam War. It was evidently the last breath of the goodwill which had inspired the whole world to form the United Nations. The last breath of the euphoric spirit which inspired the Marshall Plan and had claimed almost the entire Western World in the late 1940s, '50s and early '60s.

It turned out all wrong—as all wars of idealism turn out wrong. It would have been more evil if we had "won"—evil for us. History seems to show that everything which starts from idealistic premises ends up demoniacally. Take Socialism; surely one of the highest ideals man has dreamed of since Christianity. Who are its children so far? National Socialism; Corporate Socialism; Fascism, Communism (any variety you choose). And instead of being brought about by the "workers", its supposed benefactors, you need the guns of troops who are, after all, "Born of the people" (also your September issue). Well! Up The Cossacks!

Meantime let me warn everyone. At the next cocktail party the first one to say, "In order to make omelettes . . ." is going to get an egg splatted on his, her, or its head. It will give a small idea of how the egg feels.

Westfield,
New Jersey

L. H. CLARK

The Road to Watergate

PLEASE PERMIT ME a few comments about the fine review of Jeb Stuart Magruder's book (*An American Life: One Man's Road to Watergate*) by *R* in the April Column.

In discussing the political philosophy of President Nixon as he expressed it at a White House meeting in November 1969, *R* says the President's attitude at the time

> "has more in common with that of a Hitler or a Stalin than with that of any other president the United States has ever known. Even when actually engaged in a terrible Civil War Lincoln never displayed anything even approaching it."

The first statement is inaccurate and inapt. It's like saying that Julius Caesar had more in common with Nero than he did with any other Roman emperor. The second statement is equally misleading. Comparing Nixon with Lincoln is like comparing Benito Mussolini with Pope Pius XII.

I was impressed by the perceptive remarks about the Rev. William Sloan Coffin Jr. It was reassuring to learn that *R* was not surprised at Dr Coffin's "silly sentence" in the epigraph to Magruder's book and it was positively refreshing to read that *R* likewise was "not at all surprised that Dr Coffin's course in ethics seems to have done little to sharpen the young Magruder's moral sensibilities or kept him away from the road that led to Watergate."

The follow-up comment by *R*—"indeed, I find it almost impossible to attach any meaning at all to Dr Coffin's words, and I cannot help feeling that if young men are subjected to this kind of intellectual influence at the university it is not at all surprising if they should choose to go the way Magruder went"—is by far the wisest and most revealing criticism of Coffin that I know.

Denver, Colorado

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London

TOKENISTS OUT: *One of the innumerable trade periodicals produced by the race relations industry,* Education and Community Relations, *quotes in its current issue extracts from the newsletter of an American organisation, "The Council on Interracial Books for Children Incorporated."*

This gives a "comprehensive guideline" for teachers, parents and librarians for analysing children's books "for racialist and sexist content." Among much that will be familiar to all students of the discrimination industry it uses one term which is new even to me.

"Look for tokenism", *it warns. "If there are non-white characters, are they just like the white faces but tinted or coloured in? Do all minority faces look stereotypically alike or are they depicted as genuine individuals?"*

Tokenism, though a product of American know-how, should have a great future in our own race relations industry [Peter Simple writes]. Anybody starting a career in race relations might be well-advised to specialise in this new field, in which the demand for experts is bound to grow with the general expansion of the industry.

Nor is tokenism necessarily confined to books. Get used to scrutinising coloured people's faces closely. Many of them may prove, on examination, to be merely white faces which have been tinted or coloured in; and vice versa.

We cannot all be "career" discrimination experts, of course. But even if we are only amateurs, we can all make sure that the subject of discrimination—whether racist, sexist, heightist, weightist, ageist, brainist, beautyist, or tokenist—is never absent from our waking thoughts. With a little practice we can even dream about it too.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

Manchester

HARMFUL HYMNS: The church should throw out some of its hymns because they are misleading, dangerous and bad for today, according to the Dean of Manchester, the Very Rev Alfred Jowett. He said yesterday that he was starting a campaign to stop congregations from having to sing hymns which did more harm than good.

The Dean said that the hymns he was criticizing were mostly from the nineteenth century, with outdated words. Some had lines such as "thy frail and trembling sheep." One outdated but popular hymn, *Hills of the North Rejoice,* **had a line "Lands of the East awake." The dean commented: "But they have woken up, so successfully that Japan bids fair to run us out of the car market."**

THE TIMES

London

SUPPLY & DEMAND: *Pupils at William Tyndale Junior School—described today as a "vast psychiatric clinic"—swore so much that they ran out of four-letter words to use.*

But when a teacher tackled a member of staff about swearing she was told: "They are only copying their parents", the inquiry into the school heard today.

Teacher Mrs Dolly Walker said: "Children told me they could get away with cheeking the headmaster, Mr Terry Ellis, to his face, without him doing anything about it.

"Mr Ellis did not seem to realise it was a behavioural problem, I feel the school was run more like a vast psychiatric clinic where children worked out their repressions.

"Some of the children swore and used foul language to everyone in such a way that they ran out of, and overworked, four-letter words."

EVENING STANDARD

London

PIANO LEGS: *A paperback sex book,* Inside Linda Lovelace, *written by Miss Lovelace who appeared in the film* Deep Throat, *was the subject of a prosecution at the Central Criminal Court yesterday. A jury of three women and nine men were asked to decide whether it was obscene.*

Mr John Mortimer, QC, for the defence told them "You will have to ask yourselves whether our society is such, having survived two major wars, that it will actually totter to an end because Miss Lovelace cheerfully indulges in all sorts of sexual shenanigans." He warned the jury that it was the story of a woman with sexual organs in her throat, and added: "We are not living in a world when Victorian ladies thought trousers should be put on piano legs."

Heinrich Hanau, a publisher and his company, Heinrich Hanau Publications, both of Old Compton Street, Soho, London, pleaded not guilty to publishing an obscene article.

The prosecution was a form of censorship, said Mr Mortimer.

"It is not a book like those dangerous works of the late Agatha Christie, which deal with poison and sudden death."

THE TIMES/DAILY MAIL

Moscow

BLACK SECRETS: *When a parcel of books is sent here from abroad, it may pass unscathed through censors, it may disappear without trace or several books may be confiscated while the rest get through.*

Authorities explain only that the seizures are "in accordance with the law," without even giving the titles taken. They imply the books are "anti-Soviet." They always said the books were to be destroyed.

But for the last 15 years, it now turns out, the confiscated books have been diverted to the lucrative Moscow black market by a senior official in the Soviet censorship agency. A few months ago he was sentenced to seven years hard labour. The trial was closed and the Soviet press has not mentioned the embarrassing case.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

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